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The Young Woman's Magazine

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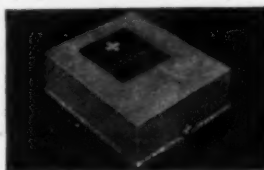
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The Young

Woman's Magazine

In Combination with McClure's

MARCH, 1930—VOLUME 86, No. 1

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *Editor*

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JILTED!

A Woman's Master Stroke put Her Sweet heart into the \$10,000 a Year Class... Made Him a Social and Business Leader...



"You mean that . . . we're through?"
"Yes . . .", she murmured.

By Marie Rogers

WHEN Jimmy Watson proposed to me, he was making \$25.00 week. I had grown to care for him a lot. And I wouldn't have minded sacrifices if Jimmy had any prospects. But he didn't seem to be getting anywhere, and I didn't want to be tied to a failure. After some hesitation, I told him so.

"You have ability, Jimmy, but nobody but I know it. You are too timid and self-conscious. When somebody speaks to you, you've hardly a word to say. You get all flustered and embarrassed when you're asked to give an opinion. I can't marry you unless you make some effort to improve yourself." Of course he was hurt and indignant. But I was firm, so we parted.

Then one night a year later, I received the surprise of my life. Jimmy drove up to the house one evening in a beautiful sport roadster, dressed like a fashion plate. His manner was entirely changed, too. He seemed supremely self-confident, and had become an interesting conversationalist. I could not help but marvel at the change in him and told him so. He laughed delightedly.

"It's a long story, Marie, but I'll cut it short. You remember that my chief fault was that I was afraid of my own voice? Well, shortly after we parted, I heard tales of a popular new home study method by which any man could quickly become a powerful speaker—able to dominate one man or thousands—a way that

banished embarrassment, self-consciousness and timidity in a surprisingly short time.

"That remarkable course was the making of me," said Jimmy. "With only a few minutes' practice each day, I made strides in a few weeks that amazed me. It wasn't long before I went to the boss with the idea that had been in my mind about reorganizing the delivery service, but which I had been afraid to take up with anybody. You should have seen me

addressing that conference of department heads in the president's office—I just bowled them over. That was a few months ago. Since then I've climbed ahead fast. The boss is sending me to Europe next month to make a study of department store management over there. By the way, Marie, how would you like to go to Europe as Mrs. Watson?"

Today I am the proud wife of a successful husband . . . a business leader of our city. We travel in a very exclusive set and enjoy the luxuries of life. Turning Jimmy down had proved to be the second best thing that could have happened to him. It was a lucky hunch, though, that prompted him to develop his speaking ability which revealed his natural ability.

Today the rich rewards in business, popularity in social life, posi-

tions of honor in the community, go to the man who is an interesting, dominating, persuasive speaker. And there is no magic or mystery about this talent. No matter how timid or self-conscious you are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker through this amazing new training.

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This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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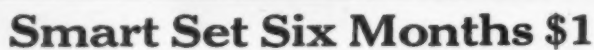
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We know that if you read the magazine that long you will not willingly be without it thereafter. For besides SMART SET's vital stories, the made-to-order fiction of the average magazine will seem pale.

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It brings you the zippiest fiction entertainment printed in *any* magazine—stories and novels of girls like yourself—stories of love and mystery, humor, adventure, romance—full-length novels of big towns and small ones, of life in business, in society, on the stage and the studio—life as lived by men and young women of today!

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Young Widow With 3 Children to Support Starts "Fortune" With 2¢

A Dramatic Story More Thrilling Than Fiction, Because It is True. Now She Reveals Her Amazing Secret So That Other Women May End Their Money Worries

"**W**HAT will we ever do now?" she sighed. Alone, with 3 children to support, penniless, and he left no insurance! What a pitiful, hopeless situation for a young mother.

"Oh, how dark those days, and but little sleep at night! I couldn't help lying awake at night wondering how I was going to earn a living for myself and three children."

Then as swiftly as misfortune had darkened her little home, the shadow started to vanish. She read in the newspaper about the president of a million dollar institution in Ohio who has founded an unusual plan for helping worthy women, and men, too, out of their financial troubles.

So she wrote this generous man at once, telling him her whole story. In a few days she received a personal reply that thrilled her. Her prayers had been answered! Here was the end of her money worries—security, comfort and happiness for her little family! And what a dignified, pleasant, easy way! More money every day than she had ever received before.

All she need do was devote a few hours a day looking after certain local interests of this big institution—easy, pleasant, steady employment that any woman or man, or even a boy, can do. Business experience is not essential—there is nothing to do but follow a simple, easy plan and the work is done.

The vast interests of this great institution, scattered all over America—in every city, town and village—require so much constant attention that local people are necessary to look after it. What a glorious opportunity for deserving people—steady employment and a big income.

The opportunities this man offers seem almost beyond belief. Why, he even offers to take as a partner in his vast business every honest woman and man who follows his easy, simple plan. "How can such a thing be possible," she thought.

Yet it must be true. For he sent her letter after letter from many of the 25,000 other people whom he has helped—many saying they made as high as \$35 in a single day.

"This man must be sincere," she said, "for he doesn't ask me to risk a single penny buying anything." All he wants anyone to do is simply follow his easy plan—be honest with him—and devote just a few hours a day looking after his interests in your town.

So she accepted this generous, unusual way out of her troubles—and the 2 cents she invested in a stamp to write this man proved the start of her "fortune". Her money worries were over—her family was safe. Her income became greater than it had ever been before.

THIS true story of a woman's courage and ability to recognize an opportunity is but an example of the many letters I have received from happy "partners". Widows with children



This Thrilling True Story is Published in the Interest of Women and Men who are in Need of Financial Help and want an easy way out of their Money Troubles

to support, wives whose husbands earned only meager wages and who wanted to turn their spare time into money, men who were ambitious to increase their incomes in full or spare time—women and men in all walks of life have been put on the road to prosperity and happiness by my peculiar, easy plan. Some of my women partners have even made more money in their spare time than their husbands brought in.

No matter what your present work, I will gladly help you to make more money than you probably ever thought possible. I make the whole thing easy and simple. All I ask is that you treat me fair and honest—be worthy of the trust I place in you. And just devote a few hours daily looking after my interests in your town.

If \$10 or more in a day will end your money worries, then write me at once. Or better still, mail the coupon below. I need one person in each town, so write me before some one else gets ahead of you. I'm not asking you to send me a cent—I'm not asking you to risk anything. Just mail

the coupon and start getting this money at once. C. W. Van De Mark, Dept. 1084-CC, Ninth and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Please tell me how you will help me to end my money worries without asking me to risk a cent. I will work for \$.....a day.

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"Your March copy of PHOTOPLAY, Madame."

"That's good, Marie. And remind me to have your uniforms lengthened this week. The February PHOTOPLAY said that all the prominent stars are accepting the longer skirts, and that means the rest of us will have to follow. You really look quite passé in that short skirt, and shockingly immodest."



WHETHER your PHOTOPLAY is brought to you on a silver tray by butler or maid, or whether you receive it yourself from the postman or buy it from the corner newsdealer, you can't afford to miss it for even one month.

For instance, the March issue will have rotogravure portraits of the four most beautiful Hol-

lywood stars, according to the verdict of their co-workers.

EACH of these four stars chose her favorite photograph for this gallery quartette of lovely ladies. You will want to find out if your own standards of feminine beauty accord with Hollywood's.

Then there's a tremendously

interesting story about how perfumes are used in motion pictures and the subtle effects they have.

AND there are fascinating personal anecdotes, such as the one about the famous star who was wakened each morning by the scent of flowers which had been laid on her pillow.

PHOTOPLAY

*The Most Imitated
Magazine in the World*

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"LOOK-Miss Nobody thinks she can play" someone whispered —but when she sat down at the piano...

HOW wonderful it all was! And what a surprise, too. Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town. It was like a dream!

Eileen was thrilled beyond words—yet so frightened. What dress would she wear? Would it be smart enough for such a wonderful gathering? Would she feel out of place in such exclusive society? Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look positively adorable," he told her. Eileen knew that Bill was proud of her—but how would the others feel about her?

The party was in full swing when they arrived. Everything stopped while Eileen was introduced. As she found herself face to face with the smartest social celebrities in town Eileen suddenly realized she had never felt more uneasy in all her life. But that was only the beginning. Later, as conversation lulled, Eileen felt that every one's eyes were on her. Yes, Eileen admitted to herself, she *did* feel out of place. Oh, if this evening would only end!

And then it happened! It was while they were playing bridge. Eileen couldn't help but overhear.

"Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper.

"I never saw her before. Bill met her some place or other. Seems nice enough but nobody of importance, I guess," came the reply.

Eileen blushed to the roots of her hair. So that's what they thought of her! Eileen suddenly grew indignant. She'd show them. Little did she realize how soon her opportunity to "show them" would arrive. Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

"Where's Jim Blake tonight?" someone asked. "If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. She'd show this smart set a thing or two. Summoning all her courage she spoke somewhat timidly:

"I think I could play a little if you're not too critical."

There was an embarrassing moment of silence. Eileen promptly became panicky—but realizing that she had to go through with it, she sat down nervously at the piano. Hesitantly she played a few chords—then broke into the haunting strains of "The Pagan Love Song." Her listeners sat spellbound as her fingers skipped lightly over the keys. Never had she played with such inspiration—such complete confidence in herself.

As she struck the last chord there was a burst of loud applause. "More, more," everyone cried. It was almost an hour before they permitted her to rise from the piano. As Eileen stood before them she found herself the center of an admiring group. A glow of pride suffused Bill's face.

"Why, Eileen I never knew you could play a note," he exclaimed.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have really only been playing a short while," she answered.

"Why, you play as if you had studied for years. Who was your teacher?" someone asked.

"I had no teacher," Eileen replied.

"Well, how in the world did you ever do it?" they asked.

"It's a secret," said Eileen. And no amount of teasing would make her disclose it.

For Eileen, this night was just the beginning of a new world of pleasures. She became one of the most admired girls in the smartest of society. And all because she found this new secret to popularity.

On the way home, Eileen finally gave in and told Bill the whole story.

I Taught Myself

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher. I laughed myself when I first saw the U. S. School of Music advertisement. However I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came I saw how easy it all was. I sent for the complete course. What pleased me so was that I

was playing simple tunes by note from the start. Why, it was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play several classics by note and most all the popular music. And do you know it only averaged a few cents a day!"

* * * * *

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men, women and children who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that really makes reading and playing music as easy as A-B-C.

Even if you don't know one note from another, you can easily grasp each clear inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You can't go wrong. First you are *told* how to do it, then a picture *shows* you how, and then you do it yourself and hear it.

Thus you teach yourself—in your spare time—right in your own home, without any long hours of tedious practice.

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In nasty weather **WATCH YOUR THROAT**

WHY not make an effort to escape colds and sore throat during the months of February and March when these troubles seem to strike everyone?

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Ordinary colds and sore throat are infections caused by germs multiplying in the mouth and throat. When the body is weakened by wet feet, sudden changes of temperature, over-heating, over-exertion, and chills, these germs get the upper hand.

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Laboratory tests show that full strength Listerine destroys even the stubborn *Staphylococcus Aureus*



Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it, should it develop.

(pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. Yet Listerine is absolutely safe to use this way. In addition, it soothes and heals the most delicate tissues. We are prepared to prove these claims to the entire satisfaction of the U. S. Government and the medical profession.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it every day as an aid in preventing infections of the mouth, nose and throat. Increase the frequency of the gargle, should

any such infection gain a foothold. You will be delighted to find how often it relieves a trying condition. If it does not, consult your physician. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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The Safe Antiseptic

Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

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These Six Smart Girls Created Six New Jobs



Arthur O'Neil

THE RADIO DIRECTOR

THAT something new! You find it in all feminine success stories. For example, consider beautiful Margaret Santry, above. Margaret started out to be a journalist. Graduating from New York University, she landed as reporter on a tabloid. The newest thing about the newspaper office was the radio. Margaret got herself made radio director. Radio grew. A larger newspaper found itself with some broadcasting time over one of the great wave-lengths and nobody around to fill it with talent. Miss Santry was summoned. She got the job. And she still has it, most successfully



Calver

THE FRESCO MAKER

WHILE she was a pupil in the Denver public schools, Vera Leeper decided to become an artist. At eighteen she was in Paris studying. At twenty-one she was exhibiting. But she might have remained just one of a thousand young artists except for the Bright Idea. This was the realization that a cement composition with an oil base had the quality of rough plaster and that, therefore, it could be modeled in the true fresco manner. She tried a few designs. They sold immediately. Now Vera does exteriors and interiors of buildings, theaters, and private homes



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THE NURSE

WHEN she was very young, Thelma Edwards read about Florence Nightingale and decided to become a nurse. Entering St. Luke's Hospital, New York, she graduated near the top of her class. Operating room work interested her most because it required activity. But it paid poorly. In fact, Thelma discovered all nursing paid poorly. Faced with finding new work or making the profession she loved prove financially worthwhile, she organized a private nursing service. Now New York's leading doctors send her patients and Thelma waxes prosperous



Wide World

THE ENGINEER

HERE is originality! Margaret Ingels is America's first woman air-conditioning engineer. Air conditioning has been applied to theaters and stores but Margaret Ingels decided to apply it to the modern home. Backed with an M. E. degree from the University of Kentucky; made experienced through two years with the Carrier Engineering Corporation, another two with the New York Commission on Ventilation and six years with the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, she set to work. Her success in her unique field has been brilliant



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THE ILLUSTRATOR

ADAPTABILITY. In that one word lies many a success story. Sybil Cerutti proved its value for herself. Today she is one of our highest paid fashion illustrators, but only a little while ago she was merely a frightened young widow with two small children to support. She turned to painting which she had studied at school in London. But her portraits didn't sell. In desperation, Sybil tried fashion drawings. Those did sell. She adapted her natural talent to commercial art. Result, individuality, congenial work, large pay checks, and an assured future



Reble

THE SHOPKEEPERS

SUCCESS does a sister act. Clare and Ann Graeffe both had office jobs. They hated them. One summer, while vacationing, they noticed their little Eastern seashore resort had no gift shop. They decided to open one. What they lacked in capital, they made up in taste. The shop scored. Fall found them back in clerical work, earning toward another summer's venture. That went even better. They tried a winter shop in Brooklyn, N. Y. Another hit! Now they divide their time and services between their two shops—healthy, wealthy and gay!



A MOTHER DISCOVERS A NEW BEDTIME STORY★

Life Savers, Inc.
Port Chester, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I have just put my two children to bed. Before I retire myself, I am writing you this letter to express my gratitude for Life Savers.

Like all youngsters, my children love sweets, but like all mothers, I know the danger of over-indulging their appetites. Some time ago, I asked my doctor about sweets. Of course physicians don't like to recommend products by name but in this instance, my doctor told me that the purity of Life Savers made them absolutely safe for children.

Since then, Life Savers have been the standard confection in our home. Both my youngsters clamor for them--and a promise of a Life Saver will bring about perfect behaviour.

Each night in putting them to bed, I tell them a bedtime story--while we all enjoy Life Savers. I find that the delicious mints sweeten the stomach and encourage the youngsters to peaceful rest. This is my bedtime story to Life Savers--they really have solved a big problem for me.

Good night to you, gentlemen.

Mrs. F. N. Phillips



MRS. F. N. PHILLIPS
LYNBROOK, L. I.

★ FREE!

THIS interesting letter is one of many which Life Savers, Inc., receives every day. For accepted letters such as this, Life Savers, Inc., will send to the writers FREE a box of assorted Life Savers.

So many people have had unique experiences with Life Savers that we are very interested to know about them. What have you discovered about Life Savers?

When do you and your children enjoy them most?

Don't you find that they help digestion, sweeten the breath, soothe the throat and are very delightful after smoking?

Why not write us your letter today? Address Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y.

• • •

EACH dainty, delicious Life Saver is 100% pure candy—a marvel of quality, purity and taste-tingling flavor. Life Savers soothe the throat, sweeten the breath, aid digestion and actually stimulate the appetite in a natural, beneficial way.

Six delicious flavors—each pure, healthful and refreshing.





"LONGER WEAR IN EVERY PAIR"

WORDS cannot describe the unseen qualities which have been responsible for Blue Moon success. The only thing we can say is, "Wear them." Then you can write your own story of Blue Moon value.

The makers of Blue Moon Silk Stockings have labored—and honestly believe they have succeeded—to make Blue Moon Hosiery of such quality and beauty that it meets the requirements of the practical woman. A kind for every purse and every purpose.

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BLUE MOON
 AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL FULL FASHIONED
Silk Stockings

Face Value



International

Neysa McMein's portrait of Dorothy Conrey—before the accident which marred her loveliness

OF COURSE the man—if it were a man!—who said beauty is only skin deep, was right. That's why so many makers of cosmetics are riding in Cadillacs and Rolls Royces.

That's why the face powder department in any store is one of the busiest departments.

That's why the women who give facials have to keep their shops open until late at night.

That's why Supreme Court Justice Collins awarded a verdict of \$55,000 to Miss Dorothy Conrey—whose surface loveliness was ruined when she was run down by a truck!

MISS CONREY was an artist's model. Neysa McMein—for whom she posed—called her one of the most beautiful women in America. She was on her way home from a party—at which she had been the target for every admiring glance—when a carelessly driven truck struck her. She was taken to a hospital and when, months later, she left that hospital, she had lost every vestige of her former charm. And so she sued the company which owned the truck.

It is interesting to note that the trial never went to a jury. Justice Collins heard the testimony and looked at photographs of Miss Conrey taken before the accident. And then he delivered his verdict.

And—by so doing—Justice Collins proved that, though beauty is only skin deep, it has more than face value.

He proved that it is worth real money.

Beauty of soul, and beauty of spirit, and beauty of mind are more important than beauty of feature and complexion. Of course!

But inner beauty can not be seen at first glance. It has to be seen with the eyes of a friend. The casual

observer has neither the time nor the ability to look below the surface.

That is why we must do all we can to be as attractive as possible.

So that—at first glance—people are attracted to us.

EFFICIENCY, and steadfastness, and honesty of purpose, and diligence have held jobs for many young women. But surface attractiveness has secured jobs for a far greater number.

Real love has often grown into being because of a girl's sweetness of nature and kindness and good temper.

But it took surface charm to capture the man's attention in the first place!

WE CAN'T all be raving, tearing beauties. But we can make the most of what we have in the way of raw material.

We can remember that shiny noses do not make for success; and that run-down heels can take away from the trimmest ankles.

We can realize that a well cut frock will do wonders for a figure that has its deficiencies—and that sheer stockings can give romance to common-place legs.

I saw a dancer, not long ago, whose whole act was ruined because her hands were red and chapped.

Remember—if you're a private secretary, for instance, that your hands are even more in evidence than hers.

A great poet once wrote a sonnet to a filing clerk because she reminded him of springtime.

It was—although the poet didn't realize the fact—the lilac perfume that she affected . . .

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

William Almon Wolff

The Best Story This Gifted Author Ever Wrote. Romance and Mystery in New York Skyscraper Apartments and Society Speakeasies



MANHATTAN NIGHTS

PETER WAYNE wasn't asleep when the telephone rang. He ought to have been; it was late enough—after three, nearer four, probably. And he had been in bed since about half past one.

But Peter was in a vile temper. He lay in the dark silence of his room, turning and tossing, making up his mind for the dozenth time that he was through with Martha Thayer for good.

He knew, of course, how absurd it was for him to make any such resolution. Really, he was just living through the night as best he could, waiting for morning to come. She'd call him up, probably, between nine and ten. That was the way it was, usually, at times like these.

Even in his anger, Peter was anticipating that telephone call. He'd know, when the bell rang, that it was she; he always did. Then he'd hear her throaty, husky voice in his ear, and all he'd really care about would be whether she was going to have time, that day, to see him.

BUT it wasn't after daylight that she called him this time. It was right then—in the middle of the night, while his helpless anger still ruled him—that the bell beside his bed rang out, with the sinister, terrifying note a telephone call in the middle of the night always does have.

"Peter!" Martha's voice was queer. It was deep and throaty and beautiful as it always was—but he could hear fright

in it. "Peter! Can you come up here right away? I've just come in. Something frightful has happened. Some one's killed Tack."

"Tack? Killed?" Peter echoed stupidly.

"Yes. He's been shot. Can you come right away, Peter?"

He switched on the light; it helped to steady him.

"Of course!" he said. "But, Martha, wait a second. What have you done? Have you called the police?"

"No. I've just called you. Can you tell them for me? And then come yourself—come quickly?"

That was all!

HE GOT Police Headquarters right away, and was passed on from one thin, disembodied voice to another. All asked him the same maddeningly futile questions. Who was he? Where was he? How did he, away down town, come to be reporting a murder that had taken place uptown?

One man asked him, insistently, two or three times, how he knew it was a murder and not a suicide. It didn't occur to Peter that that reiteration of maddening questions had any purpose or design; that it was, perhaps, a part of a calculated routine.

After he hung up he made slow work of getting into his clothes; he was awkward and clumsy. He was beginning to realize the stark horror of what Martha had told him, to anticipate what he would find when he reached the pent house

Martha was nervous and irritable. Evidently she was waiting for some one who had not arrived. Peter suspected that the some one was Ross—whom he hated

Illustrations
by CLARK AGNEW



would want to kill Tack Thayer, and why? He wasn't the sort of man any one would dream of killing. No one would take him seriously enough. Peter caught himself up, sharply, at that. It wasn't the way to think of a man who was dead.

AS PETER might have expected, if his brain had been functioning properly, he found the police ahead of him, when he finally reached Tack's house. A uniformed patrolman was lounging down in the hall; he gave Peter a queer look when Axel, the night elevator man, called him by name.

It was no longer quite dark when Peter stepped out on the flat roof. Every light in the pent house was on, and in the glare from the windows he saw more policemen. He started to go in, but a plainclothes man stopped him.

"Just a minute, brother, just a minute," he said. "Who'll you be?"

"I'm a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Thayer's," he said. "My name is Wayne. Mrs. Thayer called me up. I'm the one who notified you people. You're a policeman, I suppose?"

"Yeah," said the man. "I'm a policeman, all right."

"Well, I want to see Mrs. Thayer."

"Plenty of time for that. She's busy right now. Better have a cigarette, brother, and calm down. Pretty much excited, aren't you?"

Peter stared at him. Then he laughed. Sheer nervousness, of course! The cigarette was a good idea; he needed one.

It was obvious that he must resign himself to waiting. He sat down on the parapet that ran, about knee high, around the

where she and Tack lived, way over East, in the Fifties. He was trying to grasp the fact that Tack Thayer was dead.

He'd seen Tack, very much alive, not so very many hours ago. He'd had lunch at the Yale Club, with George Garrison, and Tack had been at another table. They'd waved to one another; he wished, now, that he'd gone over and spoken to him.

But he didn't really grasp the fact that Tack was dead. Who

MEET CHARLEY—The Only REAL DETECTIVE

roof, but he was too nervous to sit still, and, all at once, the idea of Martha, inside alone with Tack, and more policemen, was too much for him.

"Look here!" he said, getting up. "Why can't I go in? Who's in charge here? I'd like to see him. And some one she knows ought to be with Mrs. Thayer."

"Plenty of time, plenty of time," the detective said again. "Calm down, brother. Take it easy. The little lady's all right."

Peter was disposed to argue the point, but just then another plainclothes man came out of the pent house. He was smoking a cigar, and wore a derby hat tilted sideways, and pushed far back on his head. He stared at Peter.

"Hey, Charley," said the first detective. "Here's Wayne—the guy that 'phoned the squeal."

"Yeah?" said Charley. For a second he didn't speak again, but only stared. Peter could see that the man was trying to confuse him by a sort of hypnotic power he evidently thought he had.

"Sit down, you!" said Charley, abruptly. Peter was so taken aback by voice and manner that he obeyed. "Now, fella, come clean! How'd you come to call Headquarters? Where were you?"

"Home," said Peter. "I live in East Ninth Street. Mrs. Thayer called me up and asked me to notify the police."

THE detective was standing over Peter, and his eyes were like a snake's; Peter wondered if he had any eyelids, so fixed an unwinking was his stare.

"She told me her husband was dead. She'd found him—"

"Hold on. I want to know exactly what she said—not your idea of what she meant to tell you. Get me?"

Peter made an effort to remember Martha's precise words. And it wasn't hard; one doesn't, after all, receive many such messages in an ordinary lifetime. He repeated them.

"Yeah?" said Charley. "Well—that wasn't what you said first. Told you some one had killed Thayer, did she? Watch your step, fella." His voice altered. "Who'd she say had killed him?"

He flung the question at Peter, and it was Peter's turn to stare.

"She didn't say!" Peter cried. "Why, good Lord, do you mean she knows?"

"I'm askin' the questions just now, fella. Didn't say, eh? Sure of that? Well, what else did she say?"

"Why—" Peter was confused by now; the routine was working—"nothing much. I asked her if she'd notified the police, and she said she hadn't. She asked me to do that for her and then come on up here."

"Yeah? What time was this?"

Peter didn't know. As nearly as he could guess, he'd got Headquarters on the wire less than three minutes after Martha had called him. Peter didn't know that all incoming calls at Headquarters were timed and recorded.



Martha realized that no matter what her friends thought, the policemen were sure she had committed murder. She felt suddenly hopeless and alone

"Big help you're going to be!" said Charley contemptuously. "Pretty thick with the madam here, ain't you?"

"Why—we—we're friends," said Peter. It wasn't an easy question for him to answer, as a matter of fact. He'd have found it difficult to explain to people much more understanding than this detective the nature of his friendship with Martha Thayer. He'd even been finding it pretty hard, of late, to define it for himself.

"Friends!" Charley's laugh was a sneer. "I'll say so! I suppose this Thayer thought you was a friend of his, too?"

"So I am—so I was, I mean," said Peter, sharply. "I've known him for years."

Charley was changing his tactics. He'd confused Peter; now, for some reason of his own, he was trying, deliberately, to provoke and anger him.

"Yeah?" he said. "I know your sort of friend, fella. Kind that makes love to a man's wife when he ain't around, eh?"

"That," said Peter, "is a damned lie! And if you can't keep

APPEARING IN ANY MYSTERY STORY



a civil tongue in your head, keep still. I don't have to answer your questions."

"Maybe yes, maybe no," said Charley, unmoved. "Time enough, anyway. You'll keep till the chief's through with the madam."

Peter got up.

"I'll be back," he said. "I'm going downstairs to telephone to Mrs. Thayer's people. She shouldn't be left alone with the police if you're a fair sample of them."

He started toward the elevator door, but Charley's hand fell on his shoulder.

"Hold your horses, fella," he said. "You're stayin' here till the chief gives the word to let you go."

Peter knew he was helpless. He had an idea they had no legal right to detain him, but he wasn't certain of that. Moreover, another man came out of the pent house just then, and Charley released him.

"Here's Wayne, Inspector," he said. "Guy made the squeal to Headquarters."

The newcomer was better; Peter liked his looks. He was a big, red cheeked Irishman, with hair that was, Peter guessed, prematurely white, and he smiled in a friendly fashion.

"Good morning, Mr. Wayne," he said, pleasantly, with a suggestion of a brogue. "This is a bad business. Maybe you're going to be able to help us to get at the way it happened. I'm Inspector Connolly, in charge of the Homicide Squad. Will

you come inside? I'm thinking Mrs. Thayer will be glad to see a friend."

He held the door open. The small entrance hall was empty, but a white evening coat of Martha's lay across a chair, and Tack's hat and coat and stick were on a table. Peter went on into the living room.

Martha, in a pale yellow evening dress he'd never seen before, sat in a chair by the fireplace. He caught his breath at the sight of her. But he always did; there always had been, and he thought there always would be, an indescribable thrill for him in any first glimpse of Martha, no matter how short a time had passed since their last meeting. She looked up.

"Peter!" she said. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come, my dear!"

Peter realized later how that wholly natural and spontaneously friendly greeting must have sounded to the detectives. Martha, of course, would have welcomed any one of a dozen men she knew in just that tone, if they'd appeared in his place; it didn't mean a thing.

AT THE moment, though, Peter gave no thought to what she'd said; he'd just seen Tack—Tack in a big, high backed chair, over by a window, his head sagging down on his chest, an ugly smear of blood on his shirt front!

He wore a dinner jacket, and, apparently, his body hadn't been touched or moved at all. It seemed horrible to Peter to see Tack, who'd been a great athlete, whose every movement had had the lithe grace of an animal's, with all the superb beauty of his magnificent body blotted out by a bit of steel.

It was all in one moment that Peter gathered these impressions. Almost instantly, his attention went back to Martha. She came toward him, and he met her half way across the room. She caught him by the shoulders, and he put his arm about her to steady her.

"Peter, my dear, I'm so glad you've come!" she said. "Poor old Tack."

"Who did it, Martha?" he asked. "Who could have done it?"

"Oh, they think I did, it seems," said Martha. Her voice, was as cold, as hard, as ice. "That's easier than trying to find out who really did, I suppose."

"Oh, come, come," said Connolly, in his rich, pleasant Irish voice. "That's going too fast and too far, Mrs. Thayer—too fast, altogether. We've our work to do and there are questions we have to be asking. But that's a long, long way from saying we think you did it."

"Good God!" Peter cried. "I should hope so! Why—" Connolly's eyes would not meet Peter's shocked stare. But Peter had seen enough to belie the soft, kindly tone of the man's voice. He did think Martha had shot Tack! It wouldn't matter to him that every one who knew her must know that she hadn't done this frightful thing. Connolly thought she had; all these policemen thought she had.

The entrance of another man, just then, gave Peter an excuse for keeping still. This wasn't another detective! Connolly's respectful greeting was enough to make that plain. He was a keen eyed, nice looking chap, in his thirties; likeable, well dressed, well bred.

"I'm terribly sorry to have to trouble you just now, Mrs. Thayer," he said. "My name is Barclay. I'm from the dis-

strict attorney's office. And I'm afraid I'll have to ask you a few questions."

Martha just nodded, without saying a word.

"Mr. Barclay," said Peter, "my name is Wayne. I'm a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Thayer. I'd like to point out that Mrs. Thayer has had a frightful shock. Inspector Connolly has questioned her already. Shouldn't she have some of her family with her and how about her lawyer?"

"What makes you think Mrs. Thayer needs a lawyer, Mr. Wayne?" asked Barclay. "I am, in a sense, her lawyer—that is, it is my duty to try to bring her husband's murderer to justice. We will need her help. Our experience has taught us the importance of getting statements from witnesses while their impressions are still fresh. We are simply following a routine procedure. I assure you that I have the deepest sympathy with Mrs. Thayer, and that I will consider her feelings as much as I can."

Peter said nothing. Barclay, after giving him a chance to speak, went on—but his voice had changed; a curious and indefinable menace had come into it.

"It is Mrs. Thayer's privilege, of course, not to answer my questions, or to refuse to answer them except with the advice of counsel. But—"

"Oh, it's all right, Peter," said Martha. "I don't mind telling what I know. It's not very much. You'll wait, won't you?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Thayer," said Barclay. "I, too, will ask you to wait, Mr. Wayne. I'd like to talk to you. For the moment you won't mind waiting outside?" Then to Connolly—"You'll stay in here with us, Inspector?"

PETER went outside. There was nothing else for him to do. Charley, in a moment, followed him. He didn't speak to Peter, but the sulky way he shrugged his shoulders, with a scowling backward look at the door, showed that he, too, had been put out, and that he resented it. Peter sat down on the parapet, feeling sick, and shaken, and scared!

He looked east, across the roofs. There was a low, white mist on the river; it was just beginning to grow light, over beyond Long Island. He remembered the last time he'd seen the sun rise from this roof, two or three weeks before. He'd been sitting in just about the same spot he'd chosen now, with Martha beside him. Tack and some others had been in the house, singing while Tack played the piano.

It wasn't just his conviction that Connolly thought Martha had killed Tack that frightened Peter, as he sat there waiting for the sun to come up. He knew enough about police methods to understand that the police practically always did start, when a wife or a husband had been murdered, with the assumption that the survivor was guilty.

These men might, or might not, have some evidence that actually seemed to point to Martha's guilt; he didn't know. But whether that was so or not he was afraid they would find just such evidence—interpreted as they were bound to interpret it. And that fear grew out of matters within his own knowledge.

Peter didn't think, even for the fraction of a second, that Martha had killed Tack. That was flatly impossible. But it was one thing for Peter to know that, and quite another to convince Connolly and the rest of the pack.

What Peter did know, though, and what, he assumed, Connolly could hardly help finding out, was that whatever really had happened that night on the roof wasn't the beginning of the story. For poor old Tack, of course, it had been the end. Peter pitied Tack. But Peter knew, at that time, much more than did Connolly about those two and the queer life they'd

lived together, but his knowledge, even so, was confused, one sided, grotesquely inadequate and incomplete.

Peter had known Tack Thayer for years, as he had told Charley, but he'd seen Martha for the first time only a few months before.

He'd met Tack first at New Haven. Tack had come in as an Arts freshman when Peter was a senior in Sheffield. But Tack had been a far more conspicuous figure than the average freshman ever is. He'd been a famous track and football star at Exeter; in college he came to be as noted as Ted Coy had ever been.

Peter went West, after his graduation, and New York had seen him, for several years, only about once every six months, and then only for a day or so at a time.

DURING those years Peter had been doing chemical research in the laboratories of a big industrial corporation. He had stumbled across a promising lead and the people he worked for were decent about letting him follow it up, in his own time, with their facilities. So he had perfected an alloy that made feasible a lighter airplane engine than any one had ever dreamed of. He had sold his patents for a cash payment and a royalty that staggered him.

Peter wasn't one of those ardent and self-sacrificing scientists Paul de Kruyf describes so romantically. He never even thought of devoting his leisure and his comparative wealth to adventurous attempts to conquer some of the unknown regions of the scientific world. Not he! He had quit his job as soon as he could get his successor broken in, and headed for Manhattan.

His sister had found him an apartment with a roof terrace and a Filipino boy to look after it and him, and he had acquired a wicked looking and absurdly fast Mercedes roadster for himself. So equipped, he set out to make up for lost time.

Plenty of men in Peter's circumstances have ideas like his, and muffed them as badly as he did. For the truth was that after three months or so of hard, conscientious play he was bored beyond words.

New York, in ten years, had grown clear away from all he'd remembered and missed and longed for during his term of exile. When Peter came back he was out of step from the first; the pace was too fast for him.

Most of the men he'd known in school and college were married. Their wives were very nice to Peter. They asked him to dinner, and took him on, afterward, to parties. But, it seemed to him, people didn't go to parties for their own sake any more, but rather to meet their own crowd and go on somewhere else—Tex Guinan's, or the Jungle Club, or Teckla's, or, for that matter, before breakfast, to all three, and half a dozen more like them.

Teckla's, that year, was usually the port of last call. No one went there much before two, but after that, until dawn, it was crowded. Peter found the people there more amusing and more agreeable, generally, than in any of the other night clubs.

Teckla's was a queer place. There were two rooms; one small, and one smaller. The first had a dance floor, and a melancholy orchestra, but the bar was the real Teckla's.

Peter liked the place, though he couldn't quite say why. He was talking, one night, to a girl who thought it ought to bore him, trying to explain why it didn't.

"Well—" he said. "Oh, I don't know, Betty! Look at that chap over there, though—the one Teckla is talking to. You wouldn't expect to see him here, would you?"

This man had been puzzling Peter for half an hour. He was about forty years old, with an inscrutable face and eyes as hard to read as any Peter had ever seen. His features were sensi-

TODAY'S VIRTUE

by Faith Baldwin

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The fat man seemed surprised when Peter handed him a packet of bills. Quite evidently he had expected Martha's bracelet, instead

tive and finely cut. Betty Rogers looked over at him, and laughed.

"He!" she said. "Why, that's Dr. Zahn—Meyer Zahn, the psychoanalyst. Don't you know him, Peter? He's here a lot. He's very famous, too."

Peter had heard of Dr. Zahn, of course. He was the last word in his own peculiar branch of the medical profession; a pupil of Freud's; a big man. Peter supposed that a psychoanalyst whose clients included half the discontented wives in New York might very well come to Teckla's as a reservoir of clinical experience. Zahn had turned, just then, and caught Peter staring at him, and Peter had looked away, quickly, just in time to see Martha Thayer for the first time in his life.

IT WASN'T easy for him, afterward, to recall the impression Martha made on him at sight. He didn't think of her, at first, as being beautiful. He was to come to know, later, that her beauty always depended upon her mood, and that, just then, was bitter, and savage, and discontented.

"Tack's tight again," said Betty Rogers and that remark made Peter realize that this girl hadn't come in alone. A big, good-looking chap had followed her.

"Tack?" said Peter, inquiringly, but with a vague stirring of memory.

"Tack Thayer—you must have known him at college. That's him with his wife. She was Martha Cameron."

Peter looked at the man more closely. What he saw was rather shocking. Tack had begun to go to seed, and he was too young, and much too fine for that. Peter hated remembering that impression but facts are stubborn things, especially when you've been trained to look at them scientifically.

Nearly every one in Teckla's bar that morning spoke to the Thayers. But Tack was too far gone to notice, and Martha, though she wasn't rude, was obviously indifferent. She nodded to Zahn, though, and her smile lit up her face for a moment. Then she and Tack found stools at the bar. Tack began at once to drink, hard and fast.

Martha only took an occasional, absentminded sip from her glass. There was a purposeful look about her, Peter thought, as if she were waiting for something to happen, or, more probably, for some one to appear. All at once she looked animatedly toward the door. Following her eyes, Peter saw a man who'd just come in—a tall, dark, scowling boy, with a weak mouth.

"I thought so," said Betty. "There's the boy friend. Stop watching Martha Thayer, Peter. She'd eat you for breakfast, lamb."

Peter grinned, but he didn't stop watching Martha.

"That's Evan Ross, going over to them," said Betty, as she rose to dance with some one from another table. "I wish Martha'd snap out of it. Tack's going to crown Evan some day."



Ross had joined the Thayers—joined Martha, rather, for they both ignored Tack who tried, once or twice, to break into their talk. Martha silenced him, pretty sharply, each time.

He didn't seem to resent that at first, but then, abruptly, in the way of a drunken man, he sent his newly filled glass flying, with a sudden gesture, so that Martha had to jump to save her dress. Then he slid down from his stool, and stood, glaring at them.

"I'm going home," he announced, so loudly that for a moment every one stopped talking to stare.

"All right, Tack," Martha said, quietly.

"You coming?"

"Not now, no. Go ahead if you want to, Tack."

"Well—all right—" said Tack, and turned away.

He lurched as he walked, and his uncertain progress toward the door brought him past Peter's [Continued on page 92]

The Kind of GIRL I

Marriage! At Once the Romantic Desire and Spiritual Fear of Every Young Woman. In This Topsy Turvy World in Which the Values of Real Happiness Seem to Be Shuffled about Like Such Material Things as the Stock Market and Fashions, Kathleen Norris' Thought Shines Forth Like a Guiding Light

WHAT sort of women do I want my boys to marry, rather? For there are three prospective husbands growing up, in the family, all as different as boys can be, and each one presently to need a special make of wife.

There are no safe generalizations about wives, or about husbands either. It is only about certain qualities or characteristics that one dare generalize. And even there the ground is anything but firm.

For wild little giddy girls have a funny way, sometimes, of developing into charming and capable and devoted women, and gravely rational and virtuous young ladies occasionally change, after marriage, into much less reliable types.

MARRIAGE changes some natures so completely, and the effect of certain husbands upon certain wives, and certain wives upon certain husbands, is so surprising and so unforeseen, that it would take a bold woman to say, even when she knew a group of girls intimately, that this one would make a good wife, and that one would not.

We have a lot to learn, in our attitude toward marriage, and a lot to alter, in our ideas of it; the Kingdom of Marriage suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away, in these days. Personally, I feel sorry for the youngsters who are reaching marriage years just now.

A generation ago things were better for them, and when another generation has passed, the laws and customs regulating marriage must be more stabilized once more. But at the moment the outlook for happy normal wedlock is not exactly reassuring.

Nothing in the education of our girls and especially nothing in the education of our boys prepares them for the supreme adventure of marriage.

Many girls seem to see that little ceremony as a thing complete in itself—an achievement, quite detached from the long years of lessoning that follow, the developing years in which all their moral, mental, physical, spiritual being must grow, or must die.

But girls are sensitive, proud, adaptable and loving. These qualities make them far more flexible in marriage than boys ever can be. In her very engagement days the girl is fitting herself to be what Peter wants her to be. He blunders on, always himself. But she is a thousand selves in her adoring effort to keep alive in him the love she wants so much.

And that, just that, is what we ought to be impressing on our

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boys from their very childhood. Your wife will be the sort of wife you want her to be. For awhile at least, for a year or two, it is for you to decide what elements you want, and what elements you do not want, in your marriage.

Ninety-nine boys out of every hundred are given no preparation for married life.

The average young husband never sees the exquisite sensitiveness, the eagerness, the dreams and ideals of that delicate piece of human mechanism that is the new wife. Ignorantly, he hurts and repels and chills her by a total lack of appreciation of the sacredness of all this new life, to her. Her breathless reverence for wifehood and motherhood mean nothing to him. To him his wife is still just his favorite dancer, and the jazzing and speeding and spending and drinking and smoking and gambling are to go on, indefinitely, on just the old terms.

And that, primarily, is why so many young marriages fail.

BOYS ought to know that a young wife wants above all other things to please her husband. She lives for his love—she wants it in flattery, presents, companionship, confidence.

Girls govern their conduct before marriage strictly by what boys demand; if boys want girls to be cuddlesome, irresponsible little kissers, some reckless girls reduce themselves promptly to the physical level, abandoning all ideas of mental or spiritual companionship, and other girls go just as near the borderline of safety as they dare.

On the other hand, when civil revolution or war change men's need, then girls are stern, daring, socialistic. They resent war, they see its folly as men rarely do, but when war comes they uniform themselves in olive drab and Red Cross caps, and talk patriotism and wash bullet-wounds as if that were their one happiness in life.

In individual cases, men try to please girls—one girl. But in the mass, girls woo men by trying to be just what they like. Sensible girls despise bare knees, baby talk, and the incessant, sickening thought of sex, sex, sex. But they perceive that the biggest, the manliest, the most attractive men like them spineless, morally, mentally and physically, and consequently they hasten to reduce themselves to moron level.

My mail is full of letters from protesting girls—fine, high-principled, intellectual girls—girls with infinitely promising potentialities for wifehood and motherhood, who have disgustingly concluded that if they are to be popular at all they must pretend to be everything they despise in drinking, dancing, petting, jazzing womanhood.

After marriage almost every one

What a pity this analysis of marriage must be confined to SMART SET'S Circulation of only a million young women! When you have read it, express your appreciation of it by spreading its influence and beauty. Pass it on to others whom it may help.

Want MY SON *to* Marry

By

KATHLEEN

NORRIS

of these girls would make a magnificent wife—if her husband would let her. But as he won't, having no particular code to guide her, and being anxious to please him, she lets him set the pace of their married life.

After a few years of childless, and, in the true sense, homeless marriage, she catches the jazz fever. Then she wants to go as much, and perhaps more, than he does. She discovers that she does not belong in any special sense, to Peter, he is carrying on gallantly with other women, and there are other men who will be delighted to meet her halfway.

THE old dream of her honeymoon hopes and ideals is forgotten. The bride who loved dinners for two, and a wood fire, and home, seems like another person.

Peter couldn't wait until the honeymoon was over to get back to the crowd—the dancing and poker, the all night parties.

Peter wouldn't listen to that timid suggestion of a baby's coming.

A girl essentially fine—and many a little smoking, dancing, petting braggart is essentially fine under her boy-pleasing make-believe—a girl hates to remember that she gave up her baby, and all her future babies, because Peter explained so confidently, so convincingly, all those years ago, that the moment they had a kid their fun would stop.

Girls don't like to be married on the same terms of unmarried girls; on the terms that a baby spells ruin. And Mother Nature takes her revenge on the young wife who concedes that marriage is only a license for passion, and that marriage ends when that too-speedily consumed passion cannot be longer kept alive by perfumes, enhanced beauty, excitement and stimulants.

Any reasonably sensitive girl is born knowing better than this. She appreciates the force of self-control, even in childhood. She knows, in her teens, that there is a lot more to marriage than mere transient physical passion.

But what she sometimes does not know is that a man of twenty or twenty-two is only a little boy, reckless, greedy, un-



If all America were to ask for the name of the highest type of wife and mother—this magazine would unquestionably nominate Kathleen Norris. She, in her articles and fiction, has made the whole country homeconscious and lifeconscious. We doubt if any preacher has done more

educated, anxious only for fun. She does not know that he is too young, mentally and spiritually, to look forward in his twenties to the feeling he will have in his thirties and forties.

At forty, at fifty, he will want to be sure of his home, of his dignified, devoted, cultivated wife. He will want a daughter or two in the house, to spoil and adore, a son with whom to play golf, to scold at the breakfast table, to boast about abroad.

That these great things, this great achievement, cost dearly and deeply, he does not know. His mother has never told him that. She has let him think that if he makes money enough for roadsters and trips and clothes and amusements, he will fulfill the whole duty of a husband.

His mother never broke to him the simple truth that you can't get something for nothing. You can't reap a worth-while middle age without putting in long patient years of ploughing and sowing, years in which you make your marriage a business, study each other, build to a plan.

AFTER marriage, sometimes, the right sort of girl can take hold of her young husband, and train and educate him to finer ideals in spite of himself. But just here the girl's lack of education along this line becomes evident. She may indeed have an honest, decent little soul under her jazzy exterior, she may adore domesticity and babies, in her soul, but she is ignorant and vague, too. She doesn't know what part of a two-hundred-a-month income should go for rent, and what for food. With the best intentions in the world she muddles things up financially; money affairs go on the rocks over and over again.

And if this marriage lasts until the boy has come to see the beauty of dignified, simple home life and love, and until the girl has learned the rudiments of housekeeping and budgeting—then it may go on into a successful existence as one of the exceptional marriages of the world.

But usually it doesn't. Without knowing it, he tramples down all her dreams and ideals by innocently supposing that she will be the same woman, as a wife, that she was as a spoiled, extravagant, pleasure-mad girl. And without knowing it, she frightens him with a feeling that everything has got to be dull and domestic now, and that there never is going to be enough money to meet expenses.

IT SEEMS to me sometimes that if there were a marriage school, and all our youngsters were obliged to take a good stiff year of training in it we might get valuable results. A good stiff year of those two forgotten subjects, Code and Duty, with some practical sidelights upon the distribution of income, and cooking, and parenthood, and self-denial, and consideration,

and with plenty of opportunity to study the fruit of a wise marriage, the beauty of middle age when obligations have been met, and home and lasting married love and children are safely established—it seems to me that such a course would go further toward clearing this troubled subject, than fantastic suggestions about companionate marriage, and free divorce, and birth control, can go in a thousand years.

So that in the end the question does not seem to be, "What sort of a girl I want my boys to marry?" It turns itself rather, as most of a mother's questions do, into a prayer, that they will be worthy of their wives, worthy of marriage, worthy of their children's faith when the time comes.

If our boys can come to see marriage, with its new thrilling joys of homemaking and husbandhood—if they can come to see it as a means to an end, rather than that end itself, as the beginning of a long road, rather than the goal at the end of the road—then they will come to it prepared to put into it at least as much courage, patience, humility, love as they would put into a new business venture. Then they will remind themselves sometimes that they have something to learn about life, adjustments to make in their old scale of values and their old viewpoint as to what is worth while.



Kathleen Norris

A Sonnet Impression

TO HER a sense of peace and carefree laughter
Are more important than the world's acclaim;
To her the joy of playtime, coming after
Her work is done, is greater far than fame!
Applause and wealth may have their little places,
To her the simple things are always best—
The light of happiness on lifted faces,
The splendid ties of home—which love has blest!

She holds a pen in subtle, tender fingers,
She writes the saga of a nation's life;
But always first—this is the thought that lingers!
She is a perfect mother, pal and wife!
Of all her stories that the world has known,
The greatest, sweetest story is her own!

HALF the divorced men and women in the world today—more than half—look back upon ignorance, rather than any fundamental flaw, as the cause of that first shipwreck. They really loved each other, those two who launched out so happily, years ago, but they didn't know how to steer that marital ship through all the storms of too much dancing, too much wasting, too much spending, nervous strain on all sides, ignorance and bewilderment conspiring to make them think that they had made a fatal mistake.

There are exceptions, of course. There are girls no amount of love and patience and wisdom on the husband's part will make into good wives—but not many. The average girl wants passionately to rise to her new estate, to be one of the loved,

envied, admired successful women of the world.

That is why men who offer their wives poverty, hard work, cooking, child-rearing, instead of roadsters, dances, trips and diamonds usually get fine women; they challenge the best there is in a girl, and she is proud to show what she can do.

If your son has been trained to want what is worth while in his marriage, you need have no concern as to the sort of girl he will get. Whatever type of girl she is, she is going to want his love, his admiration, his loyal companionship more than anything else in the world—for a while. It is for him to decide whether that while shall last for exactly six months, or until the day of his Golden Wedding.

Though Her Pen Is Dipped in Wisdom of the Ages, Kathleen Norris is always Sweet Sixteen in Her Heart. She Will Write Other Articles for SMART SET—on Subjects of Vital Interest to Every Girl. Watch for them!

*Here's a New Slant on
the Road to a Man's Heart*



The DAILY THREE

By

Gretchen Krohn Johnson

ANN could hear the demanding whirr of the telephone as she mounted the apartment stairs. Let the darn thing ring. It was too hot to hurry.

Even though the thrust of her latch key in the lock meant dim, cool, high-ceilinged rooms, the salt of the harbor breeze instead of melting asphalt, Ann refused to hurry.

It would be quiet—oh, blissfully quiet! She'd fill the tub with cool water and shake in some of the new verberna bath salts, and lie and wiggle her toes to her heart's content. Heaven! And after that, she'd climb into a single sketchy garment and eat supper off the arm of her chair. Perfect!

Nobody to be talked to. Nobody to talk at her.

Ann gloated over the prospect like a ragged urchin with dirty face pressed flat against a baker's window. *Nothing* could be more gorgeous than the peaceful, solitary evening she planned for herself.

Over and around and through all her anticipation persisted the growing buzz of the telephone bell, angry now in its insistence. Sounded like a rattler on a hot day, thought Ann, as she crossed the threshold and lifted the receiver with an expression of distaste.

"Yes?" she answered wearily.

"Oh—Peter!"

It was all but unbelievable that the human voice could mount from flat weariness to joyous sparkle in the brief second between the words "Oh" and "Peter!" Ann's achieved the miracle without any apparent effort.

A crackling in the receiver.

"No—not a thing. I was just *wishing* something would happen."

Renewed crackle.

"You poor thing! You must be dead. I'll have a wicker chair ready, and a tall, frosted glass of raspberry shrub on the coffee table beside it. What time—about nine?"

ANN'S face rapidly assumed the expression of hostesses the world over while mentally adding the contents of their ice box and subtracting the food capacity of the unexpected guest.

"Salad," she thought: "A big bowl of it. Thank heaven for that lettuce bag and those dabs of cold cooked vegetables! I'll slice those two hard boiled eggs to look like water lilies

and put them on top. And there's some of that baked ham left. Those Italian bread sticks will be just the thing because they're crisp. And the cantaloup I put on ice for breakfast tomorrow will do for dessert. Maybe the drug store will deliver ice cream and we can have it a la mode. I'll make iced coffee. That isn't such a bad meal, if I do say it myself."

All this in the space of time it took Peter to say at the other end of the wire, "Ann, I know you'll think it's awfully cheeky to invite myself to supper this way, but I think one more restaurant meal today would be my epitaph. Do you mind?"

The menu secure, Ann concentrated upon the conversation.

"Not a bit. I'm glad you felt you could. It must be awfully hard for a man. I'll have a cold spread ready that'll make you utter ravenous howls of joy when you set eyes—"

The crackle did not even wait for the end of the sentence. A prolonged crackle this time.

"Why, of course, I understand. It was simply stupid of me not to realize how fed up on cold food you must be. No, not a speck more trouble. I'd really been longing for some steak and fixings, only I was too lazy to cook it for myself. What? Not a smidgeon. I think the heat's a state of mind anyway. See you in an hour then. 'By.'"

IN THAT hour Ann achieved the impossible, and made it appear the easiest thing in the world.

The planked steak with its guardian bulwarks of fluffy mashed potato whirlings, flanked by miniature Pike's Peaks of green beans and peas, separated by scarlet rounds of tomato and beets, gave no hint of the preliminary cajoling of the butcher and heavy bribery of a lethargic delivery boy.

The biscuits, each with a golden heart of melted butter, were so light no one could possibly think of anything so leaden as trouble in connection with their manufacture. Even the warm Dutch apple pie with its top crust of whipped cream fairly oozed good will toward men.

Seeing its devastating welcome on the part of one man, Ann forgot the day had been hot, her kitchenette withering. Instead, she thought what nice hands Peter had as he broke a lump of sugar for his final cup of coffee; how distinguished his head looked outlined against the window like that. So few men looked distinguished nowadays. But Peter was one of them.

Foolish! She smiled at herself in the gathering dusk. Yet even Jac had been impressed when she met him. Jacqueline, the haughty, who gave the illusion that all men were created to be the dust beneath her chariot wheels. How disappointed she had been to learn that Peter was just a young college professor in the city for a special summer course. Ann chuckled.

Peter stirred in the willow beach chair placed arm to arm with her own, that they both might gaze out upon the pricking harbor lights through the open balcony doors.

"What's the joke?"

"Nothing. Or rather just an exclamation of content."

"Content? Ann, you don't know the half of it. It's perfect! When I think of what you've done for me this summer. How darn near I came to going to Stanford for this course—and what I would have missed if I had."

To Ann's complete surprise, her heart abruptly described a maneuver that reminded her vividly of a song she hadn't thought of since prep school minstrels. Something about "—my heart begins to float, then it starts to rocking like a



motor boat." But no one would have guessed it, as she answered calmly, "That's awfully nice of you, Peter."

But Peter was apparently unconscious of the interruption.

"Missed! Good heavens, Ann, when I think of the difference this summer has made in my whole life! I'd never expected to marry—or at least, not for years."

Ann's heart did a whole series of impromptu "put-puts."

"I simply couldn't afford the luxury of a wife. Or rather, I'd never run across any girl I liked who had the God-given gift of making a real home out of a little. And then you had me up here—" Peter leaned forward in his intensity.

Ann shut her eyes. Would he kiss her on the nose the first time? Men generally did.

"Three rooms—and you've made them a lodestone. And I knew—"

(Why there was a shake in Peter's voice! Who ever would have guessed it had meant as much to him as that? They'd be marvellously, gorgeously happy. Ann promised herself she'd spoil him to death.)

"—that a gift like that must run in the family. So I asked her. And she said yes!"



Illustrations
by
JOHN
ALONZO
WILLIAMS

"You look like my favorite stocking ad," said Ann softly. Jacqueline shouldn't know that her heart was aching with loneliness and jealousy!

In his exuberance, Peter caught at Ann's hands and clapped them together.

"Her?" she questioned, with difficulty, from the bottom of a dark well.

"Jacqueline. Isn't it great? To think she'd even look at me! Happened last week end, and I can't believe it yet."

"Last week end?"

"Yes. Up at her place in the country. Congratulate me, Ann. Isn't it great? Isn't it great?"

"Great," said Ann steadily. "Simply great, Peter. You'll be right in the family. Think of that! And Peter," hesitantly, "you can still have butter on your bread—and sugar, too."

For just an instant, Peter's face clouded.

"There's the rub," he said slowly. "Jacqueline's got all that money from her grandmother, and I suppose people will think I've done pretty well for myself." There was a bitter note in his voice.

"Never, Peter," proudly. "People who know you will never say that."

He reached over and patted her hand.

"Of course you wouldn't, Ann. Of all the loyal friends! As for the others," jerking himself back to the topic in hand, "they'll change their tune when they see us living on my income. Jacqueline has promised me that. Much as I love her, I wouldn't take her on any other terms. Isn't she a good sport, Ann? Isn't she a good sport?"

Ann's agreement was prompt, and sufficiently enthusiastic.

"She's coming up to town next week to do her shopping, and we're going to be married two weeks after that. So we can squeeze in a honeymoon before college takes up again. No long engagements for ours!" Peter laughed happily.

Ann tried desperately to think of something appropriate to say.

FINALLY, after not too long a pause, "Jac's coming up next week, you say? Peter how'd you like me to give a little party to celebrate? Not too big—you and Jac, Bill and I."

Peter beamed. "Ann, you're a positive acquisition to any family."

"All set then. Will you write Jac, [Continued on page 118]

Mrs. Ba gave Mrs. Tnip a shot of wine and then went out and brought in two male partners whom she had won with a club. That started the club suit in bridge

If You Must Play Bridge



THE first game of bridge (or "mnoop," as it was called in those times) occurred on the 2nd of February in the year 129, 463 B. C. in the back part of a cave belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Sigourney Ba.

It seems that Mrs. Ba had asked Mrs. Gu, Mrs. Tnip, and a maiden named Twink to drop into her cave and sample a new drink, which she had made from some old grapes, and when the ladies assembled and tasted the drink they were so pleased with it that they promptly had another one.

"What do ye call it?" asked Mrs. Tnip who found herself unexpectedly giggling in a corner.

"Wine," replied the hostess.

"Hic," said Mrs. Gu (and incidentally that was the first "hic" of which there is any mention in history) "Wine, eh?"

"I'll have another," said Miss Twink, "and then I've got to go."

"Don't go," urged the hostess. "We'll play games."

"Hic," said Mrs. Gu.

"Lesh play mnoop," suggest Mrs. Tnip.

"What's mnoop?" asked Miss Twink.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Tnip, "but isn't it a swell name for a game?"

"All right," agreed Mrs. Ba. "We'll play mnoop. How do you begin?"

"We ought to have some men," suggested Mrs. Tnip.

"Hic," said Mrs. Gu.

"I'll get some," said the hostess, reaching for her stone club and in a few minutes she returned with two she had found hanging around the Yale Club.

One of them was still slightly conscious and kept muttering that he didn't like card games, but Mrs. Ba soon won him over with another sock on the head and he lapsed into

unconscious agreeableness from which he never recovered.

"Now what do we do?" asked Miss Twink with a slight titter.

"Well, we ought to bid," was the suggestion. "I bid for a club."

"I bid two clubs," said Mrs. Tnip, and then there was a pause.

"Well, we're waiting," said Mrs. Ba, giving the men a cold look. Finally one of them opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he groaned.

"Two clubs have been bid," was the stern answer, "and we're waiting."

The young man looked at his hand cautiously.

"I'll make it three clubs," he said reaching for a large slab of rock, but Mrs. Tnip and Mrs. Ba beat him to it, thus giving him the distinction of being the first "dummy" in history.

That left the other young man who, by this time, had regained stone age consciousness.

"I'll pass," he said somewhat wisely, and so the game went on.

It soon became popular whenever people felt like having a real good fight.

AFTER several centuries, however, players began to become somewhat tired of a game which employed only one suit (clubs). A great many complaints were heard about the fact that the high mortality rate among bridge players was doing much to lessen the fundamental strength of the race, especially as the game numbered among its players all the so-called "best families."

It was suggested that there might be some way of deter-

*You Should Read This
History. It Can't
Help Your Game a Bit*

By DONALD
OGDEN
STEWART

mining the winners in bridge other than the permanent disablement of one's opponents and so, in the year 12,538 B. C. the rules were changed to admit the inclusion of a new suit called "diamonds" in honor of a maneless pioneer named Moses Diamond who had discovered the first precious stones which afterwards bore his name.

Diamonds, because of their relative hardness and durability, were considered superior to "clubs," and if a player bid a diamond it was considered necessary for his opponent to have two clubs in order to "take" it.

Diamonds could also be taken with a good swift blow of a "hatchet" in the right place, but with the invention of gunpowder the "hatchet" suit gradually fell into disuse.

THE next forward step in the history of bridge comes in 438 B. C. with the invention of love. Love was the discovery of an alert-minded young man living in what is now the Ritz bar in Paris, but which was at that time merely a small hut on the outskirts of a forest.

This young man's name was Pol the Gaul (a name which had been given him partly because his first name was Pol and partly because he was a Gaul) and Pol, who was naturally of a curious disposition, began to wonder why it was that a certain young girl named Fifi seemed to have such a curious effect on him.

For instance, whenever Fifi would come around, Pol would find himself possessed of an overwhelming desire to climb on top of the hut and make faces. Whenever she smiled at him he would immediately run out into the woods and begin gnawing the bark off of old Gallic trees.

The whole thing was rather disquieting, especially to Pol's parents who thought something of sending him away to military school or to visit Aunt Jeannette until this strange disease should have abated. But Pol suddenly surprised them by announcing that he had discovered what was the matter with him.

"I know what's the matter with me," he announced in confirmation of the above sentence.

"Well for the land's sake, what is it?" replied his mother in early Gallic mixed with a little Latin she had picked up when she had gone to Rome on her wedding trip.

"I'm in love," replied our hero, with a slight blush.

"You're in what?" demanded his father, reaching for his cane.

"In love," was the reply. "Now dad, you let me alone."

"Let him alone, Alphone," said the mother.

Before his mother could reach him Pol had run away from the hut and over to Fifi's home where his discovery met with a more sympathetic reception.

I am happy to say that before Pol died his parents grew to



Pol the Gaul fell for a girl named Fifi. Thus love was discovered, and that's how the heart suit was added to the ancient game of bridge, or mnoop, as they called it in those days

be very proud of their son and his invention, although unfortunately he had neglected to take out a patent on his discovery, and so, of all the millions that are now made out of the use of love, Pol's descendants do not receive a penny.

Shortly after the invention of love came the discovery, attributed to Giott, that the seat of love was the heart, and so "hearts" naturally came to be included as the third suit whenever any one sat down for a game of cards.

AND then, in 48 A. D. Horatius made his famous stand and in honor of that historic occasion the emperor Trajan decreed that "bridge" was thenceforth to be the official name of the game which had begun as "mnoop" so many millions of years ago had been called since then by various different nomenclatures such as "lung mnoop," "water mnoop," "Mnipp," "I spy," and "association football."

With the discovery of America and the consequent opening up of a new route to the Indies came, naturally enough, a demand for one more suit and in the general election of 1548 A. D. it was voted that "spades" was the winner, although "blotters" was a close second and thousands of votes were also cast for "junket" and "asthma" as possible names.

LOST TURQUOISE

By

EMMA-
LINDSAY
SQUIER

BENSON HADLEY wondered, with that ironic humor of his, what the pompous little brown immigration inspector at the dock at Champerico, Guatemala, would have said if, in answer to his question—"And why do you come to the country, Senor?" he had answered in all seriousness, "To find a lost turquoise."

He played awhile with the idea as the dingy local train crept slowly along the narrow gauge track, through lush, close-pressing tangles of banana plants and towering jungle foliage.

The inspector would have been startled out of his official urbanity by the unexpectedness of the answer.

"A turquoise, Senor? Your grace is a jeweler?"

"No, I am a construction engineer."

"Ah, yes—your grace is also an archeologist, perhaps?"

"Tampoco." (Meaning "No, not that, either.")

"But then—" the little inspector would be quite bewildered by that time—"why does your grace seek a turquoise?"

"The turquoise, Senor Inspector, is a lady. That is her name—Turquesa—and she is lost."

The inspector, Hadley decided, would have been convinced of his insanity by that time. He probably would have been removed to a not overly-clean Guatemala jail for observation. And yet—again the ironic humor of the situation—he would have been speaking the truth—the bitter, intolerable truth, a truth that might have been avoided if he had had more wisdom, more patience.

Turquesa Minister's father thought himself to blame. He had told her, in a burst of rage, that if she married Hilary

Hadley's journey was a dangerous one. It led through far, forgotten places. But always one thing spurred him on—the remembered loveliness of a woman!

Jason he would disown her. Her elopement had been the instant, defiant answer. Old Man Minister, as the employees of his construction company called him, thought himself to blame, but Benson Hadley knew differently. It was he who had lost Turquesa. He had cast her into the arms of Hilary Jason as you would flick a turquoise from its loose setting into a jungle thicket—without hope of ever finding it, or seeing its precious blueness again.

It was not the first time Hadley had writhed at the thought of it. Always a sickness—a physical and spiritual nausea assailed him. And always his seemingly inflexible gray eyes



IN the Jungle White Men Are Still Savages When a Woman Is at Stake



Illustrations by
**ALFRED N.
SIMPKIN**

flickered shut for an instant as with pain too great for endurance.

Turquesa—why he had always loved her! He had seen her grow from a lank little girl with long flaxen braids and serious blue eyes into a woman of glorious beauty—a quiet beauty, unlike almost in its intense purity, but vital, precious—as precious as the jewel for which her romantic mother had named her.

And she had loved him. But many times they had clashed because of something in her nature that he adored, yet had always suffered from—compassion.

Hers was a swift, unthinking, unreasoning, passionate pity for the afflicted of mankind and animal-kind. A little, hurt, mongrel dog was infinitely more precious in her eyes than a beautiful, healthy thoroughbred. A man, down and out, could be more certain of her sympathetic attention than one who was successful and strong—like Benson Hadley.

She never distrusted a story of hard luck; she never withheld her aid. Often she was imposed upon.

Hadley tried to warn her. But she

resented it—perhaps because he had been clumsy—dictatorial.

"Ben," she said to him frowning, "you're hard. You don't sympathize with people who haven't the iron in them that you have. You can stand on your own feet. Others can't. I want to help those who are helpless, Ben—"

He tried to tell her that *he* needed her. To show her what she meant to him, how the thought of her—when he was cutting his way through jungle swamps in Mexico, building bridges that bore her father's name—was like a talisman, a precious jewel worn above his heart. It had kept him decent in a country where decency was not easy to cling to.

But she only put her hand gently on his. "Ben, I love you. Some time I'll marry you. I don't see how I could ever marry any one else. But not just now. You'd take me down to Guatemala City with you and I have to put through this Foundation for Crippled Children. I have to, Ben. They're depending on me to do it, and I can't fail them. You wouldn't want me to."

No, of course he wouldn't want her to. He loved her quickness of response to pain and suffering. He himself had hardened somewhat. One has to in the tropics, bossing a gang of natives gone crazy on "white-eye" whiskey. He had learned to jump at trouble when it first showed its head, to knock a man down as he reached for a machete or a gun. The Construction Engineers who used arguments instead of fists didn't last long in the wild regions where the Minister Company was spanning jungle torrents and mountain gashes with the steel-girded fingers of advancing civilization.



HE WENT alone to Guatemala. It was eight long, hard months before he came back to San Francisco, longing for Turquesa. And when he had reported to the office, and Old Man Minister finished the talk of business and reports, he had looked at Hadley grimly over a clenched cigar.

"I'm glad you're back, Ben. That girl of mine, Kay, she's makin' a fool of herself. Maybe you can talk sense to her. I can't. I just lose my temper. Of all the damnable, yellow-livered—"

Hadley felt himself growing cold. A queer tingling sensation it was. He always felt like that when he narrowly missed stepping on a snake in the "bush."

"Who is he?" His voice had the brittleness of ice.

"Hilary Jason. Maybe you know him. He's from Guatemala, or so he claims. Came in with a hard luck story one day when Kay was here. I knew the minute I looked at him he was yellow clear through. I turned him down. But Kay—you know how she feels about the under dog. Took to him like a she-bear to a cub, and made things hellish for me until I gave him a job. I was all for sending him out of the country—but he got conveniently sick. Kay's nursed him. I'm more than half certain she's loaned him money. And what's gall and wormwood in my craw, Ben—I think she's in love with him. Pity—that's all it is. But with a woman like Kay, it's dangerous. You talk to her, Ben. I can't. I lose my temper. You talk to her. And make her listen."

Hadley had gone out of the Old Man's office in a sort of a daze. All the way to Turquesa's house he kept trying to remember something that he knew, or had heard about that name, Hilary Jason. What was it? The horrible gnawing of the fear in him prevented clarity of thought. Hilary Jason? The Old Man knew—you couldn't fool him—he knew men. And Turquesa was in love with him—oh, God, that mustn't be! Nothing must sully the loveliness of her soul. Nothing evil must touch it. Hilary Jason? What had he heard about that name?

Turquesa was out when he reached the house. But the smiling maid, frankly glad to see him, bade him wait in the long, familiar library, where there was a crackling fire in the great stone fireplace.

He waited, pacing the floor. Hilary Jason? He had heard something about that name in Guatemala City. Just a casual remark at the American Club—what was it? Hadley bent the force of his mind like a lever to the task of lifting the weight of forgetfulness. He reconstructed the picture, bit by bit—the large cheerful room at the Club, glasses on the table, the click of billiard balls beyond, two Americans talking sugar, a bronzed "banana man" from Puerto Barrios, some one saying—

THIS handsome fellow is none other than our old friend, Frank R. Adams, the cynic of Wabaningo, Mich. In next month's SMART SET he has a sprightly yarn in which he proves something or other about the comparative value of "A Woman Around the House."

"Jason? No, that bird was kicked out of the Club six months ago. He's been in a jam of one kind and another ever since he hit the tropics. First there was that smear he got into with that native woman, and then this business of cheating—"

The front door slammed. Hadley's heart gave a convulsive leap. Turquesa's voice in the hallway! But she was not alone. A man's voice answered her. They came into the room so engrossed in swift, intimate conversation that Hadley stood there in the shadowed corner by the fireplace unseen, unnoticed. He was never to forget the picture of her as she came through the doorway. A picture of vivid, vibrant health, and youth and beauty.

She was all in blue, the color she loved best. A close fitting little velvet toque with a line of golden hair beneath it. Her creamy skin was flushed by the wind and perhaps by the words she had been hearing. Her eyes were wide, scintillating sparks of azure, shot through with sunlight. Her lips were parted, red, soft, compellingly sweet.

"Hilary," she was saying in a voice that was just a little breathless, "you mustn't try to rush me. I don't want to be swept off my feet by anything so definite, so final as—as marriage. Until Ben comes back I can't—"

Thus Benson Hadley, incapable for the instant of motion or speech, saw the man who was his rival.

Hilary Jason was handsome, with that softness of chin line that other men invariably distrust, and which arouses the maternal instinct in women. Hair, curling like a little boy's over his forehead, lashes too long, lips too red.

"Turquesa!" His voice beat down her breathless defences. "I'm going to rush you off your feet! I'm going to make you realize that you love me! I want you—oh, Turquesa, I need you so! You don't know what it's like down there in the bush away from everything a man holds worth while. If I can have you with me, darling, I'll make good."

"You know what they say about me—it isn't true! I've had one rotten break after another, that's all. I'll show them all—I'll show you, my dearest, what I can do if you'll only come with me! Give me your faith, Turquesa, your wonderful, wonderful love. You're the only person who makes life worth living. I couldn't go on if it weren't for you."

He crushed her suddenly in his arms. She tried to draw away. Her eyes were like frightened, wavering birds caught in a serpent's lair.

"No, Hilary. Please don't. I'm not sure! Let me go, Hilary."

BENSON HADLEY could endure no more. There was a shaking coldness in him. His voice seemed to come from some place outside of himself in a kind of animal snarl.

"Did you hear what the lady said, Jason?"

They drew apart, startled, dazed. Then Turquesa spoke Hadley's name.

"Ben?" A tremulous, unbelieving question that held both joy and relief. "Ben! You?"

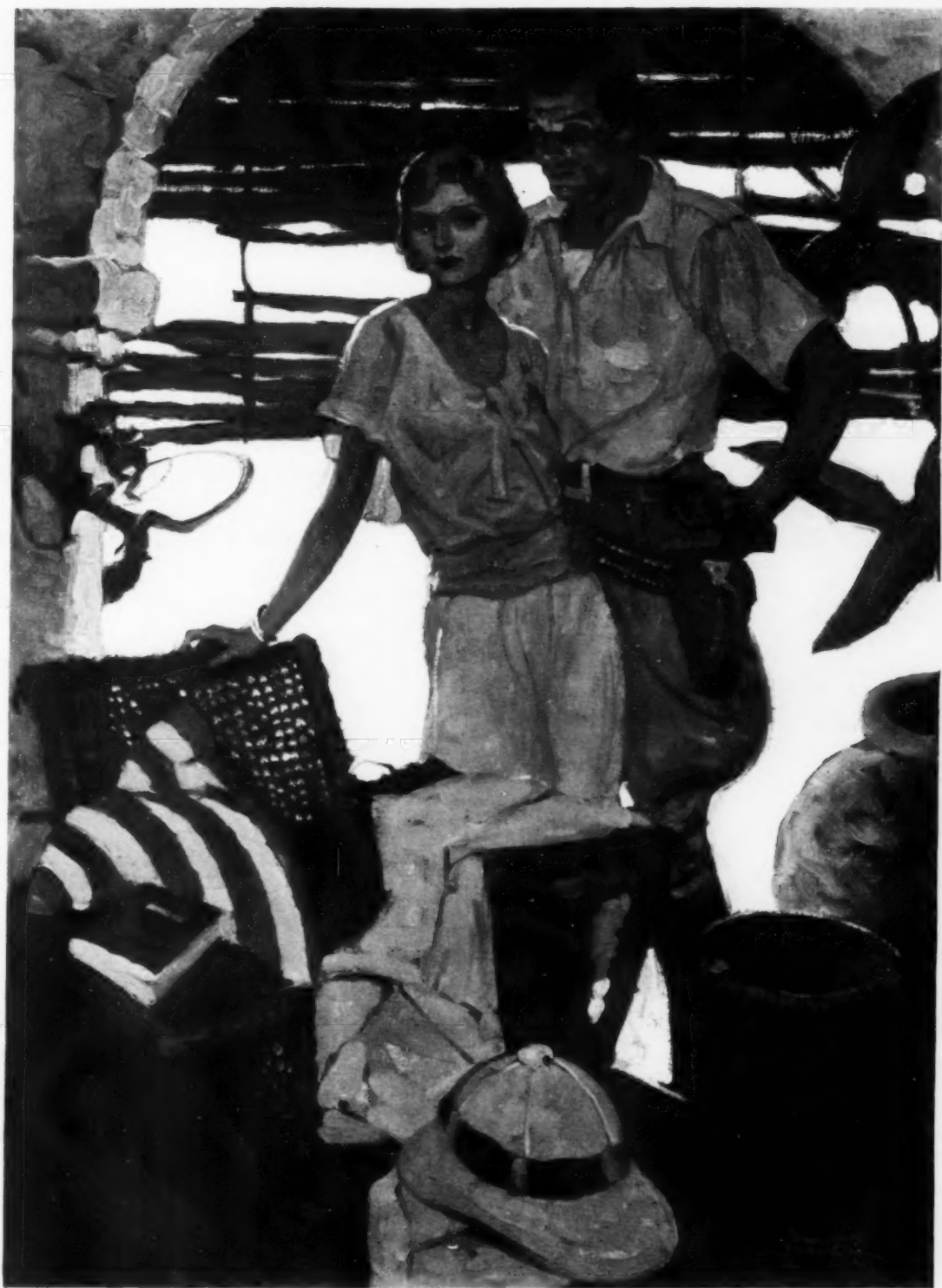
If in that moment he had only held himself in an iron grip of self control! But he was blind, raging mad. His voice strangled as it came up from his throat. He did not even speak to the woman he loved.

"Listen to me, you yellow dog—"

Yes, he had said that. And the welcoming light in Turquesa's eyes went out.

"Ben!" This time her voice was sharp, cold. But he was beyond all reason.

"Look here, you—" Ben strode across the room, and saw savagely, through a red mist, that there was quaking fear in Hilary Jason's eyes—"I don't know what you've told Kay about yourself, but you're going to tell her the truth—all of it! You're not going to pull her down there with you on a sob story and let the heat and loneliness sap the life out of her. You know white women [Continued on page 86]



WHAT if Kay did belong to another man? Hadley knew, at last, that he had always loved her. But all he said was, "It's great to see you again, Kay! Tell me—all you will." His heart ached to see that her vivid beauty was dimmed—that her eyes were empty

A Charming Aristocrat



Edward Thayer Monroe

The author of this article, Isabel Leighton, a New York society girl, has been both a successful playwright and distinguished actress. She is becoming equally famous as a magazine writer

IT HAD been years since prohibition had been anything but a musical comedy wisecrack to me, for had I not once stood fascinated in front of a speakeasy watching the weekly supply carried in under the vigilant eye of a uniformed policeman?

And was I not one of those who had furtively gulped a cocktail before many a private dinner with politicians whose public platform was strict enforcement?

But not until this year at the Army-Notre Dame football game where I saw dozens of raccoon-coated youngsters, their faces flushed with liquor instead of enthusiasm, being literally carried out of the Yankee Stadium did I realize what a grim

Who Is Not Too Proud to Fight Prohibition in Its Present Form... The First Article in Any Magazine About Mrs. Charles Sabin, a New Type of Woman Leader in the Public Affairs of America

joke this thing they call enforcement really is.

And as I walked cautiously along the grandstand avoiding hundreds of empty bottles and flasks it occurred to me that it was high time we stopped verbally deploring the situation and did something about it.

Very early the next morning I discovered that my contemplated crusade against the fallacies of present-day enforcement was not in any sense an original idea, but that Mrs. Charles Sabin, a woman of high courage, unflagging energy and unquestionable political integrity, was already organizing to that end.

Paradoxically enough, it was my sense of patriotism, my national pride, that impelled me to inquire more closely into the organization that had been formed in the hope of improving this state of affairs. I say paradoxically, because there must be many who feel that to be at odds with any condition in which the government has a responsibility is most unpatriotic, a view I must admit I do not share.

I hated for us to be a figure of fun, the butt of international ridicule on any question, and if we can credit the reports of visitors to our shores we seem to be.

I resented the effect that the inadequacy of our government to enforce its laws would have on children, the citizens of tomorrow, when they discovered that the fiasco termed prohibition

By

ISABEL LEIGHTON

had turned the Constitution into little more than a recitation they had to learn at school. And, as I warmed to the issue, I wondered what phase of the question had been responsible for Mrs. Sabin's active participation in the anti-prohibition agitation.

"IT WAS the hypocrisy of the whole thing that got under my skin," Mrs. Sabin told me as we sat in front of a crackling fire on a couch from which one could see the barges lazily plying their way up and down the East River.

"It has always been my contention," she went on, "that a man who will be a hypocrite about one situation can be counted on to be equally insincere about everything else."

I recalled the number of people I knew who talked "dry" and drank "wet" and readily understood her impatience with them. I remembered in particular, a factory owner who would not sit down to dinner without a cocktail and a subsequent glass or two of wine, but who invariably regaled his guests with a speech concerning the merits of prohibition as applied to his employees.

Mrs. Sabin had been in close touch with a similar situation.

"That's the unfair part of it," she commented. "Prohibition, if it is effective at all, exists only for the poor man who can't afford to pay the current prices of even the most inferior bootleg liquor; but when an employer, who breaks the law himself, states that prohibition is a good thing for his employees, it seems to me that it is the greatest piece of class legislation that has ever been perpetrated."

Her frank brown eyes fairly darted sparks of indignation and she tossed her close-cropped ash-blonde head as she spoke. As my gaze strayed about the quiet comfort of the room in which we sat, and shifted from the exquisite old English furniture, that has always been one of my enthusiasms, to the delightful portrait the world-famed Lazlo had done of Mrs. Sabin I was filled with the most intense admiration for the slim, dynamic, yet utterly feminine woman, who had foresworn the aimless, purely social existence to which both birth and position entitled her and elected instead to spend her life in the [Continued on page 82]

**"It Was the Hypocrisy of the Whole
Thing That Got Under My Skin"**



Edward Thayer Monroe

MRS. CHARLES SABIN recently resigned from the National Republican Committee to found "The Woman's Organization for National Prohibition Reform." The wife of one of America's foremost bankers, and a leader in New York's social life and national affairs, she is one of the most outstanding of the highest type of American womanhood.

Those Bootleg Blues

*Read This—And You'll Understand Why
Penelope Gave Up Her Serious Drinking*

By
Canby
Chambers

Illustrations by
ADDISON BURBANK



PENELOPE, or Penny, as the old bunch used to call her, does not go on any more wild parties. She says that taking care of Junior and trying to make a home out of a New York apartment keeps her pretty busy.

"Besides, as my husband says," she always adds, "this game of drinking as it's played nowadays simply isn't worth the candle. It costs you more in time and health and money and in the kind of people you get mixed up with than it's worth."

But there was a time, when Penny first arrived in New York and allowed herself to be taken under Ginny's wing, when she saw a lot of night life.

When she burst into her friend's apartment, Ginny received her with a cocktail in one hand and a shaker in the other. It was characteristic of Ginny that she did not bother to set either of them down before she hugged Penny.

"The only girl I ever knew," observed a man standing nearby, "who could carry both her liquor and her love like a gentleman."

Somehow, Penny likes to remember that remark of Neal Morgan's about Ginny. It means more to her today than it did then. For during the years the two girls played about, Penny never saw Ginny when she had not had at least a few drinks, nor when she was not concentrating on some man. Penny thinks of one man in particular.

The manager of the night club came up and whispered something to Neal Morgan. Penny knew, from the way Neal watched the door, that there was something serious in the air

But Ginny never spilled over on anybody—emotionally or otherwise. That was the thing about her. Inside that blonde, baby-doll head of hers, was a smooth, hard, self-reliant intelligence about men and women and liquor.

Especially men! How she got them all, heaven only knows. And she was generous about sharing them. Too generous, in Penny's case. If it had not been for—

But he comes later.

The point is that Ginny received Penny with open arms. She insisted on mixing her a fresh cocktail, and the rhythmic clink of ice on silver as she shook it was a revelation to Penny.

"Virginia!" she exclaimed. "If they knew back home—"

"Ginny," her friend corrected her. "I used to be Virginia back home, but that was before I changed my personality." The phrase was a favorite of hers. "Yes, darling, the year you entered college I went into the Follies. Since then I've been



the hostess of a Broadway night club; I've been mixed up in a bootleg racket up in Boston, and—oh, lots of things."

"But now," asked Penny, "what do you do?"

Two men standing nearby laughed.

"None of Ginny's friends really knows how she makes a living," said one of them. "The nearest we can come to explaining her is to say that she's professionally a pretty girl. Tell about those beauty contests that you won, Ginny."

"They were all 'fixed' in advance," Ginny confided as soon as she and Penny were alone. "But I made a good thing out of my endorsements of bathing suits and cold creams. I've seen a lot of life in this town, Penny, and I've a pretty fair idea how it works. I'm going to take you right under my wing."

NOW Penny was a manly little girl, with a shock of copper hair, and a manner of walking as if she were carrying her pride above her like a banner. But she figured that she might as well have a little fling while she could. Eventually she proposed to marry and settle down. She intended to marry some real man because she loved him—probably a young man who still had his way to make. She expected to have children and to do her share toward building a lasting home. But she

wasn't ready for those things yet.

She was fresh from college; it was the first time in her life she had ever been on her own, and here was Ginny practically offering her the keys of the big city.

"I'll be grateful for the wing," she told her. "But Virginia—Ginny, I mean—you mustn't expect me to follow too closely in your footsteps!"

Right off, Penny got a job with a big department store. Just as a sales girl, but because she had been to college, she was shunted about and was supposed to be learning something she called "merchandising." The salary wasn't much, but her father helped out with an allowance. And from the moment Ginny started introducing her to men she practically never paid for a dinner of her own. She dined in the best restaurants in New York. She saw every show she wanted to see, and she danced in every interesting night club in the city.

SHE did not feel that she was going wild. She had no intention of marrying any of these men for money. Looking back, she says, they seem, with one exception, to blend into a composite picture—a picture of a man with chamois gloves, a white flower in his lapel; a man who knew how to make a drink and how to order a dinner; a man on whom waiters smiled. No, Penny did not feel that she was running wild, even though there was one aspect of her life which she considered it inadvisable to write home about.

That was the drinking. She was coy about her drinks at first. But she discovered that she just didn't fit in at a party—she didn't laugh at

the same things nor see life through the same rose-colored spectacles—unless she drank too. Moreover, she couldn't hold down her job all day and stay up half the night without something to keep her going.

She did not drink during the day. But she got so that she could tell when five o'clock ticked around without looking at her watch. There was a little alarm clock inside her which started ringing then for a cocktail and which kept on ringing intermittently until she got it. She usually had about three before dinner and afterward she lost count.

As long as she held that job, which she did in a grim wager with herself, she felt that there was some significant difference between girls like her and girls like—well, Ginny.

And that life lasted three years before she found Ernest.

PENNY'S relationship with Ernest was foreshadowed from their first meeting. He tapped on her door one Saturday and asked shyly if she would not drop in at a tea he was giving.

They were not utter strangers, of course. The old Irish woman who cleaned up Penny's apartment had been talking to her for months about the young man across the hall. And there is not much doubt, bless her match-making heart, that the old thing had been equally loyal in what she told Ernest about Penny. Yet Ernest and Penny had never said much more to each other than "Good morning" or "Good evening" until that Saturday when he invited her to tea.

Penny had stayed away from work that day, for the first time, because of a hangover.

She wondered weakly whether even such a fresh-skinned,

clear-eyed young man as Ernest could be so naïve as actually to mean "tea" when he said it.

She thought of dragging herself over to Ginny's first for a couple of quick ones to pick her up. But she didn't—for the same reason that she would not have eaten a snack before dining out no matter how doubtful she might have been about the dinner.

AS SHE entered Ernest's apartment, she was cheered by the sight of a new cocktail shaker with six beautifully polished glasses grouped about it.

Since there were only two other persons present, both sitting rather stiffly in their chairs, she judged that Ernest preferred for some reason to wait until all his guests arrived before serving the first round. She was not being critical; she felt solicitous. For she liked this boy with the wholesome face, the friendly smile, the rather anxious air of hospitality, and she suspected from hints her scrubwoman had dropped that he had staged this party as a means of meeting her.

When his other guests arrived, however, Ernest merely started some game of chucking cards into a hat. Minutes passed. Penny's head throbbed and her cheeks ached with smiling before he straightened up as if he had just remembered something. He produced a bottle of Scotch and one of grenade and, taking the shaker, went into the kitchenette.

Penny wondered.

When he returned, she was afraid, from the hue of red that showed through the glass shaker, that his drink would prove sickly sweet. But when, instead of serving it, he got interested in a card game all over again and just stood there absent-mindedly swishing that concoction, she knew it was going to be something just too terrible.

It was!

But the funny thing is that she found herself all for Ernest and furious at everybody else there, including herself.

"That nice boy obviously doesn't care a cent about drinking," she told herself, "yet with the most hospitable intentions he's bought that shaker and is proudly ruining a bottle of good Scotch."

SHE fled to Ginny's and made herself an old-fashioned.

"Why so ladylike with the rye?" Ginny inquired. "There are no pigs painted on the tops of my glasses."

"No one could accuse you of that," Penny told her. "The trouble is that I can't go anywhere nowadays without wanting cocktails. I'm pretty sick of it too. This drinking life is just going flat on me like a bottle of champagne left open over night. I guess I've got the bootleg blues."

That phrase was Ginny's. She never explained what she meant by it any more than she ever explained anything. But now she nodded.

"Kid, when you get those Broadway bootleg blues," she observed slowly, "there are just two things to do. One is to have another drink; the other is to snap out of the whole procession, cold. Since you're having a drink, have a real one—here!"

Penny had three before going out to dinner.

The next afternoon Ernest dropped in to talk over his party with her.

"The thing I liked about it," he remarked, "was that everybody had a drink or two and then stopped. I know it wasn't on account of the liquor, because I found that whisky in Mother's medicine closet when she died and it had been there since I was a kid. I just can't see any point in the way so many people drink nowadays. Most of it's plain foolishness, don't you think?"

Penny has the kind of violet eyes that men call "dreamy."

That is, whenever they are not quite focussed on those of the man who is talking to her, he thinks she is being soulful. That far-away look must have come into her eyes then, for Ernest began to tell her all about himself.

He was a certified public accountant. He mentioned his salary frankly; but what impressed Penny was that he was managing regularly to save money. Ernest believed that a man should plan his life. Slowly he had been shaping his toward the time when he could set up in business for himself, when he could marry and have a home. Yes, they talked about marriage and about love. Oh, quite impersonally. But when men talked about love to Penny they usually were not far from making it.

"You're always out in the evenings, aren't you?" he asked. "Do you work then?"

"No, Ernest. I'm just—playing around."

"I hear you come in sometimes," he confided. "You'd be surprised if I told you how often I've lain awake wondering about you."

"Wondering what?"

"Oh, what you've been doing. What kind of friends you have."

How could she tell him? The men who flocked about Ginny were all sorts except Ernest's sort. Men who knew their Wall Street. Men who knew their Broadway. Racketeers, some of them. But Penny could not explain that their main attraction was their ability to run up a night club check for more than he earned in a week and pay it as if it were a pleasure.

"I wonder," said Ernest. "If you'd have dinner with me tonight? I know a little Village restaurant I think you might like because of its atmosphere."

It was one of those Italian table d'hôte places. The atmosphere was supplied mostly by the sawdust on the floor and the aroma of garlic that came from the kitchen. Those things did not matter that night; but Penny could not help noticing Ernest's frown as he verified his check, nor the two dimes he left for a tip.

He was perturbed at that moment by his discovery that she had been to college. He had never been able to go, himself, and he retained a feeling of inferiority about it.

"I wish," he said, "that you'd come back to my apartment. I've something there I'd like to show you."

The bottle of Scotch was standing on his mantelpiece, but he did not offer her a drink. Instead, he showed her a shelf of books about as long as she was tall. Yes, classics. Penny had seen one or two similar, though uncut, sets in her home town. But the thing about Ernest was that he was actually reading his—ploughing determinedly through it, prefaces and footnotes included, every blessed evening before he went to bed.

No, Penny did not smile as he sat there, talking so earnestly, with the light of the open fire playing over his frank, soap-shining face. But neither could she quite bring herself to meet his confiding blue eyes. When she said good night, though, Ernest held her hand until she did look at him. In the eyes of each of them then was the same "Who-are-you?" look of appraisal; in both their minds, the same precarious questions:

"How well could we two ever really understand each other? How much should we mean to each other if we did?"

TWO weeks later Penny received a note from Ginny. It said, "Darling, will you either (A) drop in for cocktails this Saturday and explain what on earth has happened to you, or (B) kindly go to the devil?"

Penny went for cocktails and, because things had reached a point where it was no good flying under false colors, she took Ernest.

"It's Neal Morgan, isn't it?" she said to a darkish young man who came up and greeted her by name. "I met you the first time I came here. Where have you been keeping yourself since then?"

"I've been lying pretty low."



Don't Wear Yourself Out— Over What You Wear Out!

FOR SMART SET will do what no other magazine does—it will take care of your clothes planning for you!

Georgia Mason's advice in the April SMART SET will tell you what to buy and where to buy it. Dora Loues Miller, writing from Paris, will show you how French chic can be added to American practicality.



Ernest looked down at the man on the floor. His eyes were like ice. "You got yourself into this mess," he told Penny righteously. "Now try and get yourself out of it!"

She looked curiously at him, trying to remember the occasional references she had heard Ginny make to him. There was something about him—"darkish" does not quite express it. For it was not merely that his hair and eyes were dark and that he had the kind of swarthy skin that carries with it a glow of grape red along the cheek bones. There was something else that put her on her guard.

Ginny came up then and handed her a cocktail. "Will you have one, too, Neal?"

The inflection of her voice warned Penny what answer Ginny expected even before Neal smiled and shook his head. Yet a little later, when somebody proposed a blindfold test of drinks, Ginny turned to him.

"Come on, old thing," she said, twisting a silk stocking about his eyes. "You can try this."

Without the slightest hesitation he identified every sample.

Only at the end, when some one playfully offered him a liqueur glass of water, did he hesitate.

"I'm afraid," he said seriously, "I've tasted too many to recognize this. But I don't consider it much of a drink."

Ernest was wrong on everything except the wines and Ginny's own score was seven out of a possible nine.

ERNEST drew Penny aside. "What was that man saying to you after we came in?" he asked.

"That he remembered meeting me when I arrived in New York. He asked what I thought of life now I'd been seeing it."

"He's remembered you for three years—without seeing you in between?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't like him," declared [Continued on page 114]

UNTOLD TALES of HOLLYWOOD

By Harry Carr

IN 1919 D. W. Griffith suddenly pulled up stakes and moved Hollywood to New York. For a while it looked as though the rest of Hollywood might follow suit.

Motion picture wisecracks have debated for years about this move. They never guessed the real reason. A Los Angeles newspaper printed a cartoon, involving Griffith's private affairs. He decided they were getting too snoopy. With one of those unaccountable actor whims to which all artists seem to be subject, he loaded up a train with his company and studio baggage and rolled out of Hollywood.

After looking at two or three studios, he picked out an old mansion on fifty-two acres of ground at Mamaroneck, N. Y. The wife of the millionaire who had lived there was insane. They had built a sort of cell de luxe for her. It was palatial with plush, silk hangings and iron bars at the windows. Griffith said he had at last found an appropriate place for a scenario department. He put us in the insane cell.

The black finger of disaster seemed always to beckon to that studio. It



Two idols who had screen troubles. Above—Charlie Ray, whose career was killed by overambition. Below—Bill Hart, the first real hero of the Westerns, whose screen activities met a tragic end

was a lovely place—outwardly—with great lawns, shaded by giant elms. On three sides were the sparkling waters of Long Island Sound. But there was something fatal about the place!

We arrived in October. The following New Year's day, some of us were going to ride with Dorothy Gish in her car over the hard packed snow. Bobbie Harron was to drive the car. Coming out of the garage, one of the car doors flew open, hit against the garage door and shattered the glass. Dorothy's Jap chauffeur, who was superintending the start, turned white as a sheet.

"Don't take the car out today, Miss Dorothy," he pleaded.

"Why not?"

"New Year's day—that broken glass—it means death for some one in this party," he said anxiously.

We all laughed and went on—but within a few weeks Bobbie Harron was dead; Clarine Seymour was dead; later Porter Strong died.

Bobbie Harron's death will always be one of the mysteries of motion pictures. We, who were closest to him, actually knew as little about it as anybody else.

The Fourth of a Revealing Series of Inside Stories . . . Griffith Pulls Up Stakes . . . Nazimova Goes Arty . . . Bill Hart and Charlie Ray Do Fade-Outs . . . The Broadway Invasion Starts



Bob had been with Griffith since he was a little boy. He had been a prop boy, an extra, and finally Griffith's leading man in a long list of his finest pictures—from the old Biograph days to "Hearts of the World." Naturally, he always looked forward to becoming a star with his name in electric lights.

Finally Griffith consented and Chet Withey was chosen as Bobbie's director in a story called "Co-incidence."

THEY had a pre-view of the picture in a little town in Westchester county. The officials of a great releasing company came in state. Upon their verdict depended the fate of the picture and Bob's fate as a star.

"How was it?" he asked eagerly as I came out.

"All right," I answered faintly. I was not brave enough to tell him that the magnates did not like the picture and were going to turn it down. That was about eleven o'clock. Some time between that time and one A. M. he probably found out. At that hour, he was unpacking a suit case. A revolver fell out of it—they said—and shot him. He died two days later.

Two girls who brought their coals to that Newcastle called Hollywood—and couldn't even get started. Doris Keane had been the toast of Broadway in "Romance"—Laurette Taylor had done marvels in "Peg o' My Heart." And yet, in the films, they failed!

Bobbie had been in love with Dorothy Gish since she was fifteen years old. About the time of his death it had become apparent to all of us that Dorothy had fallen in love with someone else—James Rennie—

THE first big picture that Griffith made in Mamaroneck was "Way Down East." He did not want to make it. He had no sympathy with New England stories, but the exhibitors saw in it a big clean-up.

I have already told how Griffith rehearsed his stories before taking the scenes—with chairs for waterfalls and marks on the floor for precipices. He rehearsed that story until every one was saddle sore and weary.

One day I met little Clarine Seymour as she was coming out of a rehearsal—a breathing space between scenes. "My Gosh," she said, "I'd rather die than rehearse this darn thing any more." She never had to. In a week she was dead.

She had been taken to the hospital for a minor operation to which no importance was attached. Her mother was smiling as she saw Clarine wheeled from the operating room.

Stars Come—and Stars Go—But HARRY CARR



"Dream Street" was Griffith's supreme flop. It was full of inexperienced actors—as witness Ralph Graves, Carol Dempster and Charlie Mack, who made their initial bow in it. As you can see none of them knew what to do with their hands

"Everything all right?" she asked, smiling.

"Your daughter has not more than twenty minutes to live," was the grave reply.

In finding a successor to Clarine Seymour, Griffith started a great romance. Mary Hay, who had been a star of the Follies, was chosen. I believe she and Dick Barthelmes had known each other for some time, but this picture caused the romance to progress considerably.

A YOUNG lady of the Follies is supposed to be pretty well sophisticated. Dick had been a matinee hero long enough to have grown a little case-hardened to romance. But I never saw two lovers more thoroughly enveloped in the tender passion. If I am going to be frank about it I might as well say that they were just plain mushy. Like many other romances with such a fast start, this one did not last long. Dick and Mary were married—and now each is married to somebody else.

The next time you see "Way Down East," notice closely the shot of the girl who is supposed to be Mary Hay—the one where she walks across the snow near a tree. It is, in reality, the picture of Clarine Seymour who was dead when the picture was shown. Some of the picture had been filmed while they were still rehearsing.



Madge Bellamy was the most beautiful girl in pictures—but they said she had temperament

More pipe dreams have been written about Griffith pictures than any others. Two stories have been printed about a million times:

That Griffith pulled the cleverest press agent stunt in the world by pretending to be lost in a sea cyclone.

That Lillian Gish nearly lost her life by being swept over the waterfall in "Way Down East," but that the blizzard in the picture was a pretty poor fake.

The truth is that Griffith did narrowly escape death in that sea cyclone. And Lillian Gish narrowly escaped being swept into a puddle of water about two feet deep, but had a real escape from being frozen to death in that "fake" blizzard.

The scenes of the ice floe on that river were taken partly in

Remembers Them All and Tells Their Secrets

the studio with the fake ice. The brink of the falls was made to order on location near Stamford, Connecticut.

The picture of Lillian Gish in the blizzard was made in the most awful winter storm I have ever seen. Three men had to lie down in the snow and hold each of the legs of the camera. I had to quit the set four times and take refuge in the studio to keep from freezing. Lillian stayed out in the storm until the scene was shot. Then she collapsed and had to be carried into the house.

NEW YORK society people suddenly "went movie" during the taking of this picture. One of the enthusiasts was Mrs. Morgan Belmont. She got herself a job as an extra and was promoted to a part. She was in the ballroom scene where the innocent country gal (Lillian) was enticed by the wicked villain.

Mrs. Belmont brought in some of her society friends. At one of the bridge tables in the movie set was Mrs. Belmont's father, one of the leading architects of New York, and Miss Evelyn Walsh who was supposed to be the richest unmarried girl in the world. Vincent Astor and Miss Ann Morgan were also Griffith fans and used to come to the studio.

They were all good sports. Mrs. Belmont used to talk prizefights with the stage hands and borrow their Bull Durham to roll her own.

Through their influence, Griffith got a chance to photograph one of the scenes in the drawing room of a millionaire's home on Fifth Avenue. He sent me to look it over. I was obliged to report against it. It was not luxurious enough. To a movie public raised on movie millionaire homes, this would have looked like a railroad boarding house.

To jump ahead of my story, this reminds me of a time when a movie director in Hollywood was making "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and decided to be realistic. Instead of using a movie dance hall "percentage girl," he sent to Tia Juana for the most famous percentage girl on the border. He had to fire her because he couldn't make her act like a percentage girl; she was too refined and ladylike.

When Griffith made "Orphans of the Storm" he needed a new type of actor who could look and act the part of a gallant of lace and swords. Joseph Schildkraut was at that time knocking New York end over end in "Liliom." Griffith persuaded him to take a part in the movie.

Persuaded is the right word. Joseph—as I think he will cheerfully admit now—was about the cockiest young man who ever peered into a studio. He wanted to tell Griffith how to direct the picture before he had been on the set an hour. He simply would not be directed himself.

Some one with high genius got Joseph to invite his old father to come to see him play-act. Rudolph Schildkraut was at that time starring in a Yiddish stock company. He was—and is—one of the finest actors in the world.

Old Rudolph watched his son and heir for one full scene in which Griffith labored with his rebelliousness. When the scene was over the old actor beckoned Joseph into a vacant projecting room. They were there for a long time. Then old Rudolph waddled out, snorting and still indignant. After a long time, Joseph came out. He was almost crying when we met.

"Papa says I'm a rotten actor," he said.

Afterward Joe got to be a royal good fellow. In fact, he



Natacha Rambova; (Mrs. Valentino) was art director for Nazimova's, "Salome." It started things in pictures, that Salome—but it was the beginning of the end so far as the Valentino marriage was concerned



tried to show his good fellowship once and made a life long enemy.

You will remember the scene in that picture where Danton gallops to the rescue just in time to save Lillian Gish from a guillotine knife that proceeded downward with the blinding speed of a slow canal boat. Monte Blue was Danton.

AN EXTRA woman ran the wrong way and found herself in the path of a hundred horses galloping like mad. Knowing she was lost and without hope of escape, the woman collapsed in a frightened heap on the prop cobblestones. Along came the thundering hoofs of the cavalry horses. Leaning out of his saddle at a full gallop, the way he had learned to do on the cattle ranges of Montana, Monte Blue picked the woman up off the ground. His horse staggered on for a few feet and went reeling to his knees. It was the greatest feat of horsemanship I ever expect to see. Among those who congratulated Monte on his skill and daring was Joseph Schildkraut—but his choice of language was unfortunate. [Continued on page 122]

The RIGHT

The Story of a Man Who Gambled to Save the Life of the Woman He Loved

Illustrations by
R. F. JAMES

MADeline KEMBLE wore a blue house dress, or sometimes a pink, when she sat down to breakfast. The dress was fresh, bright and jolly and very much resembled its plump little mistress.

Her husband, Frank, thought he was a lucky fellow to confront so agreeable a background to his toast and bacon. Accordingly he did not prop his newspaper against the coffee pot and digest the world's doings in melancholy silence, but gazed upon his wife and let his eyes fill themselves with content.

An ambitious man was Frank Kemble. In his early business career he had made rapid strides from the outer office to a mahogany desk behind a glass door labelled, "Chief Clerk. Private."

Smith, Jones and Smith, Real Estate Agents, thought highly of Frank and prophesied that he would 'go far'—going far implying a departure from the post of Chief Clerk to a position of greater eminence in the world without.

Probably their forebodings would have eventuated had not Frank met Madeline at a tennis match and transferred his entire ambition to the cause of making Madeline his wife. The achievement of that ambition took exactly six months.

As they drove from the church Frank said contentedly, "I have everything in the world I want and it's up to me to keep it."

And Madeline snuggling up to him replied, "We are both as happy as we can be."

And having tumbled on a great truth they kissed each other to the scandal of the passers-by.

FRANK had bought the bungalow in which they were to set up housekeeping—that is to say he had deposited the sum of five hundred dollars with a building society and signed a terrifying document whereby, if he failed to fulfill various conditions, his eviction was possible at any moment. He had, moreover, possessed himself of furniture on a similarly precarious understanding.

There is no more substantial satisfaction than the possession



of a wife of one's very own and a house and furniture nearly one's own and, as a result, Frank felt that his vote had become a matter of national concern and looked to it that the authorities emptied the ash cans at regular intervals and watered the roads at the approach of rain.

It is not intended to suggest that he was afflicted with a metropolitan mind, but it seemed only right and proper that a man so happily possessed should guard the interests of wife and home.

As a matter of fact his mind was vivid and imaginative. Before marriage he had dispatched it upon excursions of a startling kind. For example he would indulge in hypothetical investments, one of which, with a capital of one hundred dollars, yielded a profit of seven hundred and fifty. The investment he it understood was conducted entirely on paper.

ELEMENT

By Roland
Pertwee



Frank, grasping the side of the car that had knocked him down, began to swear. "Now you've done it," he said. "How am I to turn fifty dollars into five hundred when my leg's probably broken?"

The first step was hazardous and consisted of a double racing event. Frank selected the horses by their 'form' and the evening papers showed how astute he had been.

The profit was hypothetically converted into rubber and Portland cement and returned to him about four weeks later at two thousand.

He had kept a careful record of these transactions and before marriage, from time to time, he would look at the figures and reproach himself heartily that they represented an imaginary and not an actual deal.

Mr. Smith, Junior, had come upon him one day while so engaged and had sought enlightenment. Rather nervously

Frank explained and was astonished to find his employer betraying a lively interest.

"But apart from the initial luck of that racing double, I can't make out how you selected the stock with such confidence."

"I think I've an instinct for it, sir."

Mr. Smith drew from his pocket a copy of the Wall Street Journal.

"Suppose," he said, "you had a hundred to throw away—what would you do with it?"

Frank ticked off three or four quotations with a pencil point.



Madeline sat on the foot of Frank's bed, in a starched gay house dress. Frank, looking at her, felt the old romance stealing back into his heart. "Why," he asked, "am I in the spare room? It's ever so lonely here!"

"Any of those might shoot up in a week or two."

"What makes you think so?"

"Just an idea, sir."

"H'm! Well, I'll keep my eye on 'em and see if you're right."

"I don't know what to call it," said Mr. Smith a fortnight later, "but certainly you were right. I'll test you for luck. Try again!"

Frank tried again.

It was rather odd—for Mr. Smith's profits from the firm had in no way increased—yet he appeared shortly afterwards at the office in a very fine motor car and astonished every one with the announcement that he had bought it.

All this took place before Frank met Madeline at the tennis match. After that such enthusiasms faded before the all important idea of making her the happiest woman in America.

When young folks are really in love with one another, money is the smallest factor in their lives. Frank and Madeline lived very happily on forty dollars a week and never took the trouble to consider whether they were well off or no.

THE great advantage of a little money is that whatever you spend of it provides an event. There is no fun in buying a tie if the purchase is no greater concern than throwing some silver over a counter. It is when you deliberately invest twenty-five cents on a pot of geraniums out of a housekeeping fund of fifteen dollars that you derive the real satisfaction a pot of geraniums is capable of giving.

Some such ideas passed through Frank Kemble's mind when he dropped the pursuit of the elusive dollar, the better to bask in the sunshine of Madeline's smile. And as a result they were happy out of all proportion to [Continued on page 102]

Schabelitz, the famous artist who paints SMART SET covers, has given us a girl with real Poise this month. She has the spark



YOU cannot tell your friends their faults and they would never think of telling you. But if you want to know, all you have to do is write Mrs. Ward. She wants to help

POISE!

By Elinor
Bailey Ward

*The Essential Ingredient
of Personality. Without
It There Is No Spark*

THE letters that have literally flooded in, in response to my offer to help girls to develop their own charm and personality have been a revelation to me. Thousands of girls have poured out their heart's desire to me on paper.

Letters, that have brought a tiny lump to my throat, have come from some who are eager to improve themselves. Letters have come from others who candidly tell their own faults and ask pathetically how those faults can be remedied.

There are letters from brides who want to create lovely homes and keep the love and respect of their husbands, and other letters from girls who frankly admit that they want homes and husbands of their own. And all the letters contain one composite thought—"Tell me how to make myself beloved."

It all simmers down to a dominant human urge that is shoulder to shoulder with the urge for self preservation—the desire to be loved. *Everybody wants to be wanted.*

This is the cry of all girls—the demand to know the answer

to the age old riddle "What is it that makes one girl sought after, and another—equally well dressed, well groomed and beautiful—left alone?"

Sometimes they cover it up with dignity by asking advice on how to dress and how to conduct themselves with proper poise; but underneath is always that piteous little plea for love and appreciation.

The other day I watched a young electrician test out my very best Sunday-tea percolator, which has sulked and refused to do its duty. He was testing the contacts with an ordinary paper clip of metal. Nothing happened. Then he busied himself making adjustments in the percolator's interior. He tightened this and arranged that. Then he tested it out again with the metal clip—and it worked! Sizzling blue points of flame flashed back and forth—it sparked!

And I thought of the thousands of girls who were looking for that same spark and forgetting that it must come from within. The sparkle they so earnestly [Continued on page 111]

MONEY! MONEY!

By
May Edginton

FLORA disliked and distrusted Annette Percy the minute she laid eyes on her. Annette returned the compliment. But Flora's father, Cecil Towers, a weak, foolish, middle-aged man, with an insatiable appetite for romance, thought her quite perfect.

Annette proved herself the clever adventuress by marrying Cecil—or rather Cecil's money—forty-eight hours after they had met, at the home of William Haagen in Algiers.

Haagen, in his turn, thought Flora with her rare blonde beauty, her poise, her charm, would make an ideal mistress for his white palace on the hill top.

Had he met the daughter of his old friend Towers at any other moment in her life, he might easily have persuaded her to agree with him. But Flora, without realizing it herself, had left her heart back in Lugano, in the keeping of a young man who had rowed his skiff under her balcony, and lured her to mad adventure with his singing.

They had danced together all one evening without telling each other their names—and he had added the one perfect, mysterious touch that would make her remember him when he whispered, "Good night, Flora," and rowed off before she could find out who he was.

Doubtless after that, she would have been glad to see him even if she had known that he was Anderson Court, a penniless solicitor's clerk—who knew more about the impending crash of her personal fortune than she knew herself.

Certainly when he appeared at the St. George Hotel in Algiers, where she was staying, she forgot her anger at her father for being tricked into marriage by a creature like Annette, forgot her displeasure at Haagen for helping Cecil to arrange the secret wedding, forgot everything except that Andy loved her. Hadn't he said so?

FLORA awoke to her usual sense of perfect security. She awoke also to the expectancy of a tremendous day. He had said, "I love you." Because he had, her little agonies over Cecil and Annette waxed faint. Cecil was, no doubt, happy. Thus she almost forgave Annette as she lay in her first waking moments, reluctant to reason out more of her own situation than that Andy had said, "I love you."

There were, as usual, the red roses—six of them.

She knew, somehow, that today was the day of fruition; today they would decide. She went down to the shady patio, and Andy was awaiting her.

"Oh, Andy," she said, "aren't we delightfully alone?"

And then she noticed the serious tense set of his jaw, and his anxious eyes.

"Yes, Flora," he said softly, "we're very—alone."

"What shall we do today, Andy? Shall we drive and drive and drive somewhere, and get lost, and talk?"

This morning he was not forgetting for a moment the leanings of his pockets. "Drive—and drive—and drive?" He said, "Stay here and talk, Flora. Talk here."

Her lips curved in a smile of happiness. How simple happiness was! And how reachable! She hadn't known it before. She had just taken her life as it came, replete with luxuries, and not once—until that Lugano night with Andy—had it



ever brought her so sharp and sweet a thrill. The first love! So this was what it was? And not caring whether they walked, drove, or sat in the garden, she relinquished without a second thought the idea of a drive.

THEY went and sat in the arbor where they had always sat. And he began at once, "Flora, dearest, here's something really very serious that you have to think about."

She looked at him, her lips still touched by that dreaming smile. He looked back at her, desperately anxious, and said

MONEY!

Illustrations by
CHARLES D. MITCHELL.

*An Heiress without
a Nickel and a Lover
with Half as Much*



Andy was failing her in the hour of need. Flora's heart was heavy as she told herself that he had only been a fortune hunter, after all. Haagen, of course, was all sympathy

quite abruptly, "Your father has settled everything he has upon his new wife."

She exclaimed, "Dearest! How do you know that? He wouldn't! He wouldn't!"

He answered firmly, "Haagen told me last night."

"You went back?"

"What do you think? Went back! Of course."

"I was furious when I knew of the marriage," she said, "because of her. But it doesn't matter terribly, you know. And this new will—if he's done what you say, it's done. Are

you angry for me, Andy? How dear of you."

"I—I—I'm not angry. I'm anxious for you, Flora. Listen. Have you ever taken money seriously?"

"Why, no!" And she laughed a little, and asked curiously, "Why? Have you?"

There was no trace of an answering laugh on his face as he said, "I take it most seriously."

"But why?"

"For you."

She said the sort of thing that she had said to Haagen, "My father may have done this. He has the most comic aberrations. But he'd never be mean. Never! He'd always write a check if I wanted it. As a matter of fact I do want it now. I'll have to wireless him. That's a bore. Don't look so desperate, Andy. I have a private income too, you know."

"Flora! That's just exactly what you haven't got."
"How do you mean?"
"I mean I'm in a position to know of your affairs, Flora. Never mind just how, for the moment. I'll explain everything to you before we part—"

She was merely incredulous. "But you love me."

"Too well. About this money—"

"Stop talking of the money, and say what you mean by parting—"

"I'm going right on about the money. I must. Your mother's money—I'm putting it briefly—was trust money, administered by the trustees, a firm of lawyers in whom she had confidence. Your father's never had the handling of it—"

"How do you know all this?"

"I do know. How much do you know of the administration of your affairs?"

"Well, nothing, except that—"

"Your checks were cashed all right. That's all you knew. Well, the money's gone. One trustee was careless and—and—in short—they've misappropriated it and lost it—it's a case of embezzlement. Of course yours wasn't the only trust involved. It will be a big case. One fellow's bolted, and the other tried to commit suicide—and died a day or two ago—and the whole thing will be a big newspaper scandal in a very short time—"

"Cecil will allow me plenty."

"Don't you see that as far as he's concerned, you're cut off?"

"BUT I shan't be, as soon as he knows—"

"The point is, he ought to know darned quick. He'll get mail at Naples, probably. There ought to be advice in the mail about all this to you or to him or both—but you've been dodging about, you see—"

"We haven't had our letters very regularly."

"Exactly. As soon as I knew—" he paused—

"I was through anyway, when the smash came—as soon as I knew, I beat it for Lugano and you. The way I followed you across Europe, darling!"

"Lovely!" she murmured.

"Wake up, dearest! Wake up to it! Your money's gone. I've explained as simply as I know how—you'll have all the details officially before long. The thing, now, is to reach your father, and get something settled."

"But of course. Cecil's lawyer will see to all that as soon as he knows." Her mind was still easy over the money question. "Mine wasn't so much—fifteen hundred to two thousand a year, you know—"

He drew a long breath. "Not so much! Fifteen hundred or two thousand a year—"

"All this legal stuff needn't affect our plans, Andy."

Her mind was busy with the English church, and with visions of a summer by Grecian seas. She smiled. "But I love the way you're taking me in hand already. I don't believe any one's ever taken me in hand before."

"Flora, we'll telegraph to your father this morning that you're stranded."

The words startled her. "Stranded? Haven't I got you, my dear?"

He opened his mouth to blurt out the whole truth—the mad stupid truth. It would have run:

"I was a clerk in their office—those lawyers! I'd seen you come in and loved and adored you. Then when we knew what had happened—it wasn't given to the public straight away—my job was gone. That very night I played poker for my last shilling; and luck had it that I won twenty pounds! Fool's luck! And I took my twenty pounds and beat it for Lugano and you, wanting just a few magic hours with you. But I've had all this! I've no right to it! I ought never to have had

it. I realize that perfectly. When you are safe again, we part."

But Andy closed his mouth before any of these words were spoken. Might there not after all be just another day—till old man Towers came to his daughter's rescue? Just another day beside her, without that fellow Haagen.

JUST then a deep, mellow voice said, "Hope I'm not startling you by this sudden intrusion?" And Haagen stood before them, his eyes on Flora.

"I've bad news for you, my dear," he said to her gently, ignoring Andy. He had a radiogram in his hand.

"What is it?" Andy demanded imperiously. "I'm here looking after Miss Towers."



Haagen waived this, keeping his eyes on Flora. "Ready, my dear child? I don't believe in withholding bad news. This is from your father's skipper."

"Quickly!" Flora cried with a gasp.

He gave up the envelope. She tore the message out and read it, both men standing by. The message was addressed to Haagen, and read, "Kindly inform Miss Flora that Mr. Towers died suddenly last night. Am taking instructions from Mrs. Towers." It had been sent from Naples.

Andy took it from her, jealous of the right to protect her. He flung an arm about her, while he read the news.

Then they all three stood in silence that seemed hard to break, the two men looking at Flora, Andy in love and pity and horror, and Haagen with his analytical sense of the

dramatic uppermost. What would the young fortune hunter do now about the rich Miss Towers, thought Haagen. Think her private fortune worth while or not? And what would Flora do about this boy—Haagen knew—had captured her imagination?

She turned from them, and went rather blindly towards the hotel. Both men went with her.

Bettine came out of a communicating room, saw her mistress crying convulsively and led her into the bedroom. The door shut upon Andy and Haagen.



Andy looked at Annette with something like fear in his gaze—but Annette studied Andy with a calculating eye. He was the type that most appealed to her.

"Considering our conversation last night, Court," said Haagen quietly, "there is more drama than just the loss of a parent in this news."

Andy stared at him.

"Keeps his head up," Haagen thought cynically, meeting levelly those furious gray eyes.

And Andy thought, "But Haagen doesn't know she hasn't a penny—probably owes money. And he's not going to know."

Abruptly he said, "Why don't you go?"

Haagen countered, "Why don't you?"

"She must have some one."

"That is my own idea, and I," said Haagen quietly, "knew her father quite well. Did you?"

"Not at all."

"I don't think we need make a choice at this juncture," said Haagen. "It isn't indicated at all."

The communicating door opened and Flora came out to them, white and desperately hurt, but with all her pride.

"I love her pluck, the sweetheart!" thought Andy.

To Haagen her pride was like a rare physical beauty.

She looked from one to the other. Andy tried to telegraph a warning, but his message went unread.

"What shall I do?" she asked both of them.

"My God," said Andy to himself, "how can I tell her what to do? What can I do?" So it was Haagen who answered, while the younger man hesitated, and she felt a chill, a kind of premonition of the cruel humiliation she felt later for having so badly misplaced her confidence.

"Sit down, Flora," said Haagen, and sat down beside her, while Andy stood leaning against the wall.

"My dear Flora," said Haagen, "you know I am at your service. Let me do everything there is to do for you; make all arrangements."

She looked up at Andy. He started forward for a moment, and then seemed to withdraw again. Her heart stood still. Why was it not Andy who was saying the things that Haagen said?

"Your father, Flora," said Haagen, putting a hand very gently over hers, "will be buried at Naples."

"How do you know?"

"I know your stepmother."

"Surely I—"

"Will not be consulted."

"I'm his child—"

"She was his wife." Then Haagen said slowly, looking from one to the other, "Mr. Court and I know something that you do not know about your father's affairs, Flora—there was a new will made just before your father's marriage? Your stepmother takes everything."

She nodded. "Yes. Andy—Mr. Court has told me." Her lips parted in a quivering smile, and [Continued on page 107]



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Nell Donnelly's success was actually at the end of her apron strings! Her one woman idea of making house dresses with "it" has grown into a busy factory that employs nearly a thousand workers

AN ATTRACTIVE, slender, blue-eyed young woman in a chic cedar brown outfit, stepped casually into the cross-country air liner, seated herself comfortably, took out a book and began to read.

Obviously, flying was no novelty to her. But no wonder! For she was Nell Donnelly, of the Donnelly Garment Company, the successful Kansas City manufacturer who has sewed up millions of dollars in house dresses, aprons, smocks, sports frocks and pajamas. She divides her time between her factory in her home town and her office and sales rooms in New York, usually flying to and fro.

This cosmopolite, practically an air commuter, is equally at home on fast European liners and crack Continental trains. Once or twice a year she goes to Paris, Vienna, and other European cities in search of original print designs for materials that New England mills manufacture exclusively for her company—and to get inspiration for new garments.

Why

By

Julia Blanshard

Nell Donnelly is far more than just a successful business woman. Her fascinating career is thrice an American saga.

First, it is the story of how a young housewife found a \$3,500,000 yearly business at the end of her apron strings.

Second, it is the story of how a husband and wife built up a career together, for her husband, Paul F. Donnelly, backed her financially at first and now jointly owns and runs the business with her.

Third, it is illustrative of the new generation of successful women who have gotten ahead as "persons," never trading on the fact that they were women, never entertaining for a moment the feeling that their achievements did anything important for any "woman's movement."

I HAD no intention of starting a business when I began to make house dresses," Mrs. Donnelly told me on one of her trips to New York.

It was merely a personal revolt against that "married look" most of her neighbors had in the drab, faded, shapeless kitchen aprons most women wore for housework in those days before the chic, one-piece frock was invented.

Pretty Nell Donnelly was barely twenty then. She and her husband, Paul Donnelly, whom she married when she was seventeen, at last had that sweet little rose-trellised bungalow for two of which they had been dreaming during that one year they had boarded and saved money and those two years that she had gone to college on that money.

It was such fun to be married and keeping house at last! But why look like a wife? Nell Donnelly wanted gay, becoming house dresses that would give a festive air to such mundane things as dish washing, cooking, laundry.

"I searched all over Kansas City stores but could find no such dresses," Mrs. Donnelly said. "They told me they weren't made! So I bought some dainty pink and blue checked gingham and some cross-barred dimity, cut myself newspaper patterns and made them up. I had made my own things before I was twelve so I knew how to sew well."

Those dresses were sensations in her block! The neighbors came to admire and stayed to admonish.

"You are young and you're pretty, Mrs. Donnelly," they told her. "But you'll learn that housework is drudgery and you can't look as if you were going to a party and get it done."

But Nell Donnelly did! What is more, her friends spoke so often and so enviously of her cute frocks that one Christmas—1916 it was—she gave them all house dresses for gifts. They were very feminine little frocks, one a pink gingham with checked ruffles, another a checked yellow and white one with plain yellow ruffles, others in green, lavender, blue. They were something brand new. For they were house dresses with a fash-

Look Like a Wife?

Nell Donnelly Revolted Against "That Married Look" and The Net Result Was a \$3,500,000-a-Year Business

ion note injected into them, made in the then current style.

The following week at a party, Nell Donnelly found herself the center of an admiring group of friends who "simply loved" their Christmas dresses.

"Why don't you make them and sell them to the stores, Nelly-Don?" one friend asked her.

"I'd buy them," another spoke up and the chorus became unanimous.

"The next day I decided to try an experiment," Mrs. Donnelly smiled, recalling the effortless way in which her big business was conceived. I washed and ironed two of my own dresses, one pink ruffled one and one white cross-barred dimity with green ruffles. I wrapped them up, took them down and asked the buyer of one of the big department stores if she wanted to buy some."

Those little dresses were their own best sales talk. The buyer ordered ten dozen of the pink and eight of the white. Nell Donnelly flew home on air and could hardly wait for her husband to come home to supper!

She bought power machines, moved them into the spare room, hired two women—one big and one little, for they must serve as pattern models as well as seamstresses. She designed the patterns, fitted them herself, and her first step in factory efficiency was to cut the frocks with a drag knife, a dozen at a time, the way shirts are cut in quantity.

Paul Donnelly, by this time secretary-treasurer of a wholesale hat company, was saving to go into a business of his own. He had confidence in his wife so he backed her venture financially and his pride in her spurred her spiritually.

THAT first order took a month of the most concentrated effort Nell Donnelly had yet known. She taught the women to make frocks her way and supervised every single one. Finished, she delivered them in person and they went on sale the next day at one dollar a piece. The usual drab house dress was selling for about fifty-nine cents.

Nell Donnelly will never forget that day! It was quiet as death at home. She was on edge, watching the clock, wondering, hoping... After trying to eat a bite of lunch she called the buyer and in a small voice asked her if they had sold any dresses yet.

"Sold any?" she fairly shouted.

"Why, every last one is gone. When can we have more?"

"We doubled our machines and seamstresses and I got a housekeeper, then," Mrs. Donnelly said.

"Soon the upstairs factory produced three dozen house dresses daily and each was cut and made as carefully as I had made my own. They sold so fast we couldn't keep up with the demand, so by summer we took a building near home, put in ten machines, as many workers and more than quadrupled output."

When the war brought Hoover aprons and Red Cross uniforms, Nell Donnelly launched into them. Paul Donnelly, answering his country's call for volunteers, first moved his wife's factory into a fire-proof building, secured a credit rating for her and confident of her success, left her, with the parting advice, "Pay your bills on time and don't plunge, Nell. Go a step slower than you think you can and you'll be safe."

WHEN he returned after the Armistice, he found that Nell had not only sold every store in Kansas City, but had taken her aprons under her arm, sold stores in St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland and invaded the east until New York women were clamoring for Nelly-Don garments.

About that time women began to leave their homes. Nell Donnelly's garments followed them right out! The first one she met on the street was on a very pretty girl one Saturday afternoon, a white beach cloth chemise frock, cut jauntily and hem-stitched smartly in black. After that she met that same study in black and white everywhere.

"My friends used to call me up and say, 'I saw eighty-eight today, Nell.'" Mrs. Donnelly smiled recalling it. "They insisted that they used to stamp them as they passed, the way children stamp white horses, to get their wish on the hundredth."

AFTER that, Nell Donnelly designed flattering little two dollar and fifty cents and three dollar daytime dresses, dimities and gingham for women to wear to drive their husbands to their suburban trains, for young mothers, for clerks and office workers. Then she branched out into cotton and lightweight wool sports frocks for college girls, Palm Beach morning dresses, shantung silk tennis frocks, garden pajamas, [Continued on page 130]



Alfred Chen Johnston

When pajamas first stepped out of the boudoir, Nell Donnelly's garments were in the advance guard. Her beach and garden pajamas go everywhere!

A Real Likeness

*A Pretty Picture of a Girl is All
Right But It's Apt to Fool You*

By Katharine Haviland-Taylor

"SHE wants you to paint her portrait," said Mrs. Prydon-Santlee in an undertone. Nicholas West raised his brows, as he gazed across the Santlee drawing room at the girl in the gray tweed suit.

"I doubt whether I can," he answered. "I'm so frightfully pushed at this moment."

"I promised her I'd ask you to motor her home," said Mrs. Santlee, "so that she might talk about it. Hope it won't bother you too frightfully, Nick. Sorry, but I couldn't get out of it! Morgan's rather interested and he's asked me to be nice—"

"I quite understand," he murmured, "and it's no trouble—"

And he did quite understand. His hostess' nephew, Morgan Santlee, was rather on the rocks, and Felicia March, the red-headed, tweed-clad girl was the heiress to the March millions, which could buy anything—everything—but charm, love and the taste Nick so admired in women.

"Rather ghastly small thing, she is," he decided. Well, he would take her home to get the refusal done with. His title, "Painter of Beautiful Women," had been won by his selection of subjects as well as by his genius with color and brush. And he was not going to paint "The March millions," which she was—no more, no less.

Mrs. Santlee led him across the big room which was filled with lovely and languid women who turned hard eyes and soft smiles his way as he went by. Done with his bowing progress he found himself before Miss March, a pitifully tense, ill-at-ease small thing. He remembered vague stories of her refusal to have the proper schooling, because after her mother died, if she had gone, her rough diamond of a father would have been left alone.

"Mrs. Santlee tells me I am to have the amazing good fortune of seeing you home," he said after the introductions had been made. He had no conscience about lying to women, who, he had come to feel, lied in their turn to every one. Ninety-nine of the hundred women who posed for him wanted to be made love to. Fed up on women, he was; too apt to look at them quizzically, measuringly, and to doubt all they said.

"I wanted you to. I want to talk with you about a portrait," she answered. Her voice was sweet; it surprised him.

"Whenever you want to go," he said.

A MOMENT later and they found themselves in the misty silver of a chill April rain. He tucked her in his car; ran up the windows; settled by her to start uptown.

"Park Avenue, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, in the sweet, low, but not too-low voice, which had surprised him. She paused a moment. Stealing a side glance at her, he traced a hard swallow on her long, really lovely throat—a gulp rather. "Mr. West," she said,

with obvious effort, "I wonder if you'd paint my portrait?"

"Oh, dear!" he broke out—his words made despairing by false misery—"Why do you ask me that? Give me that chance—when I can't possibly? I don't think it's quite—kind, is it?"

That would have appeased most women, but suddenly he knew it had not appeased her. "My schedule's so full," he went on quickly. "I've taken on more work than I should. I seem to be so weak minded about arranging hours. And now I'm leading a dog's life and I promised this afternoon to paint that Russian pretender—or reality, God knows which, of course—who is living with the Stropes."

STILL she said nothing; she was staring ahead and, with his sending toward her a testing glance, he saw that her eyes brimmed. Years gone he had been frightfully sensitive—so frightfully sensitive that each time he saw misery he took some of it with him—but living had given him a harder shell and he congratulated himself upon it.

"The first time I have an opening," he promised, falsely, "you'll hear the echo of my heels on your step!"

She looked up at him and he saw her smile—a weary, wistful, muted, small smile. "Why did you say that?" she asked. "You know you won't."

"Why, Miss March!" he protested.

"I know your title," she admitted. "I know it was almost brzen of me to ask you to paint my portrait, but—I don't know." She hesitated a moment. "I would give you—fifty thousand for the portrait," she added, her voice, for a short space, hard.

He stiffened. He had always hated the money side of it. This was a bit too crude.

"The price has nothing to do with it, Miss March," he answered with a chilling suavity.

He saw her hands twist on her knees. "Don't think," she begged, "that you are teaching me that money cannot buy everything. Life has taught me that. This is my house. I thank you for bringing me home."

A rigid butler opened the heavy door to her. She said "Good afternoon," without looking at West, and then she went in and he saw the heavy door close.

Usually, he could turn down the impossibles so easily, without giving them a pang, without feeling one. But his saying no to this ill-dressed, uncouth daughter of a Caliph of sudden wealth left him troubled.

He rode toward his studio frowning. And thinking of her, he considered Morgan Santlee; a young man with no good points, who was after her money. Rather too bad it was, and yet, if she were willing to give some of the many March millions for a place in the social sun where she could not now bask, why



As they sat together at dinner, Nick realized that he was no longer acting the part of a great lover. He was really in love, at last

worry? She would look quite decent in the right colors and fabrics. Soft fabrics, never tweeds.

Her words—"Don't think you are teaching me that money cannot buy everything; life has taught me that!" echoed in him.

He entered his rarely lovely rooms in a thoroughly bad temper.

At eight he called her by telephone.

"Miss March?" he asked when she at length came. "Nicholas West speaking, Miss March. I want to talk with you."

"Well, any time," she said.

"Now?"

"Why, if you like."

"I'll drop in about nine," he promised.

Still raining, it was, he saw when he reached the street—the fool he was to venture forth! Yet, for the first time in a long stretch of years he felt April, which had come to be no more than a word on a calendar leaf that beckoned the willing, new green. He rode uptown swiftly, traffic being unusually light.

Motor lamps reflected on the pavements, turned mirrors by the wet day. Ages, he realized, since he had considered painting anything but women's portraits. He wished he dared stop long enough to "daub" a night street scene after a day of rain.

The heavy door opened to him; the ramrod-backed servant led him upstairs and to a drawing room at the rear of the house. She was sitting before a fire and seeing her, so small a figure in so great a room, roused in him the almost forgotten sensation of pity.

He settled opposite her; she sat waiting.

"Miss March," he asked, "why did you want me to paint your portrait?"

She looked away from him and toward the flames. "You always discover something that is really lovely about every one you paint," she answered. "And I thought perhaps if you did in me—some one else might see it too."

Two hours before he would have lied prettily, naturally, quickly, but he could not, for some reason, lie now.

"Why do you want the loveliness discovered?" he ques-

tioned. He was much intrigued by her absolute frankness.

"I want to be loved. Do you know Sara Teasdale's poems? There's one which has a line in it about the kiss in Colin's eyes, which haunted night and day. I want some man to look at me with a kiss in his eyes and not—a reckoning. Understand me, I don't want to love; I have loved futilely and stupidly all my life. But I want somebody to like me and to forget—the March millions."

"My dear child!" he broke out.

"I know it was amazingly bold of me to ask you," she added.

"We will begin the sittings Friday morning," he stated.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I want you to be loved," he answered. He laughed, but he thought that her eyes were unnaturally bright. "Now—let me look at you carefully—" he said. "Where is the light switch? I want floods of light—"

She switched them on; obediently she stood before him.



He looked far down at her. Pretty little oval face, he saw, spoiled by the way she dressed her hair.

"Look here," he said, "I can do more than discover loveliness to put it upon canvas. Do you want me to?"

"Have you forgotten that I want to see the kiss in Colin's eyes?" she questioned in turn.

"Very well, child. No woman who wishes to grace a drawing room should ever stand evenly balanced upon two feet. And feet should never be far apart except at sea—"

She changed her pose instantly. He was delighted. Usually in full length posing he evaded truth—and trouble—by saying, "You have a natural grace, but let us try this." Truth made a refreshing change.

"Take the pins from your hair," he ordered.

She took them out. Warm-toned, heavy hair it was, and it had been pulled brutally across the loveliest, candid, wide forehead he had ever seen. He strained her hair back, holding a great handful of it at the back of her neck.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty."

"My heavens! Until this moment, you've looked thirty. It's a wicked shame, but we're going to cut that hair. You must look as if you've had it bobbed and let it grow; a little knot, a few curls in the back of the neck. Look at me—"

She looked. "Very good," he said. He meant her eyes. They were a deep, almost violet blue.

"What ever possessed you to wear silver?" he asked next.

"I thought it was pretty."

"Not with your hair. Now put up that hair and we'll talk it over. And before you appear at my studio, have it cut; at least a foot of it taken off. And bring your own color of hair pins. You could wear olive green nicely—in a soft, old looking taffeta—bouffant skirt, tight bodice, dropped from the shoulders; two old-fashioned looking ruffles around the shoulders. This way—see?"

He took from his pocket an envelope on which to make the sketch; some woman had written him the note on which he sketched.

She said, suddenly, "It is very kind of you to understand my need. I know you have in quantities that which I can't buy."

"Nonsense!" he answered, and his heavy brows drew close. "No one can have devotion," he thought. "It doesn't exist!" He said quickly, "Mignonette! That is your flower!"

She laughed. "You are so masculine to know these things," she said. He felt a little rise of annoyance. It was true, of course, but he didn't like it pointed out. Was he soft as well as cynical? Well, Lord, he couldn't help being cynical, with his life.

"There's one thing I haven't mentioned," he said, "and it's this. So far I feel that you've been honest."

"I always am," she assured him.

"I want you to go on being so, and I want to hear of all the kisses in all the Colins' eyes. It's been—oh, years—since I have been so interested."

"I'll tell you everything," she promised.

He rose. "Can you get your dress by Friday?" he questioned.

"I can get anything money can buy any time I want it," she said. "Life has taught me that too; and it's an over-rated comfort. It makes the contrast with such things as you can't buy, too baldly apparent."

USUALLY, if he reached his rooms by ten, and he did not often, he would ring for a whiskey and a soda, sip it leisurely, glance at a headline or two, yawn deeply, answer a few telephone calls, scrawl a note (destined to go with some flowers or a book to some woman who interested him) and turn in.

This night he studied himself in a long glass in which much true beauty had been reflected as it waited a sitting.

He was soft, he saw! Miserably soft for thirty-five! And he looked dull and smugly satisfied. That look, perhaps, had grown from the way women looked at him as he looked with the artist's appraising eyes upon them—flattering them falsely, the while, because they liked it and it brought out the right expression. Yet the right expression had not been enough. For a full year such portraits as he had condescended to paint had been damnably, ineptly pretty—and he knew it.

Felicia March's portrait was going to be more than pretty, he vowed. He would lead her to frank talk of the lean days she must remember. He would put upon canvas something of that strength which, in America, reaches the top by reason of superb, unrelenting energy, force. Yes, he would do just that.

With an unusual haste he wandered to his desk. If he had

a free hour in the morning he would start his "daub" of a wet city street. It had been years since he had wanted to play with anything of the sort, he realized, and perhaps this supine following of the one, smooth way had given to him the soft, smugly satisfied look that he had detected that evening for the first time.

On Friday morning he rose early, pulled from his soft bed by a new interest. He was eager to see how the small new rich looked with her hair decently dressed and in the green which he knew would bring out her colors. She came promptly at eleven and alone.

"I know I should have brought my aunt," she confessed. "My aunt lives with me, but she feels badly today and I think it's foolish to pay too much attention to convention."

HER father, doubtless, had considered it foolish to regard the mountains over which he had draped the railroads which made his money start. She would get there too, if she broke paths and did not try to follow one unfitted for her feet.

"Why bother?" Nicholas West asked. "I think it's rot."

"All right, if you feel so."

"Will you go in there and put on your dress, please? And you've brought mignonette?"

"Yes."

Perhaps ten minutes later he looked up carelessly—then stared intently and with a growing interest. He knew the value of clothes, color, and the correct hair line, but, never, never in all his large experience had he seen so amazing a change.

She stood, weight on one foot, because he had told her to poise thus, a salmon tone in her cheeks which had been revealed by the green, the auburn of her hair that had its chance. She was more than pretty; she was beautiful and strong.

"Well?" she prompted anxiously.

A smile of entire satisfaction crept to his eyes. "There, was a real expression," she thought!

"Will I do?" she asked intensely.

"Yes, but you mustn't be so eager to please—any one else. Lovely women don't try to please. They show their boredom and their often disappointed hope that some one, in some new way, will please them."

Her eyelids dropped. "Oh," she murmured wearily. He laughed aloud.

"Try that," he advised, "on Morgan Santlee."

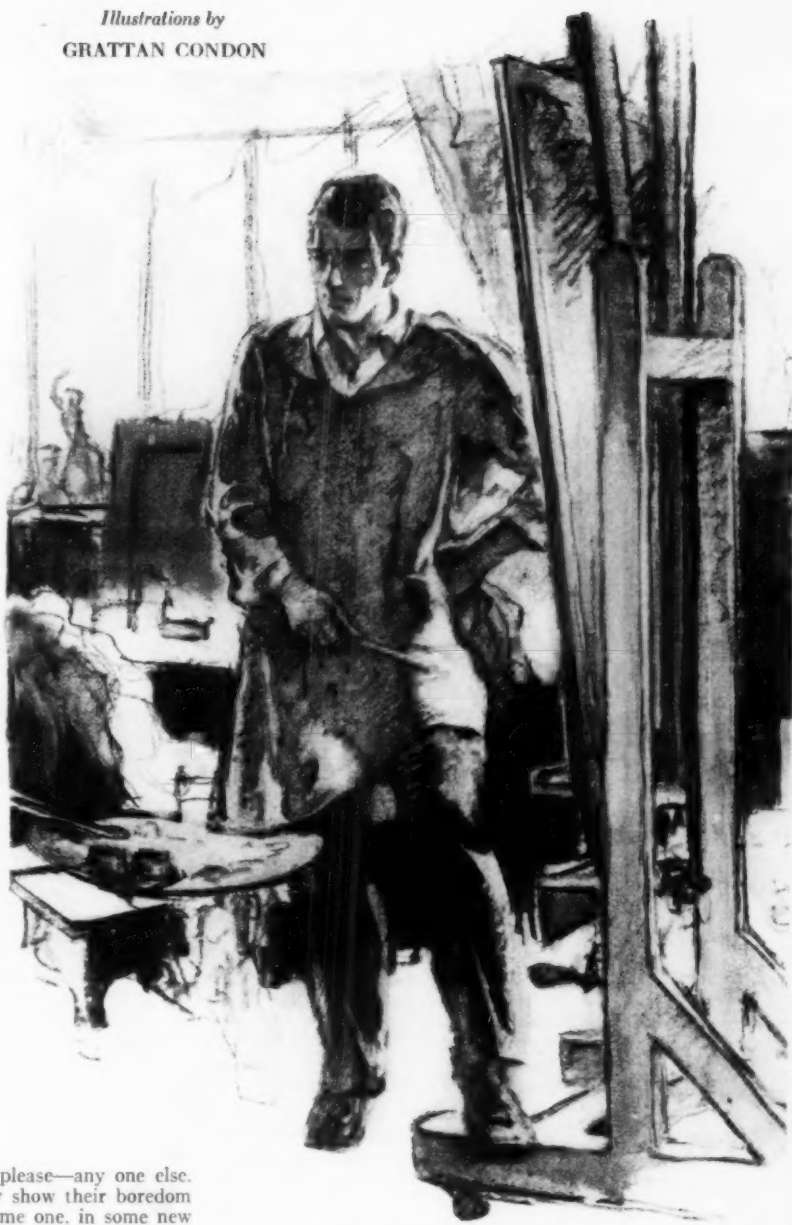
"I will!" she promised grimly.

"Now tell me about the old days," he ordered after he had posed her. "I want to get more than a pretty picture. I want to hear of your mother in the raw West with your father, when all her New York was still talking of her mad marriage to a buccaneer; and of how you knew you weren't getting what you should have to equip you for the life into which the March millions would plunge you, and of how you decided you could not leave your father . . . and of what you dreamed and hoped—and of how, here at last, you were hurt by finding young men always seeking your money and never you."

Her eyes, which seemed much larger with the frame of forehead and with arched brows revealed, grew intent; her expression turned all the women he had painted for years to vapid fools.

"I will," she said and she began her recital of truth which shamed him. She had never been in the center. She had

Illustrations by
GRATTAN CONDON



Felicia March's portrait was going to be more than "sweet," vowed Nick. He would talk with her of the lean years—he would watch her changing expressions, her quivering mouth. He would mix his paint with her tragedy

lived first to make up, as far as was possible, to her mother who did miss New York and to her father who felt her mother's lack of satisfaction. He began to see why she dressed so badly; she hadn't thought enough of herself.

"Hold that look!" he called and she did. "My God," he thought, "that's angelic, as Joan of Arc might have been angelic. Nothing pasty; it's even hard; but good!"

He painted feverishly for a long hour. Then, contrite he laid down his brushes. "You must be dead," he said. She rose stiffly. "I don't expect you to do it alone," she replied.

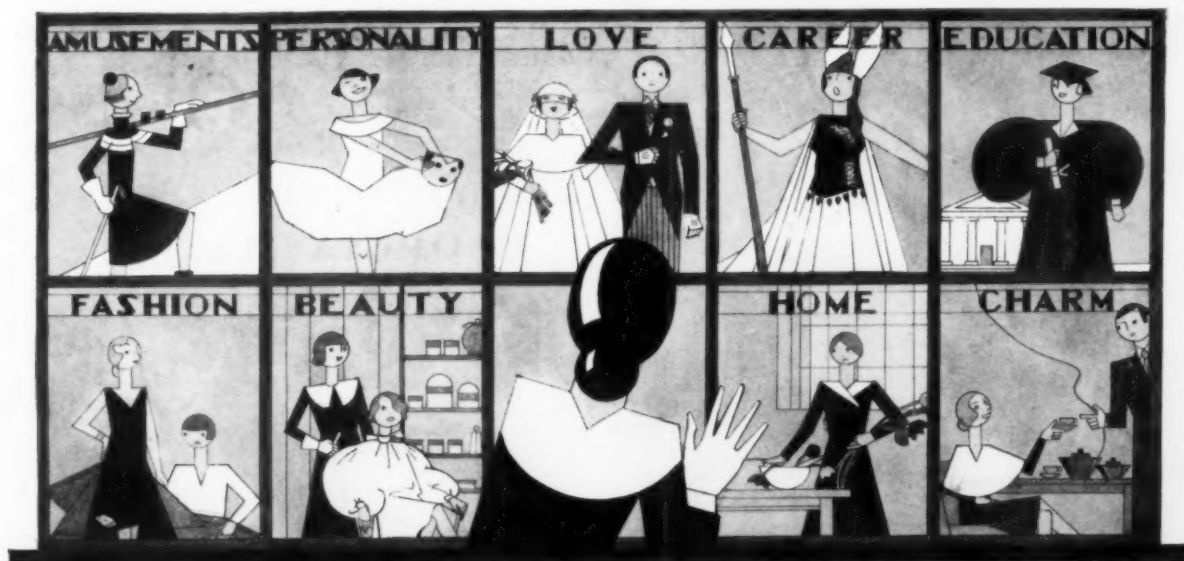
"Sit down," he ordered. "I'll [Continued on page 98]



The Daring Deb

Astounds the Bal Masque with an Old-Fashioned 1929 Costume

Smart Set's Service Section



BUSINESS CLOTHES

by

RUTH WATERBURY

FASHIONS, ever since Eve began tampering with the foliage in the Garden of Eden, have shown the way the feminine mind was working.

This spring's fashions, to me, mark the healthiest change in feminine viewpoint we've had in the last twelve years, or since the end of the World War.

When the war ended, there were still just two classes of women in America. There were men's women and women's women.

The men's women, so-called, men adored and women hated.

The women's women, women admired and men ignored.

The two groups when they got together—which was seldom—were just as congenial as an iceberg and a red hot stove. The men's women were all little airs and graces, all small flatteries and gentle purrs. The women's women either scorned all the attributes of charm with great fervor, or were honestly unaware of them. Certainly they were not too polite and they made a lot of noise and conversation about freedom. They thought the men's women weak and unenlightened and they had no hesitancy about saying so.

The men's women didn't even bother to reply. They felt so secure in their superiority—for most of them were married and well taken care of—that they merely smiled at the accusations. And their smiles said, much more plain-

ly than hundreds of words, that while their militant sisters might be strong and brave, they thought them awful idiots.

The love lost on both sides could have been balanced on an eyelash.

THEN, with the end of the war, thousands of girls went to work. With each succeeding year, more were enlisted and the total grew into millions. Necessarily, both men's women and women's women were called in. And suddenly the clever ones came upon a discovery. They observed that the heads of most businesses were men and always would be, but that more and more co-workers were of their own sex. The smart girl had to be able to get along with both—had to possess those qualities that appealed to both—or find herself back at the employment agency.

Thus, while the conservatives had had always feared that the advent of women in business meant the end of femininity, the business girls proved it meant just the opposite. Business made one group of girls stop trying to be better men than Gunga Din, and kidded another group out of attempting to

be imitations of Cleopatra. Work and wages taught both types of girls to attempt to combine masculine sharpness of mind with feminine subtlety and intuition. And every girl who made this effort soon found that she had gained a greater tolerance, a deeper kindness and a more complete charm through having attained a deeper understanding of herself, her sisters and the opposite sex.

This spring's fashions show this change. They mark the end of one cycle and the beginning of another. They are charming, soft and colorful, but above all they are feminine, practical and individual. They are not imitation male clothes. They are female clothes with a touch of romance for one sex and a touch of reality for the other.

AND they utterly express the modern girl. For the girl with the real modern spirit is no longer fighting for new rights. She is trying to bring her new freedom—and her new responsibilities—into agreement with her feminine instincts for charm and romance. She has ceased attempting to tear down the old; with greater wisdom, she is trying to build the new.

It is for you girls who represent this spirit that SMART SET's Service Section is working and a pleasanter task it would be hard to imagine.



Everything's romantic this spring. Look what happens to a simple, green homespun coat. It adds a cape and ties with a scarf to give that gay, girlish look. The cape's detachable, too. \$29.50

Courtesy Marcus Klepper

WELL, the great, big fashion battle seems to be settled and I, as a girl who liked her skirts just square with her knees, and adored suntan backs and little jumpers, am as happy as a flapper with a bid to a frat dance.

I have been going around to the pre-Spring fashion shows and what I have seen I think is just perfectly delightful. If you remember I didn't say that last spring. I didn't say it last summer and I most certainly did not say it last fall.

I was among those who were the last of the die-hards on the newer length.

When I wandered about New York in the early fall and winter, I thought the average fashionably dressed woman looked terrible, and I said so too. For myself I did some of the worst shopping I ever committed; then got mad and bought nothing; tried later to reconcile some old clothes with the new and generally had a bad time. But now—well, all is forgiven and I'm right back at the old counters after all. And

You Will Find

R O M

By

GEORGIA MASON

S MART
ET
ERVICE



For that devastating demureness, now smart, comes this red chiffon frock with the new baby sleeves and a long skirt, subtly transparent. It is an excellent investment for the girl of many tea and dinner dates

Courtesy S. Phillips & Son

my private little hunch is that most of you girls are going to feel the same way when you see the new spring models.

The beautiful fact is that the new spring clothes have a bit of everything. They have charm. They have grace. They have real feeling for line. But best of all, they are comfortable. You can wear them where you like and as you like.

A N C E

*In the New Fashions If
You Seek the Charm and
Grace in the New Designs*



The skirt is longer than last spring's. The waistline's high. The oh-so-feminine look appears in the scalloped tucked skirt and the egg-shell Georgette collar and cuffs. Material, flat crepe. Color, green. \$16.75

Courtesy Murray Slater

They are built, not on 1890 model lines as too many of the winter affairs were, but definitely on 1930 lines. They are a long way from 1929—almost unbelievably far away. But what an advance they mark!

To me they are the clothes of girls who have really grown up in the nicest sense of the word. They are clothes for



If you're young, gay and slim, fancy yourself in this most original mixed beige, navy and gray tweed ensemble of sleeveless dress, hip length jacket with an attached scarf. The godets are chic

Courtesy Wm. Bass

ladies, also in the nicest sense—not stuffy but refined. They are clothes that are really polite. They are clothes that just automatically make a girl look well-bred and after all we all do want to look that, don't we?

Still another blessed factor is that they are not too expensive. The smart young thing on a budget can buy herself an adorable appearance without having to deny herself luncheons for two months in order to make ends meet.

Notice that word budget? I know I've got it on the brain—but it honestly does seem so necessary to me for a smart appearance I like to repeat, even at the risk of harping on it.

There certainly is no month in the whole year that is a better budgeting month than this one. Most of you won't be buying your real spring wardrobes yet. You'll want to wait for the major portion of it until next month, but now is the time to plan your money expenditure, your dress, hat and shoe line-up, and to get the two elements on cordial terms with each other.

An Investment in Chic is the Wisest Purchase Any Girl Can Make

There is one shop in New York with a slick slogan. "It's smart to be thrifty," they proclaim and very right they are, too. If you are thrifty enough you can be very smart for you will have spent your money wisely. You'll have a little left over for accessories and costume touches when you need them. And you'll always be dressed in ensemble effects and thereby proclaim to the wise that you know what you're about.

So this month the wise girl will do a lot of "wish shopping"—that is, reading the fashion news, prowling about her home-town shops, studying models in windows and on smartly gowned women. This educates the eye as nothing else does—and the eye must be educated to what is smart and what isn't, if one is ever to appear chic. When you have really learned what the new styles are all about, it is relatively simple to go out and buy them and the amount you pay for them is of secondary consideration.

Now so many of us thought that the mode of 1929 expressed us—its brevity, its dash, its simplicity—that it seems difficult to believe some new lines have come along that express us better. Yet I honestly do believe that you will agree with me that the new spring things do just that!

Skirts are not going to be long. They are merely longer than they were last spring but—important note—they are shorter than they were last winter. Lines are



Luxury with a practical touch. This lovely ecru lace frock, trimmed with ecru tulle, may be changed from afternoon to evening gown by removing its seton bodice. Ideal for dressy "Southern wear" occasions

Courtesy S. Phillips & Son.

If you're well suited, you're well dressed. So, since tweed is smarter than ever, consider this red, white and black tweed. The lines are softly tailored. The separate blouse is of white satin

Courtesy Wm. Bass.



not square and brisk as they were last March but—once again note—they are simpler than they were last December.

On skirt lengths it is a matter of personal adjustment. For myself, I think it's a wiser plan to measure from the floor up than from the knee down, legs being the varying lengths they are. Beware of cutting your leg line at that ugly point half way between knee and ankle. Settle your hem at the exact point which makes your legs appear loveliest. A little study will show you.

Fashion allows enough latitude for this. Sports clothes should be within three to five inches of the knee. Afternoon ensembles should be a little longer—four to six inches. For evening clothes, your personal preference is the only limit. Ground lengths are the smartest, but for the careful girl, it is well to remember that a trailing skirt demands a lot of dry cleaning and that boy friends have a careless habit of stepping on such skirts, when dancing, that doesn't help them a bit.

THE waistline very definitely is up and up it is going to stay. This is both right and proper with the longer skirt lines and to most figures it gives a lovely balance. This demands, of course, that you be slender about your waistline—but you ought to be that way, anyhow. Don't argue with me about it. Write Mary Lee and she'll diet you into it.

With those two points established in your mind, turn your attention to the cape. You must have a cape, that's all. Put



it on your dress, put it on your coat—that doesn't matter, so long as you have it. I've even seen capes on sleeves in the advance spring fashions—which will give you an idea how far the thing has gone. It's really a charming touch. Naturally you can't indulge it too far if you are built a bit short and thick but for slender young things it's delightful.

Another point at this season is the new sleeve treatment. After years and years of long, tight sleeves—little cap sleeves, baby sleeves, short sleeves and no sleeves at all are to be seen in the daytime costumes this spring. They are really cute. You can get exactly the line that suits you. It's very feminine, particularly the tiny baby sleeves on slim, young arms. For broader arms, there are sleeves that are little capes, and some with short, floating panels.

YOU can certainly express your inner self or your latent impulse or what you will through the medium of your sleeves this spring. Personally, I like the idea. Think of telling your favorite young man by way of the sleeves you are wearing. "Come over tonight at seven, Mother's going to her club," or some such tender message. I'll wager it will be done before the season's over.

So much for the things you've got to educate yourself to at the moment. Now let me give you a few of the reasons why I selected the dresses and coats illustrated this month.

First, look at the little sports coat on page 62. It shows the cape theme at its smartest and for practical value, consider

Let These Pages Teach You How to Dress Better at Less Cost

the virtue of that self-same smart little cape's being detachable.

Gone from the shoulders, it leaves a straightforward coat that is just grand for motoring or general sports wear. It is made in homespun, very loosely woven. Its color is a soft green. It's warm and the price—it should retail in most shops for about thirty dollars—is so moderate for this time of year, I believe you may very well consider it.

You'll probably think the other word I have on my mind besides "budget" is "tweed," I've written so much about this material. But the winter proved that the best daytime clothes were made in the new woolen goods and there is going to be a lot of woolen influence this spring. For girls who live in climates where the cold is reluctant to leave, I recommend tweeds unreservedly.

Look at the little knitted suit across the page from the coat I've just written about. Then turn the page and in the lower left corner, observe the serviceable three-piece tweed ensemble. Both costumes are very new. Both are a little daring. The suit in the upper right hand corner of page 63 consists of a sleeveless tweed dress with a separate hip length jacket that has an attached scarf. The tweed is soft as the average girl's heart. Its colors are a mixture of beige, navy and gray in a zig-zag effect.

The flares on both jacket and skirt are made by inserted godets, and there is absolutely nothing on the whole costume to get [Continued on page 84]

Spring evening wraps are short and sweet. Here one side of the front shirrs over the other to form a fastening, while in the back the bow on the collar has ends that fall below the waist. Very trick! \$29.50

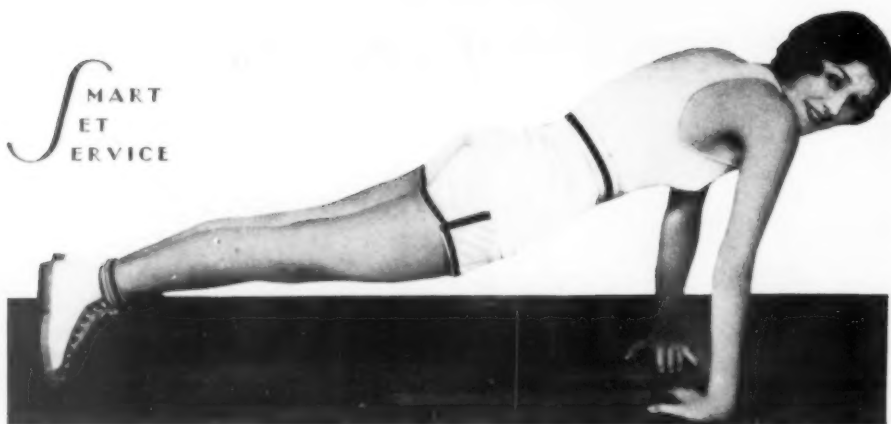
Courtesy
Korman and Goldstein



For tall sophisticates comes flowered chifon in red, green and gray on black with a separate matching jacket. The cuffs, jacket hemline and skirt are bordered with black taffeta

Courtesy S. Phillips
& Son.

SMART
ET
SERVICE



One of the best ways for a girl to get up in the world. It helps the chest and the arms, not to mention the avoirdupois

Of Course, You Can Get Rid of That Extra Tire!

By Mary Lee



If you'll treat yourself like the pendulum of a clock—bend right, bend left, again and again—time will hold no terrors at all for you

To waste away at the waistline, step on it like a Russian dancer. Difficult but great for poise and pep

I'M WRITING this article this month at the instigation of my friend and fellow-worker, Georgia Mason. For Georgia tells me you girls are writing in to her that you find the new gowns hard to wear because of that unexpected roll of fat about the waistline the new dresses reveal.

Now I've got no right, really, barging in on a fashion discussion. I know nothing about fashions, actually, but I do know this. No girl can look smart in a gown unless her figure beneath it is slim and well-balanced. No matter what you pay for a dress or whose label is in it, it's going to look dowdy if you are all flabby and soft beneath it.

Moreover, while some nice, naive people may believe that we buy gowns to fit our figures, we don't. With every new style change, we make our figures fit the clothes.

To that, of course, there's just one answer—exercise. I know the idea of exercise sounds something like spinach in a dinner menu. You know it's god for you, but it's an awful nuisance and you don't like it anyway.



How Do You Expect to Wear the New Gowns with Those Unnecessary Three Pounds Hanging Around?

But the taste for exercise can grow on you much more quickly than the taste for spinach. There's that to be said for it. Start with a bit of it and you'll soon find yourself taking more.

Maybe you can't abide any set daily dozen or regular fifteen minutes a day. These are very fine for you if you can do them—and girls who are at business all day or very busy homemakers ought to work them in, just for the relaxation value they have. But if these are quite impossible because of lack of time, or crowded living quarters, or mere temperament, you really ought to force yourself into exercise of some sort. A swift walk—good, old-fashioned stretching—climbing of hills or even stairs—all these little aids to beauty which can come up in the course of your ordinary day can be used to give you that extra pep and added bit of grace that is so important to both health and loveliness.

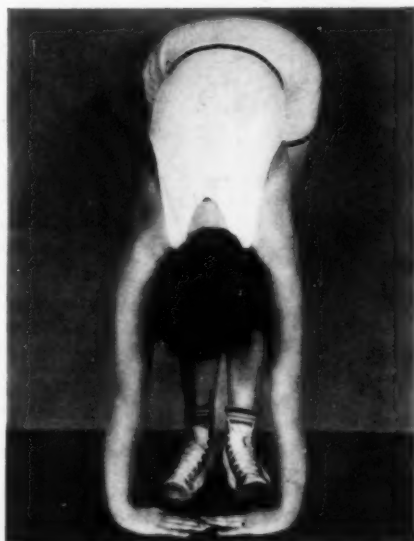
These things, obviously, should be just a matter of your regular beauty routine. To make your figure fit the new clothes is a specific task.

This roll of fat—what I call the extra tire—about the waistline is just an example of how fashion influences us. For five or more years we have been wearing low waistline dresses. Because the line was about the hips, we didn't let ourselves get hippy. We rolled and reduced, some few of us wore girdles—but we did not broaden beneath our belts. What we did, alas, was to get thick in the middle of our torsos, a little heavy in the upper arms and completely flat chested.

Lo and behold, the new styles demand a slim, natural waistline, a high, round bustline, and slender arms—since the better of the spring and summer gowns are sleeveless.

IT'S a tragic fact that the majority of girls simply don't exercise the muscles of the body sufficiently. In fact, I'll go so far as to say that there are muscles never exercised at all. It's almost criminal to neglect health and beauty this way—but when it comes to reconstructing a figure, there are muscles we simply must get in condition.

So this year the important thing is to bring



Down on your uppers is a good thing to be, when it's palms against the floor and a torso that must be reduced



the waist back to its natural glory. Foremost for this come the bending exercises. They are best taken in the morning upon arising, properly attired, before an open window.

The familiar touch-the-floor-with-your-fingers exercise is first aid here, particularly when it is taken with modern trimmings. The rule used to be to do this rapidly. But the wisest physical culturists have since proven that rapid exercise, taken to a one-two, one-two tempo is not beneficial to the modern, nervous young person. Exercise done slowly and with complete concentration not only aids the body but the mind.

So, in bending to the floor, do it slowly. Start from correct standing position—that is, feet parallel but not touching, head balanced, chin in, chest high. Raise the arms slowly upward until they are stretched at full height above the trunk. Bend slowly from the waistline. Feel the weight of the upper arms as they lead the lower arms downward. Keeping the [Continued on page 129]



You can lie down but you can't take this easy. It strengthens abdominal muscles, tapers waists and reduces thighs all at once. But the one above is easy. Just jump back and forth snappily. It makes for perfect form



Frivolous, feminine and French, a party wrap of plum velvet with ruffled sleeves and a scarf-tied neck

SMART
SET
SERVICE

A PARIS Rec pe

By

DORA LOUES MILLER

MARCH, with its first hint of spring, that makes you dream of all the things you simply must do to make life happier and bigger and more successful, and its keen winds that blow all the foggy notions of yesterday out of your head, is just the time to start on the serious business of planning your spring wardrobe.

And here in Paris we have done just that for you. Perhaps the visit of SMART SET's Typical American Girl helped visualize us to the French dressmaking world. I think it must have, for it seems to me that this typical wardrobe is sure to stimulate you with a hundred new ideas for your clothes, even if you don't want to have it exactly as it was planned. And I can't imagine a girl who wouldn't be perfectly happy to have it, just as is.

But whether you are making your own clothes, buying them in

Sketches by
FANNY FERN
FITZWATER



Formal ensemble of black marocain with black astrakhan trim and a white satin blouse. For those very dressy dates

An outfit that makes blondes preferred — pale pink moire evening gown to be worn with the plum colored wrap above



for Springtime Chic

*Take Two Ensembles, One Dress,
One Party Outfit. Add Three Hats.
Mix Smartly and Appear Perfect*

the smartest shop at home or arranging the things that are in your closet so that they seem entirely new to you as well as to your friends and business and social acquaintances, here are ideas a-plenty that will fit into your plans to be dressed in the way that will help even the people who see you casually to recognize that you know both style and fashion. Fashion is just that. Not the all-important thing in the world, but just one of the gifts of the good fairies of life, which should make you, personally, happier—as well as indicating your alertness, brains and charm to those whom you meet.

Almost up to the Etoile, the resting place of the Unknown Soldier that heads the Champs Élysées, one of the most beautiful streets in the world, is the dressmaking house of Maggy Rouff.

Comparatively young in the history of the Haute Couture, this charming woman has become one of the great designers of the world, because she is so alive to the needs, the necessities and the desires of the modern girl. That is why I asked her to give me the skeleton of a perfect wardrobe for the SMART SET girl, who in her mind typifies modern womanhood, interested not only in good times but in doing something that adds to the progress of the world. For that is what each of you are—representatives of all the virtues of the home girl, with the [Continued on page 112]

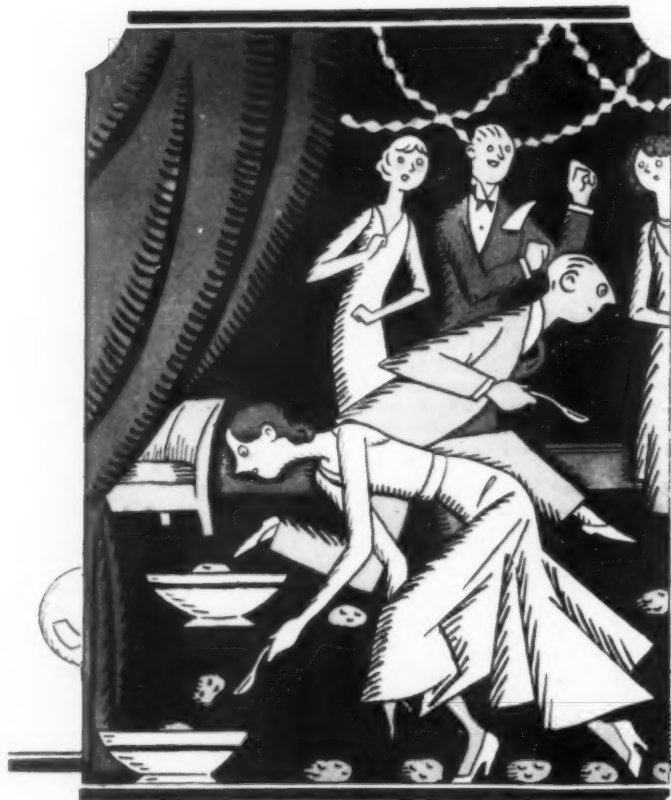


Black blouses are the newest notes with suits—and think of the saving on cleaner's bills!

*Models
Designed by
MAGGY ROUFF*



Wardrobe plotting at which Paris excels. Start with the tweed coat, center. Combine with printed dress, left, for town wear. Don with long blouse and tweed skirt, right, for country week-ends. Voila, two outfits for the price of one!



The Party of the Month

By Edward Longstreth

SMART
ET
SERVICE



ST. PATRICK'S DAY

THE big party day that descends on us in March is St. Patrick's Day on the seventeenth. The celebration is in honor of the good father who drove all the snakes off the Emerald Isle and made the place safe for good fighting Christians. So the decorations appropriate to the occasion are Ireland's native shamrocks, harps, the mob-stick called affectionately the "Shillalah," the banished snake, the stove-pipe hat, the little clay pipe, and the potato—which went to Ireland from America before the Irish came over here. What the Irish lived on before that, history fails to state.

Of course, the colors must be green and gold—green for the shamrock and gold for the harp. In case the party should get a little dull, just bring out a few bright oranges and the loyal sons of the Free State will live things up without further hint. You should take out tornado insurance first.

One of the unusual things about a Saint Paddy Party is that practically all the appropriate decorations will figure in games that you can play during the evening. The stove-pipe hat is just the thing for a game of "In Your Hat" which we published some time ago in this department.

The clay pipes can be used for a competition called "Bubble Ascension," the object being to have everybody blowing bubbles and the one who can blow a bubble that travels further from the pipe than any other, wins the contest.

There will probably be very little competition on the harp,

PATRICK There are 25 words in the English language that have the same ending as the word "Patrick." Can you name them? Here's a list to help you get them. For the first five you can substitute words ending in "rick." For each of the others there is a substitute word ending in "ick." The substitute word for "haystack" is "rick." You will find the others listed on page 101.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 baked clay | 14 nostalgic |
| 2 sudden stiffness | 15 whip |
| 3 crane | 16 nauseated |
| 4 puncture | 17 burner |
| 5 deception | 18 pullet |
| 6 haystack | 19 find fault |
| 7 precinct | 20 slight metallic sound |
| 8 dense | 21 notch |
| 9 bow | 22 revel |
| 10 select | 23 small notch |
| 11 ill | 24 adhere |
| 12 smooth | 25 credit |
| 13 fast | |

(Copyright, 1930, by Edward Longstreth)

but if any one you know can play one of these contraptions, tell her to bring it along, or send a truck for it. It sounds swell accompanying "Mother Machree." If such talent is not available, a new Jew's harp will give a quaint touch to the occasion.

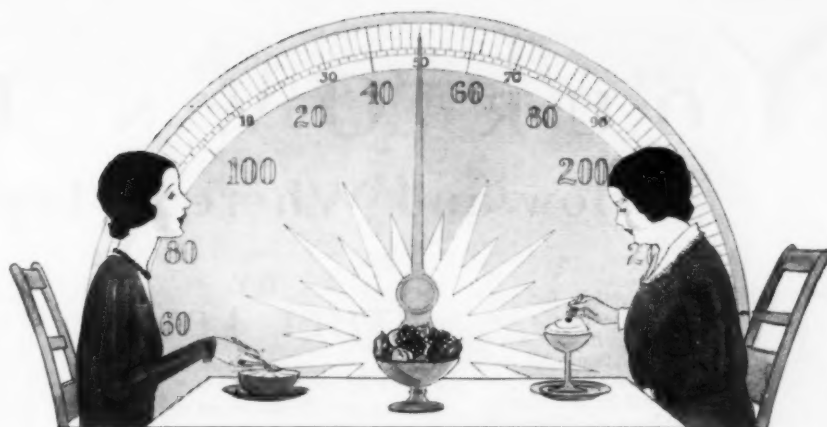
THE potato race is a favorite deck sport on all Atlantic liners, but in case you don't know it, this is what happens:

Potatoes are put in lines down the room. The lines are as far apart as the spaces allowed for runners in track events. The potatoes—five or six of them in each line—are evenly spaced down the room. Each racer is allotted a line of potatoes and equipped with a spoon. And each racer has a bowl at the starting point in which to put the potatoes.

At a starting signal, each racer rushes down his own line, scoops up a potato on his spoon without touching it with his hands, hurries back to the starting line, drops the potato into a bowl, and dashes back for the second potato. And so on. The first to get all his potatoes into his bowl at the starting point, wins.

The shamrock game is played by [Continued on page 101]

Don't Eat Yourself Around The Scales



USE THESE DIET MENUS

By

Mabel Claire

Decoration by ANN BROCKMAN

FAT or Slim?

If you are fat you want to be slim; if you are slim you will want to remain so, for the slender figure has never been so emphasized as in present day styles. No matter how much a girl spends on clothes, waves and cosmetics, or how beautiful her face is, she cannot hope to distract attention from a fat, ungainly body.

Anybody can lose weight through diet—and without starving, too!

To eat and grow thin requires only consistent and unremitting attention. It is worth the struggle. There is no thrill so great as when the first hated extra pounds slip away; there is no reward so worth having as a slender, beautiful figure.

Along with your reducing diet you must get plenty of exercise. Don't overdo it at first. Start gradually and increase it a little each day. As much fresh air as possible. Oxygen helps burn up the fat and besides it will keep you feeling fit.

EAT lots of green vegetables and fruits. They are non-fat-tening and will provide your body with minerals and vitamins which are so important to keep it in good condition.

If you want the pounds to roll away avoid starches, sugars and fats.

Doctors agree that one should not try to lose more than two or three pounds a week. The fat that it has taken you months to put on cannot safely be gotten rid of suddenly. That is, not if you would keep feeling fit.

The reducing menus I have selected for you will make you lose from two to three pounds a week. They have been chosen with as wide a variety of foods as possible so that you will not tire of them. There are so many interesting things on the reducing diet that there is no reason why they should be monotonous.

MENU NUMBER ONE

BREAKFAST

One Half Grapefruit
Quick Bran Muffin Small Pat of Butter
Black Coffee (No Sugar)

LUNCHEON

Chicken Boullion
Cabbage, Apple and Tomato Salad

If you are trying to get slim (and aren't we all?) write to Mabel Claire for some of her diet ideas. She has plenty of them up her sleeve. And if you are taking a vacation from diets—and want to make whoopee in a big way—write to her for some delectable new ways to make sweet things. Write in care of SMART SET and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**SMART
SET
SERVICE**

Diet Dressing Olives
One Slice of Melba Toast
Honey Dew Melon
Black Coffee or Tea with Lemon

DINNER

Tomato Juice Cocktail
One Broiled Lamb Chop (Free from Fat)
Cauliflower (One Half Cup)
Spinach (One Cup)
Lemon and Parsley
Celery (One Stalk)
Baked Apple (No Cream or Sugar)
Black Coffee

Quick Bran Muffins

Sift together one cup of flour and two teaspoons of baking powder. Add one cup of bran. Mix two tablespoons of molasses with one cup of milk. Stir the liquid into the dry ingredients. Bake in muffin pans in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Cabbage, Apple and Tomato Salad

Slice one tomato into thin slices and arrange in a circle on a salad plate. Chop one cup of cabbage fine. Chop one small red apple fine. Mix the cabbage and apple together. Arrange in a mound in the center of the tomato ring. Dress with diet dressing.

Diet Dressing

Mix together two tablespoons of lemon juice, one tablespoon of chopped parsley, three tablespoons of mineral oil, one-fourth teaspoon of mustard, one-eighth teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. Beat together with a piece of ice until creamy.

Melba Toast

Slice the bread thin. White bread may be used, but rye, gluten or whole wheat breads are preferable. Dry the bread in a very moderate oven until the moisture has disappeared and the bread is dry and brittle.

MENU NUMBER TWO

BREAKFAST

One Glass of Orange Juice
One Slice of Melba Toast
Black Coffee

[Continued on page 121]

YOUR OWN ROOM

How and Where to Light It

BY
ETHEL LEWIS

THE correct lighting for your own room is one of the most important items in the whole scheme of decoration. No matter how carefully you have blended your colors by day, they will be less effective at night unless you have taken into consideration the problem of artificial lighting.

The light must be adequate but not glaring; the colors must be soft but not dim; and the placement of the lamps must be carefully thought out. We seldom stop to think how wonderful it is that we can have all the artificial light we want, almost rivaling the sun in brilliance, if we choose. But with all this light available we don't always use it to advantage.

We leave one unprotected bulb dangling at the end of a cord in the center of a room and call that room lighted. The bulbs that we can buy now are better than they used to be, but even so they are not things of beauty, and they do tire the eyes if we have to look at them steadily.

Or we may have fixtures that have been installed by some builder or contractor who thought more of price than of beauty—though why simplicity in fixtures should be more expensive than over-decoration, I don't know. Have you ever had to struggle with the old-fashioned center fixture with arms waving up for the gas jets and arms waving down for the electric bulbs?

There is so little that one can do to a monstrosity like that, except to hide it completely in a huge drum shade.

Have you a ceiling light, direct or indirect? I never have been able to discover why we

Miss Lewis will give you any advice that you desire on decorating your home. Write to her in care of **SMART SET Magazine**, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope

should illuminate the ceiling, for it is seldom beautiful enough to call attention to it. Such a fixture is supposed to give a general diffusion of light, but it is never adequate for reading or dressing. It seems to be almost as unnatural a light as footlights would be in your own room. The light thrown down from over your head is never a becoming light, and dark shadows under eyes and chin do not add anything to one's beauty.

Side wall lights are much more kindly and incidentally they illumine the great middle portion of the room where we really want light. Unfortunately many of them are ugly.

It is, however, easier to disguise an ugly side wall bracket than it is a center fixture, for double shields will hide the bulbs and often part of the fixture, while the little shades that we use occasionally on center fixtures merely accent their presence.

IF LAMPS are placed properly you may not need that overhead light or side wall brackets except on special occasions. So to the subject of lamps!

If your room is a combination room, then you will need a good light for your desk, one by the reading chair, and always a good light for dressing. No matter what type of room you have, you certainly owe yourself the right kind of dressing light. Without it you can never be quite sure of how you look, and therefore you can never be quite sure of yourself.

There are many ways of getting this light—wall brackets either side of the mirror, an overhead fixture that hangs low in front of the mirror, or lamps on the [Continued on page 91]



New to the last degree! Metal tubing forms the stem of this smart lamp and the severe parchment shade is excellent in form and color

Courtesy of John Wanamaker



A dark brown pottery base supplements this decorated shantung shade. This design by Venturas is smart and very usable

Courtesy of John Wanamaker



An old copper base for an oil lamp, modernized. The hand-decorated shade is harmonious in spirit and gives a pleasant glow of light

Courtesy of John Wanamaker

**SMART
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By and About Women

"I'D LIKE to be the feminine type with a masculine mind. Better yet, the feminine type with no mind at all."

—Gloria Swanson.

"WOMEN are moving toward nudity. Nudity is of no importance."

—Raymond Duncan.



"THERE is something worse than smoking a pipe—whiskers. How they hide identity! Your face can become anything with whiskers."—Lucille La Verne, after her failure as Shylock.

"IT IS only a matter of time before women can be inoculated against childbirth."—Dr. James F. Cooper.

"MEN in general are intensely selfish, usually taking everything and giving nothing."—Pola Negri.

"I GOT started inventing when I saw a man who couldn't tip his hat to a lady because both hands were busy holding up a paper."—Beulah Louise Henry ("Lady Edison").

"PERSONAL Ladies! One Mexican gentleman of good manners and regular position, wishes intimate with an illustrated and handsome young lady, who were poor. The object is easily exchange their native language, and if it were possible, to marry themselves. Write in Spanish or English giving references."—Mexico City Herald.

"I ADMIT rich widows of 55 are dangerous—the danger is that some ambitious young man might want to marry them."

—Lady Astor.

"DIVORCE is a very universal thing now, a healthy sign of growing intelligence in our country . . . It's no sign of great moral weakening in the race, merely a sign of greater honesty."

—Mrs. Sigourney Thayer, society matron.

"PEOPLE are using birth control most who ought to use it least, and many who ought to use it most are not using it at all."—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

"TO ME the most important distinction between American and British women is the practice many American married women have of working outside their homes."—Ishbel MacDonald.

"I ADORE clothes. I am through with tennis . . . I hope to make lots of money."

—Suzanne Lenglen.

"DON'T bother with the man working alongside you, girls, marry the boss."

—Prof. Robert E. Rogers of M. I. T.

"MEN loathe seeing woman with twisted stocking seams."—Maria Jeritza.



"IT IS not for me to express an opinion whether women look better in short or in long dresses."—Prince of Wales.

"THERE are some persons, nearly all of the female sex, who suffer from a chronic rush of words to the mouth."

—Dean Inge.

"BY OBSERVING the early closing time of dances, we debutantes can go to more parties."—Mary Delafield.

"WOMEN who submit themselves to a starvation diet to stay thin are likely to lose their feminine personality and their charm as fast as they lose weight. They're likely to lose friends as well as pounds. A starvation diet so racks the nerves that its victims grow irritable, querulous and cross-grained until there's no enduring their society."—Tommy Loughran, former lightweight champion of the world.

"DO COCKTAILS Make Good Mothers?"—title of article in morning paper. We cannot say, but we know many mothers who make good cocktails."

—Punch.

"A WOMAN dressed in the most fashionable way nowadays has fewer clothes than her grandma had on when she went to bed."—Senator Norris of Nebraska.

"WOMEN dress in the daytime to impress other women, and at night to impress men."—Jacques Worth, famous Parisian couturier.

"I HAVE always been very impressionable in the direction of sex."

—George Bernard Shaw.

"I HAVE always felt there was something very incongruous in Eve's coveting a mere apple and being cheated by a snake."—Rev. S. Parkes Cadman.

"TO BE Prepared for marriage young girls no longer assemble a hope chest; they read books on abnormal psychology."—James M. Thurber & E. B. White in "Is Sex Necessary?"

"THERE are only two things I worship in life—a dollar bill and a pretty girl."

—Taylor Gordon, Author of "Born to Be."

"WHEN a girl contemplates the lot of her married friends she beholds nothing that leads her to believe that she would improve her material condition by marriage and swapping a good situation for a husband."—Dorothy Dix.



"I DON'T know how to cook a thing."

—Helen Wills.

"THE village damsel today is practically as sophisticated as the city girl."—Jeanette Dutchess, National Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

C O U N T E R

By

Virginia Lee

WARNING lights flickered in Anabelle Farson's green eyes.

"Roddy Morrissey's got more brains, even when he's plastered, than most men have cold stony," she retorted.

Harry Kingdon laughed and wrapped his muffler closer against the chill breeze sweeping the football stadium.

"Why do nice girls fall for rakes?" he asked turning to his mother who was chaperoning the party. "Can you explain it, mother?"

Mrs. Kingdon's patrician nose, somewhat reddened at the tip by the wind, quivered delicately.

"Anabelle, I'm surprised at your defending any one like young Morrissey." Mrs. Kingdon's rebuke was punctuated by an explosive but well-bred sneeze.

Roddy Morrissey had just passed, jauntily piloting a girl with a chalk-white face, resplendent in mink and orchids. With them was a handsome, hard-faced man, a trifle too elaborately tailored. Roddy had acknowledged his home town contingent with a sardonic grin. It didn't require a medium to know what they were saying.

"Gangster type," Botts Stratford remarked authoritatively of the hard faced man.

Helen Chalmers craned her neck in order to get a better view.

"Oh, I'm sure that girl with him is Geneva Minturn from the Scandals," she gasped with proper horror. "She's the one who wore—well, my dear, practically nothing in the oriental scene—"

"Hot baby," Botts put in. "Somebody told me—"

"If she's with Roddy she's all right," Anabelle snapped. "I don't blame him for finding new acquaintances after the rotten deal old friends gave his father."

"Mr. Morrissey was exonerated by the jury after it was proved a group of disgruntled workmen were responsible," Mrs. Kingdon attempted to be crushing. "Really, my child! A nice girl like you—"

The hair trigger temper which belonged with Anabelle's snub nose and red head released. Roddy had been her playmate since childhood.

"Nice people stand by each other," she declared, her firm young chin lifting arrogantly. "I'm sticking by Roddy."

"And his riff raff friends and chorus girls," amended Harry. "I notice he doesn't give you much of his time."

If the thrust went home Anabelle concealed it under a scornful laugh.

"Botts and the rest of you would be flattered if Geneva Minturn looked at you. Roddy's too honest to sneak!"

The signal for the kick-off interrupted.

The bright jersey-clad figures that streaked down the field were distorted by a sudden blur of tears. To Anabelle it was



Illustrations by
FRANK GODWIN

like watching stuffed puppets perform with Roddy in the stands with another girl.

Thin and freckled like a duck's egg, Anabelle was far from being the prettiest girl in Benton, but sheer zest made her well-nigh irresistible. If the more feline members of the feminine element made veiled insinuations about the scatter-brained tomboy, the eligible males kept her telephone ringing from early morning to an hour that made her father curse the shade of Alexander Bell. Harry Kingdon was crazy about her. So were Paul Webster and Alec Wright and plenty of others. Small satisfaction when the only person who had ever counted was Roddy who was running wild with cynical deliberation!

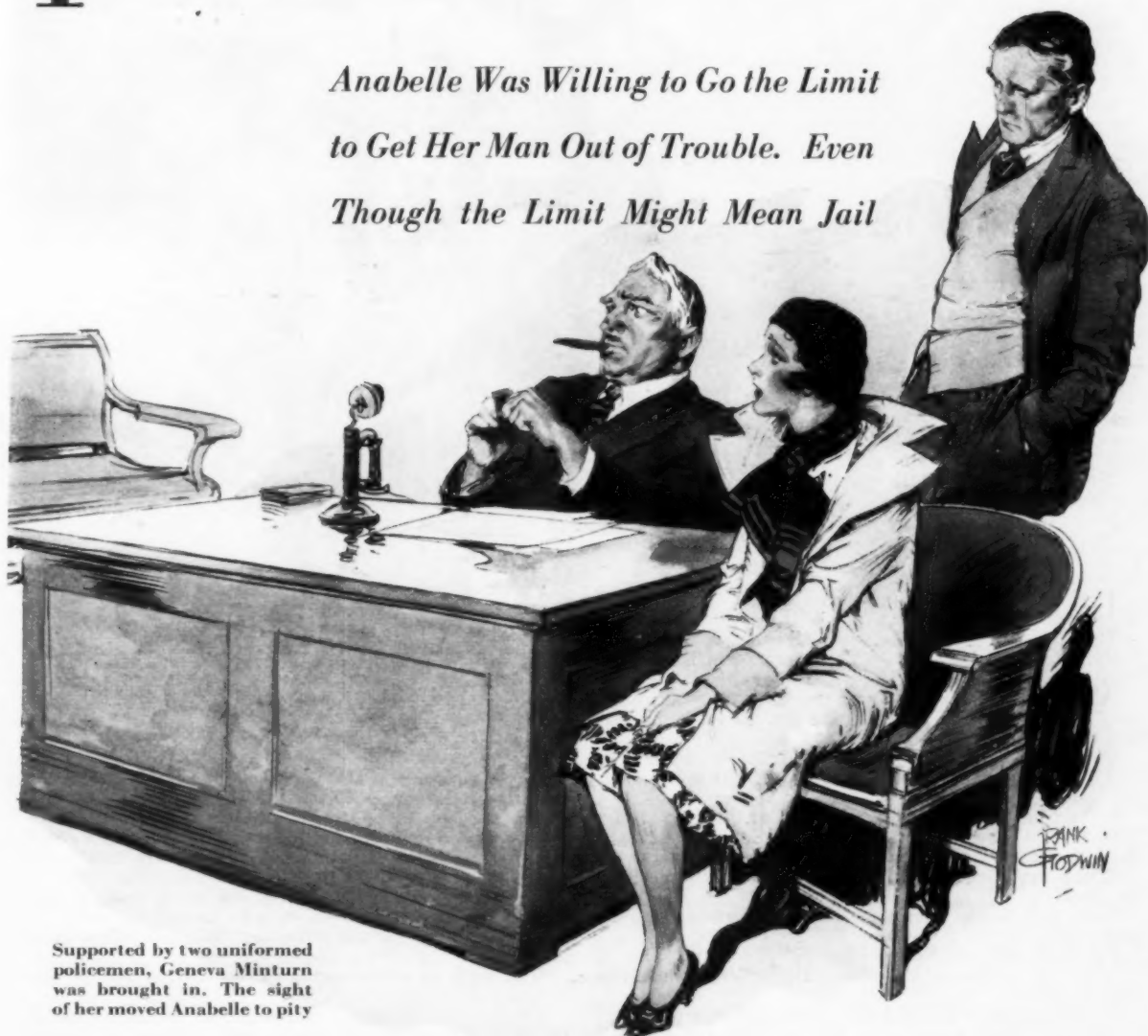
ANABELLE'S father had been a member of that wretched grand jury which indicted Mr. Morrissey, claiming he had substituted inferior materials, when the floor of the courthouse he had contracted to build collapsed. Roddy had given up his own engineering work to fight the town tooth and claw. The contractor had been vindicated through his son's efforts but the experience had left a raw wound in Roddy.

"You're a pack of mealy-mouthed jackals," he had hurled at a committee of prominent citizens, "ready to tear a good man to pieces when he's down! Cowardly rapacious hypocrites, all of you!"

Anabelle had called him up twice during the progress of the trial but he had declared curtly he wanted no sympathy from any one named Farson.

IRRITANT

*Anabelle Was Willing to Go the Limit
to Get Her Man Out of Trouble. Even
Though the Limit Might Mean Jail*



Supported by two uniformed policemen, Geneva Minturn was brought in. The sight of her moved Anabelle to pity

Amid wild shouts the team went over the line for a touch-down. In the ensuing tumult the ball sailed between the goal posts for the extra point. Anabelle looked back. Geneva Minturn clinging to his arm, Roddy was tilting a flask while the hard-faced man clapped him on the back and shouted uproariously.

"REVOLTING performance," said Mrs. Kingdon, following her glance.

Something in Anabelle's throat contracted and left her without words. Staunch, serious Roddy gone completely haywire! She could remember when he had watched over the young cyclone that had been Anabelle like a mothering hen.

It was Roddy who had scrubbed her with turpentine after her disastrous attempt to paint the collie green, when she was five and he a mature eight.

Another time, when she had wandered off after a hand organ man and been lost for hours, he had found her sound asleep

on the sand down by the railroad tracks and carried her home.

She remembered the day she had found some cubebs her aunt used as a relief from hayfever.

"Go away, you bossy old thing," she had sputtered, as the fumes choked her. "Stop looking at me like that!"

But Roddy had stood his ground.

"I'm hanging around so your mother won't catch you and give you a licking," he had replied with solemn determination.

It wasn't until a week later she learned the smell of smoke had been detected and Roddy had taken her whipping without a murmur.

To remember his sturdy defense during her childhood catastrophes left an emptiness no amount of attention from other boys could fill. If only she could make him see his behavior since the trial was hurting him and not the people he despised.

A shot ended the half and the crowd surged down from the stands.

"Hi! Anabelle!"
 "Hello, Redhead."
 "My dear, have you seen who's with Roddy?"

"So Kingdon's the lucky pup today."

"Swell game!"

"See you at the Drake for the dance!"

Anabelle's popularity was proverbial and the others trailed in her wake.

Behind the stands the huddle system of conviviality was in vogue. Flasks glittered in the sunlight and bottles were emptied freely. By a few calculated turns Anabelle managed to lose the others in the seething crowd. An idea was sprouting in the back of her head. She darted after a mink coat.

"Hello, Roddy." Her mouth widened into its friendliest smile and she extended her hand. "I thought I might find you here. It's a darn cold day. A drink would go pretty good."

AT THE sight of her Roddy's face lighted but he forced himself to ignore the outstretched hand and made no attempt to introduce his companions.

"Didn't know you drank," he said briefly and restored the flask to his pocket.

Anabelle became even more ingratiating.

"Heavens! Who doesn't?" she laughed and turned to the handsome man in the ultra smart overcoat. "You wouldn't allow a poor little girl to freeze to death, would you?"

"Not on your life, kid." His response was instantaneous and he produced a bottle from each pocket. "Which'll it be—Scotch or Bourbon?"

"My name is Anabelle Farson, since Roddy forgets his manners. I'll take Bourbon, if you please."

"Don't be an idiot," Roddy broke in cuttingly. "Mrs. Kingdon just came around the corner."

"Here's to her health, then," and with a cavalier flourish Anabelle took a large swallow. The fiery liquid burned her throat. "Thanks just loads. Mr.—" she gulped.

"Aikens, Dork Aikens. I'll say Morrissey forgot his manners," the man replied, "and anytime you want a drink just look me up."

Anabelle managed a brilliant smile.

"I'll take a jolt, if you don't mind," the girl in the mink coat spoke up.

As Anabelle handed her the bottle she exclaimed cordially, "Aren't you Geneva Minturn? I saw the Scandals last night and I thought you were wonderful."

"That's me," Geneva admitted languidly. "Glad you liked the show."

"Let's go," Roddy interrupted rudely. "Intermission's almost over."

But Dork Aikens had other ideas.

"Don't get in a sweat, Morrissey. This little girl might like another drink."

Anabelle rewarded him with an upward, fluttering glance.

"He can't expect a bird to fly with one wing, can he?" she demanded gaily.

His eyes narrowed speculatively.

"How about seeing you again and stepping out? I get up to Benton pretty often."

Anabelle caught a glimpse of Roddy out of the corner of her eye. Not even Mrs. Kingdon could have equaled the evidences of disapproval written all over him.

"I'd love to," she responded brightly. "We're in the phone book. Call me any time."

Roddy stepped between them.

"You'd better get back to your own party, Anabelle," he ordered coldly. "This is no place for you."

"Rodman, my dear, what a dowager you turned out to be!" Her laugh was an exasperating gurgle and she reached for the bottle.

"Not while I'm here!" With a jerk he took it from her and dashed it violently against the concrete. "Don't let me see you doing that again!"

"Get yourself a hatchet, Carrie Nation," she jeered. As she



turned to go she saw Mrs. Kingdon watching her from the outskirts of the crowd. "Good-by Miss Minturn. Thanks a lot for your hospitality, Mr. Aikens. I hope to see you soon."

Humming to convince herself that Mrs. Kingdon's wrath didn't really frighten her, Anabelle found her way back to the seats.

"Wasn't that Roddy you were talking to back of the stands?" Helen Chalmers was eager to know.

Anabelle's response was more airy than her feelings warranted.

"The eye is an untrustworthy witness, Helen. Any psychoanalyst will tell you that."

Whether Mrs. Kingdon's expression was merely its normal frostiness or whether something had congealed it further Anabelle was unable to tell.

The players dashed out on the field with renewed vigor after their rest and the game resumed. Anabelle watched it abstractedly. The watch dog in Roddy was still alive or he wouldn't have been so angry. She'd give him something to worry about that would make his bone of contention with the town a mere tidbit.

SOME sixty miles from Chicago on the Detroit highway is the town of Benton. The fast New York trains stop there and it is urban enough to support a fourteen-story hotel with a roof garden, where the younger crowd gather to dance when the country club is winter-bound. There is also a Louis XVI ballroom where private parties are given by members of what is known as Society—the one spelled with a capital S—in Benton.

The Saturday night following the football game Mrs. Kingdon gave a select dinner dance in the ballroom. So select, indeed, was the party, that the name of Anabelle Farson was



Couple after couple danced by the table where Anabelle sat with Aikens. Couple after couple stared. Anabelle didn't blame them—Aikens looked every inch the prosperous bootlegger

not included among the list of guests—an omission which called forth considerable conjecture. Harry's attentions had previously been very marked.

Among the truant guests who had temporarily deserted the staid orchestra hired by Mrs. Kingdon for the tom tom rhythm of the roof garden jazz band, a buzz of excitement stirred. Anabelle Farson, slim as a rapier in silver and jade, sauntered in with Dork Aikens and seated herself at a table.

The lapels of Aikens' dinner coat leaned a bit toward the rococo and his black hair had a finish that would have put a piano to shame, but he was unquestionably the handsomest man in the room, if you didn't study the expression of his mouth too critically.

A waiter appeared promptly. Waiters know types.

"Ginger ale and a couple of set ups, George," Aikens ordered, "and make it snappy!"

He opened a diamond studded cigarette case and gallantly lighted one for Anabelle.

"You sure are a good looking piece of goods," he said, viewing her white arms and throat. "I never knew a jane with green eyes before. They're like jewels," only he pronounced it "jools."

Her lashes moved with a moth-like flutter. In spite of her distrust there was an odd magnetism about the man.

"You look very nice yourself," she replied amiably. "I like a man to be careful about his clothes."

"Yeah," his white teeth gleamed as he accepted the compliment. "Paid a hundred and sixty for this tux. Pays to put up a good front in my business."

"You certainly must do awfully well for a young man," she went on encouragingly. "I never saw a more stunning roadster than you drive."

"She'll do ninety and never know it," he boasted. "Say, I can walk away from anything on the road."

"My! I should think you'd be scared to go so fast." Anabelle's eyes were wide and her manner ingenuously admiring. "Most of the boys I know don't have big cars of their own."

DORK AIKENS flung her a quick glance but she appeared innocent of guile.

"I'm making plenty of dough in the—the transportation business," he said rather cautiously. "I've got a fleet of trucks carrying goods between Detroit and Chicago."

"I've heard father say that trucks were giving the railroads lots of competition," she volunteered brightly. "What kind of goods do you carry?"

"Oh, merchandise and things," he said vaguely. "Let's forget about business and talk about you. I'll bet you've got a lot of birds nuts about you."

"Pouf! Mere children! No real men."

"I could fall for you without half trying," he said and reached for her hand. "You're real [Continued on page 125]"

*Proving That
a Girl is Only
as Innocent
As Her Alibi*

The HOUSEPARTY MURDER

By Shirley Seifert



THE week end which my half sister, Mary Lou Forbes, had looked forward to so enthusiastically did not start off well at all.

The house at Glenhaven was closed and locked when we arrived and Jake Hopper, a workman, had to let us in through the window. Then we found out that the gas and electricity were both turned off and that Mrs. Yawley, the housekeeper, had not even received word of our arrival because her nephew had been murdered and she had left hurriedly for his home at Indian Point.

When one of the neighbors told us that that was the second murder in the village within a week, Mary Lou telephoned to her husband James Forbes. He said he would leave Philadelphia immediately, since we had to wait at Glenhaven for Mary Lou's mother, whom I always called Jane.

A similar call brought Henry Croft, the wealthy bachelor friend of Jamie's, who had loaned Mary Lou this cottage.

As if things weren't complicated enough already, I immediately recognized Henry Croft as a man whom I had known and loved years before in Italy. His name then had been Joseph Leoni.

He was terribly upset when he saw me. Mary Lou had never spoken of me as Edith Rockford, but only as her sister "Deedie," and he had even more reason than I to want to forget the affair which had ended so miserably when I found that marriage was not included in his plans for our future.

We managed to conceal the fact that we had ever known each other and in the few minutes that we were left alone, while the others were playing cards after supper, I promised not to reveal any of his past on condition that I found his friendship with Mary Lou to be just that and nothing more.

We might have settled down to a peaceful evening after that had it not been for the fact that we were thrown into a panic by a strange face peering in at the window.



My body was frozen with dread. For I saw my blood red beads dangling from the dead hand. Had Mary Lou lied?

Henry Croft and Jamie together with Bob Fiske, a neighbor, and Richard Burley, the assistant state attorney, who had dropped in on a friendly visit, searched the grounds thoroughly but found no trace of any one.

We managed to get some sleep in spite of our fears and the next day passed pleasantly enough. We hiked, went boating, and came home to a splendid dinner which Mrs. Yawley had come back to prepare for us.

JAMIE had to return to Philadelphia that night and Dick Burley left us to do a little investigating on the two murder cases. The rest of us were to go to the Fordyce's to play bridge, but while we were dressing I found out that Mary Lou intended to go out alone with Henry Croft.

When every other argument failed to make her see reason I told her the truth about this man she found so fascinating. She seemed utterly crushed and begged me to let her wear the carnelian beads he had given me. Had I known that she was planning to steal back to him to confront him with my story I should never have let her have them.

As soon as I missed her I gave my place in the game to some one else and went to look for her.

I had reached the top of the steps, leading from the beach promenade to Henry Croft's cottage, when there was a crash, a splintering of glass and Mary Lou came running out of the house.

She was terribly hysterical and all I could make out of her story was that Henry Croft had been drinking, had tried to make love to her, that she had struggled to get away from him and that somewhere, either in the scuffle or in her wild flight, she had lost my beads.

We told the rest that Mary Lou had a bad fall and must have lost the beads then.

I persuaded every one to wait until morning to look for them and finally got Mary Lou and Jane to go home and to bed.

Bob Fiske had refused to go until he searched the house and grounds again. He found the library doors open and called me to come downstairs.

We opened the door beside the living room fireplace. The

wind came in through the open French doors of the library and clutched at my thin skirts.

"There's a switch near the door frame," I murmured. I groped for it, and found it.

A dome light in the ceiling of the room flashed on. One rapid glance into the room and my body froze to attention.

In his reading chair sprawled the master of Glenhaven, dead.

THERE was no doubt about his being dead. He slumped in the chair, as if at any moment he might slide to the floor; but you knew he wouldn't because he was too stiff. From his right hand trickled my blood-red beads.

My body froze to attention. There was a smothered exclamation from the youth behind me. He reached over my shoulder and pressed the electric switch. With his other hand he drew me back into the sitting room.

I don't know how long Bob and I stared at each other in impotent horror before we were roused by Mary Lou, calling from the stairway, "Deedie, are you still downstairs?"

Before either of us could move to prevent it, she was in the room. At sight of Bob she drew back a step, but she must have seen instantly that we had been stricken beyond the reach of conventions. She stood just inside the hall door, wrapped in my quilted silk negligée.

"Deedie, what's the matter?" Her eyes narrowed. "Deedie, what makes you look—so—so, oh, what is it? What is it? You frighten me, Deedie!"

She put out her hands beseechingly and took a step towards me.

"Oh, Mary Lou," I said, "didn't you know—why, he's dead!"

"Who's dead? What are you talking about?"

"Mr. Croft. He's dead—in there," I pointed toward the library.

"No!" cried Mary Lou. "No! No! He can't be!"

She started for the library, but this time Bob intercepted her.

"Mrs. Forbes, you mustn't," he told her. "Really, it is too awful!"

"But I must see," said Mary Lou. "You must be wrong. How do you know?"

"I found the outside door open," he said. "I came around and your sister let me in here. We turned on a light. We both saw. And then we shut the door because—because—"

"But you can't leave him like that," said Mary Lou. "Somebody must go to him. Call a doctor. You must be wrong—"

"I thought—the police," Bob appealed to me.

Mary Lou, facing the panels of the library door, suddenly put her clenched fists up over her mouth. It was a childish gesture of terror, infinitely touching.

"My dear, my dear!" I begged. "Don't!"

She doubled up into a rocking chair, but still stared at the door, her hands still pressed over her mouth. She insisted



Mary Lou slumped forward in her chair at the sound of the coroner's droning voice. I sprang forward to catch her—for I knew that she was fainting

that we were mistaken. We ought to call a doctor. He couldn't be dead.

And Bob still insisted he should call the police.

"Call both," I said. "We must do everything that is to be done. And could you locate Mr. Burley?"

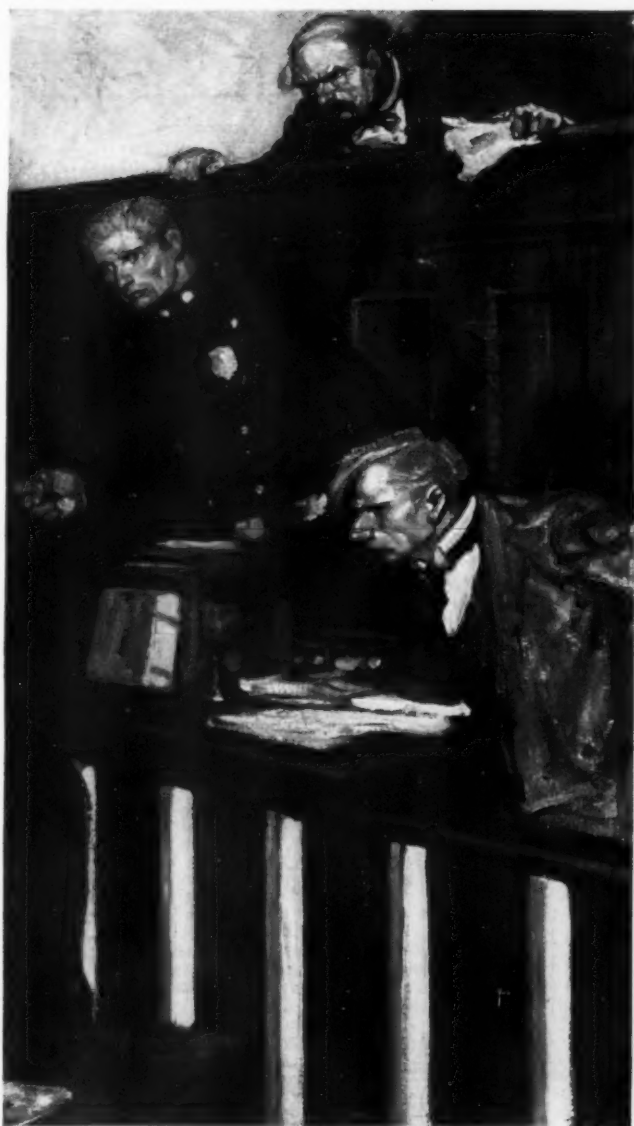
"The police would notify him, I think," said Bob. "But I'll mention him, if you like."

MY IMPRESSION of that night is chiefly one of aching, interminable waiting for something to happen. We stayed in the sitting room—Mary Lou still staring at that closed door, I staring at Mary Lou, and Bob at the desk trying to get police headquarters at Wynford.

It sounded so strange to hear him say finally, "The owner of the house has been found dead. We think he has been murdered. My name is Robert Fiske. I am a neighbor. No family—only guests in the house. Yes, sir."

When he began to give directions as to how to locate the house, I said to Mary Lou softly, "Don't you think you had better dress?"

She rose docilely enough and preceded me upstairs, but I



Illustrations by
H. M. BONNELL

We both know that. But this is a time for nothing but the truth between us. I must know the truth, because I will know then what I must do for you. In the past two days you have given me every reason for not believing in your word, but I must believe what you say to me now. Did you or did you not kill Harry Graft?"

"I did not," said Mary Lou.

I felt a blessed letting-go. I had said to her and to myself that I would believe her statement, and I did. "Well," said Mary Lou shakily when we broke from our strange grip, "I don't hope on judgment day to have anybody look at me any more severely than you've done in the last half hour."

"Mary Lou, I'm sorry," I said. "I just didn't know what to think."

"That's all right," she answered, "but I'm likely to have few enough friends in the world if the story of this evening comes out. What would I do if you went back on me first of all?"

"I wish," I sighed, "that Jamie were here!"

"Oh—my God—no!" said Mary Lou, with sudden vehemence.

Before I could answer, some one knocked on my door. It was Bob Fiske.

"The police are downstairs," he said. "They want to speak to you, Miss Edith."

"Just a minute," I answered.

I closed the door on him for a final word to Mary Lou.

"Then I'm to answer their questions squarely?" I said. "No matter what they ask. There's some provision made about incriminating yourself or your kin—I don't know what it is—"

"Oh, tell them what you know," said Mary Lou. "And I'll do the same. I never got away with a big lie in my life and you know it. Don't you?"

"And you'll dress right away?" I asked.

"Yes."

BEFORE I went downstairs I stopped to tell Jane Weber what had happened. She had gone to bed totally unprepared for any unpleasant news. Her horror, however, was adequate.

"To think," she said, "that we came home, walked right into the house and went to bed, with him lying there all the time!"

Jane was rather magnificent. Her nerves must have been shaken, but her voice had all its usual cadences. She kept marvelous control of her eyes, her mouth. I told her that Mary Lou was dressing in my room and that she had better dress quickly, too. The police were

downstairs and would probably want to question all of us.

I went downstairs slowly to the murmur of voices in the sitting room. I stopped at the door, hating to enter the room. Richard Burley came forward to meet me. He was the same big, blond, tremendous person, he had been the evening before; but something light, buoyant, mocking had been put away from him. He wasn't solemn exactly, but he was serious.

"Good evening," he said, holding out his hand, "I can't tell you how sorry I am that we meet under these circumstances."

He led me to the center of the room, where a heavy man in police uniform sat behind the table.

"Miss Rockford, this is Sergeant Wylie from police headquarters at Wynford. Sergeant Wylie, Miss Rockford has been a guest in the house since yesterday afternoon. She is the lady whom Robert Fiske named as being with him when they discovered the dead man."

I couldn't think much of the sergeant. He was fat and wheezy. His voice was a ridiculous thin pipe. He had mild brown eyes, a fat face; and he kept his mouth open most of the time.

Behind him in the shadowy portion of the room stood two slim young officers of the state force. One of them had a dark, eager countenance. The other [Continued on page 131]

think she hardly knew what she was doing. She obeyed the lightest impulse of my hand when I drew her into my own room.

"Mary Lou," I said to her, once we had the door closed, "why didn't you tell me?"

"What?" she said. "Why didn't I tell you what?"

"When you pretended to tell me everything that happened here tonight, why didn't you tell me everything?"

"Deedie," she said hollowly, "what do you mean?" Then she awoke from her stupor into horror. "Deedie, you can't possibly think that I—killed him?"

"Mary Lou, I don't know what to think. It's less than an hour now since you were with him, since you rushed out of that room, leaving those doors open—the ones that Bob found still open. Do you remember? Did you leave them open?"

"I don't know," said Mary Lou. "I don't know. But, Deedie, I didn't—I didn't even strike him. I hadn't anything in my hands. I can't see—Deedie—" Mary Lou's hands clutched my arms in frenzy—"Deedie, tell me you're not thinking that—of me! Is that why you looked so awful when I came downstairs? Deedie, you mustn't think that. I swear to you!"

I put my hands on her shoulders, forced her to look at me.

"Mary Lou," I said, "in the past you have often lied to me.

A Charming Aristocrat

[Continued from page 37]

hectic environment that is an integral part of any career dedicated to public service.

"You know," Mrs. Sabin went on more tranquilly, "when I first became interested in this work I felt like an insignificant object standing forlornly at the foot of Pike's Peak wondering if I should ever be able to scale the heights that confronted me, but to my great satisfaction I find the greatest support and cooperation of women all over the United States. We don't have to try to enlist their interest; they come of their own accord and offer their services."

"I should have thought," I interjected, "that having children you would have been one of those who favored prohibition rather than having been the moving spirit in the opposition party."

"Oh, I believed ardently in prohibition at first," she admitted. "I actually thought that it would remove temptation from the path of my boys who were growing up at the time—and in the beginning it was a good deal more of a success than it is now, for the first few years it was fairly successful and pretty well enforced because the speak-easy, the bootlegger and the still had not had time to materialize."

WOMEN. Mrs. Sabin felt sure, played a large part in the enactment of the prohibition measure. A great many of them supported the bill because of unhappy personal experiences which they felt reasonably certain this new legislation would rectify. Others favored complete abstinence for all people. Today, however, many who originally favored this amendment are supporting a moderation of the law, particularly, perhaps, because of the effect on young people.

In Chicago, last spring—and this is probably only one incident of many—four young people who had had more than their share of stimulation, were involved in a motor smash-up in which one of them was killed. A superintendent of schools representing twenty thousand school children when questioned on the subject replied, "I deeply regret this occurrence but in my opinion it might have happened to any one of thousands of boys and girls, since today the criterion of high school boys and girls good times seems to be the hip flask, dancing and joy riding."

This statement on the face of it may sound unduly severe but I myself, in conversation with several high school seniors I know, have heard them express their contempt for any boy who didn't bring his share of "joy water" along on a party, something that was unheard of only a year or two before prohibition when my school days came to a close. "At that time there was no trick about getting a drink. Decanters stood on most sideboards and few thought of touch-

ing them. Only now when one has to hide the stuff has it become invested with irresistible glamour."

Mrs. Sabin doubts whether any one who drank to excess before prohibition drinks any less now, but there are thousands who were temperate before the law's enactment, who drink to excess at the present time. This is particularly true of women, Mrs. Sabin deplored, and showed me the appalling statistical evidence of the fact. The Keely Cure, for the first time since its foundation, has had to build an annex solely because of its female drink addicts.

Mrs. Sabin is sure that "no one wants to see the Eighteenth Amendment repealed in order to bring about a return to the old conditions. What our organization is seeking is some substitute for this legislation which will promote temperance. Certainly the present law is not working out. Where we once had six thousand saloons in New York we now have thirty-two thousand speakeasies in their stead."

I squirmed at some of the information Mrs. Sabin put before me. At Princeton, according to Jesse Lynch Williams, the senior class when asked to record its favorite beverage announced the following preferences—whisky 108; beer 79; milk 3, and voted eight to one against prohibition.

I speculated on the effect this new addiction would have on the generation just emerging from school and college.

"It is hard to make a prophecy," Mrs. Sabin agreed, "but of this much I am sure, it is essentially their problem. Our generation can only start this work; theirs will be the job of carrying on. I hope that our generation will not go down to posterity with the stigma upon it that our power of self control had sunk so low that they had to forbid by law either the sale or manufacture of alcoholic beverages. The next generation must, through education, home influence and the church, learn temperance from within."

I MYSELF, am counting on youth's intolerance of failure to give this movement the impetus it needs. I am only sorry that the people who point with pride at the performance we've given on the enforcement question could not have shared with me one of my most interesting yet harrowing experiences, a visit to Sing Sing Penitentiary, where with Wallace Eddinger and a Broadway company I participated in an entertainment put on of a Sunday evening.

One look at some of the pitifully young, pallid faces would have convinced the skeptics better than any statistics could that the Volstead Act had created an entirely new type of criminal—a boy who, had it not been for prohibition, would never have found himself confined within prison walls.

I have been writing to one of these, a boy of nineteen, who had accidentally killed a child while driving in an intoxicated condition. He had carried my suitcase of costumes to the first great iron barrier and had wistfully said, as he put it down, "I'm sorry, Miss, but this is as far as I can take it until next June." He came out filled with an overwhelming desire to take his place in the world as a useful member of society but few of them escape embitterment which renders them unfit to cope with life.

THERE are those who say that people have no business to drink and if as a result of breaking the law they get into trouble, they have it coming to them. Maybe so, but I hold with Mrs. Sabin who says that legislate as much as you will you cannot compel hundreds of thousands of people to become total abstainers, that it is the very legislation itself that encourages drinking because of its psychological effect on human nature. Tell a man that he cannot do a thing and it is perhaps only human that he should want to do it.

There is too much talk about prohibition. We are never permitted to forget the liquor question for an instant. We're steeped in it politically as well as actually.

"The sooner prohibition is taken out of politics," Mrs. Sabin asserts, "the better off we will be. It is not a partisan question, and it is no more Democratic because Governor Smith advocated revision, than it is Republican because President Hoover favors enforcement. It is a problem which the American people, regardless of party or creed, must solve. The present minds of the country should be directed towards the method of solution and devote their efforts to a rightful and basic interpretation of American Government, which would be received by all the people with acclamation—not only by those who are opposed to National Prohibition but also by the many good people who originally advocated it."

Just then Mrs. Sabin's secretary came into the room and asked for instructions on a speech that was to be delivered in Detroit the following evening. And so, feeling guilty at having taken up the better part of a busy morning, I left, certain of one thing above all others, that while such incidents as the hauling of Mr. Kent before the Senate because he had the temerity to criticize them, and the jailing of three Washington reporters because they refused to turn stoolpigeons, have made many people feel that this is hardly "the land of the free," the most skeptical of them must admit that as long as there are women endowed with the intelligent courage and the political valor that is Mrs. Charles Sabin's this is, at least, "the home of the brave."



Alice Roosevelt Longworth

IS ONE of the most interesting personalities in America. Daughter of a famous father, and wife of one of the outstanding men in Washington official life, the public knows little about her charming self or her interests.

In the April issue of **SMART SET**, Isabel Leighton takes you with her on a visit to the home of this delightful lady.

What makes a girl "ALLURING"?

CLARA BOW, the girl whose Beauty and Personality have made her World-Famous, explains how any girl can be Captivating

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the scintillating little Paramount star whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "It's lovely skin. You may have marvelously appealing eyes—and a lot of charm—and a beautiful figure. But just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin!"

"I got my first chance in the movies partly, at least, because of what my father calls my 'baby-smooth' skin. You



NANCY CARROLL has lovely skin.

see, motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up.

"Several years ago, some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it. It wasn't long before almost every important actress in Hollywood was using it."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

"Take Nancy Carroll, for instance," Clara Bow continues. "She keeps her fair skin delectable as an apple blossom with Lux Toilet Soap. And Mary Brian. Jean Arthur, too, keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap."

"In fact, nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad we have kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even more close-ups than silent pictures."

"When I get letters from girls all over the country—saying nice things about my skin—I long to answer every one of them, and tell these girls that they can keep their skin just



JEAN ARTHUR always uses Lux Toilet Soap.



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW says: "People cluster around the girl with lovely skin! . . . Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!"

Clara Bow

as smooth as we screen stars do—by using Lux Toilet Soap."

There are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. Moreover, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures, from the world-famous star down to the newest

"extra," shall have the very loveliest skin!

Lux Toilet Soap, as you know, is made by just the same method as the finest toilet soaps of France.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are already devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap, do try it—today. It will keep your skin as charmingly fresh and smooth as it keeps the beautiful screen stars'!

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the bath, too—and for the shampoo. It lathers ever so generously, even in the hardest water!



MARY BRIAN's skin shows flawless in a close-up.

Lux Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

Romance in Fashions

[Continued from page 65]

out of order, or need cleaning, or anything of a character that steals time from the busy girl.

The three piece tweed suit is a little expensive—it should retail for about \$64.50—but for the girl who prefers to buy one good costume as contrasted to several more casual and less costly ones—it is very worth thinking about. This tweed is a red, black and white mixture—fancy that on a slim brunette—and the little blouse, which isn't a tuck-in but a very short overblouse—is of lustrous white satin.

Now there was one thing about the 1929 fashions that nobody can deny, and that is that they were all pretty work-a-day. There were very few models you couldn't have worn to your office. But reversely, when you weren't at your job, there were very few models that expressed girlish joy and charm.

The present mode offers many such models. Style this season lets you be a properly dressed, independent young creature from nine to five, if you like. It gives you clothes of which the most hard-boiled boss will approve. But at the same time, and with a delightful gesture, it gives you after-five clothes that should start that same hard-boiled boss dreaming dreams if he could see you in them.

OBERVE the little chiffon dress on page 62. Look at the darn thing with its shirred puff sleeves, its demure neckline, its skirt length. Wouldn't it make any girl look just too fragile to get across the street alone? And is there any look a man likes better on a girl than that? Yet this gown, for all its delicacy, is practical since it can be worn to formal afternoon affairs, informal dinners or later in the season, double as a delightful summer dress.

Right opposite this gay deceiver is a demure green flat crêpe with a tucked design scalloping both skirt and bodice, and scalloped collar and cuffs of egg-shell Georgette piped with green. This is the sort of general utility "dress-up" dress you ought always to have on hand for any social emergency. While its lines are definitely new, it is, nevertheless, the sort of model that never really dates. You could wear it for several seasons and have it always correct.

Then if you want to be really very dressy and luxurious looking, and this year you really must be if you want to show you are in touch with fashion, I've chosen three models worth your consideration.

One is the ecru lace frock on page 64. I certainly do not feel this is a dress for the average small town girl. It is the sort of costume that definitely requires a background of luxury, either the swaying palms of the Coconut Grove or the velvet carpets of a Ritz. There is something definitely

metropolitan about its air. You might wear it to the very swanky Country Club tea or dinner—but be a little careful of it anywhere else. For all I put it in here to appeal to you big-city girls in your richer moments, I haven't forgotten the thrift end of it. For the eton bolero on this dress is detachable. With bolero, it's right for a garden party, a tea date or an afternoon affair. Doff the bolero and you have an

then, a large floral pattern of red, green and gray against a background of black, as in the frock in the lower right corner. Border it with black taffeta and the result is just automatically graceful. Here, again, the jacket is detachable and for slightly older girls built on long, slender lines, the outfit is delightful.

Finally a word about hats and I'll let you go for this month. Brims are coming back. This doesn't mean that all your little off-the-face hats will be incorrect before April, but the fluttery tendency of daytime wear demands shadowed eyes and alluring profiles—and how brims do create that effect. Remember this if you are just bored to death with the sight of your own forehead.



Bangkok because it is so pliable and light never goes out of style. This natural bangkok has a narrow facing of black felt under the brim and about the crown. Its softly dipping brim is becoming to almost all faces

Courtesy Gage Bros.



These severe off-the-face hat simply won't do with the new romantic frocks. So all the new hats are brimful of charm. The black sisal straw, left, is trimmed with a white straw applique in the form of a bow

Courtesy Gage Bros.



Sweater and skirt. They never go out. They are practical, youthful—all the nice things. The skirt is French spun zephyr in all the new shades. The sweater comes either striped or in a hand-blocked pattern. The two, \$16.50

Courtesy Anathan & Co. 1

evening gown. And if you are really worried about long skirts, and still don't like them, notice that this skirt is transparent to the knees and draw your own conclusions.

Directly opposite, you'll observe one of the new spring evening wraps. It's short and sweet, which is as it should be. Of a perfectly exquisite green transparent velvet, it will add distinction and grace to your wardrobe for a mere song.

Flowered chiffon has been smart for years. It is still smart. I presume the designers can think of nothing more generally flattering. For an extremely feminine season, certainly, nothing could be more correct. Take,

"What Enchanting New Packages

say **FOUR**
Lovely Users



of **DAGGETT and RAMSDELL**



Virginia Snyder

"I think the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages the very smartest things I've seen," says Virginia Snyder, whose beauty has been praised by many artists. "I don't know which I like better. The porcelain jars with their gleaming silvery tops and black and silver monogram done in the modern manner, or the crystal clear bottles that are as practical as they are decorative. I'm proud to have them on my dressing table."



Anita DeVries

The striking beauty of Anita DeVries commands instant admiration in smart gatherings in New York, Paris and her native England. Her husband, John DeVries, famous New York artist, is the designer of these new packages. "Certainly Daggett and Ramsdell products are worthy to be dressed in the best containers artistry can devise," says Mrs. DeVries, "for in all these forty years no finer cosmetics have ever been made."



Leila Hyams

Leila Hyams, beautiful blonde M-G-M star, says, of the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages, "How lucky for millions of users that Daggett and Ramsdell chose to celebrate their fortieth anniversary with these enchanting new containers... they're perfectly stunning... as fine as the wonderful creams and lotions that come in them... and best of all their price is well within the cosmetic budget of the average girl."



Faye Copeland

These new packages are already very much at home in Mrs. Copeland's modernistic pent-house overlooking Central Park in New York. "I've always loved these products," she says, "and their 1930 dress just suits them. Particularly I adore the Debutante Kit. It contains enough of the three famous creams and Vivatone for several complete facials. Send 50 cents to Daggett and Ramsdell for it. It's a bargain!"

These are the original Daggett and Ramsdell Products in new modern dress. The products themselves have in no way been changed. They are, and always have been, scientifically made of the finest and best ingredients obtainable following the formulae that have been found to agree with the greatest number of skins.

W. B. Daggett **FOUNDER**

The **DEBUTANTE KIT** SPECIAL OFFER 50 CENTS



DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. H3
2 Park Avenue, New York

Enclosed find 50 cents for The Debutante Kit

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

The Lost Turquoise

[Continued from page 34]

can't stand it in the bush. You've seen what it does to them, and so have I. Kay isn't going to sacrifice herself for the sake of a worthless rotter who was kicked out of the American Club for cheating, and who mixed up with a native woman—"

"Ben!"

"That's a damn lie!"

The two voices spoke simultaneously. Hilary Jason made some movement with his clenched hands. Perhaps he wouldn't have struck, but Hadley came from a country where men do not make futile, threatening gestures.

His fist shot out squarely into the other's face. A dull impact—a scream—a crumpled body—and Hadley was standing over the unconscious form of the man he had knocked down. There was a stunned, terrible silence.

Then Kay was on her knees beside the fallen Jason. His head was against her breast. She was frantically crying his name, "Hilary! Hilary!" She looked up at Benson Hadley.

"You—you beast!" she said slowly and distinctly.

Sanity came back to him then, but it was too late.

"No, Kay—listen—I'm sorry, but you don't realize the kind of man he is. I went crazy when I saw you in his arms. I'm sorry Kay."

"Go away!" He had never heard her speak like that before—"And never try to see me again. I didn't know before. I wasn't sure. But now I know. Why you're nothing but a brute. You'd knock down a man who has been sick, you'd call him vile names because you're jealous. You have no human comprehension of what love means. I wouldn't marry you any more than I would marry a wolf. You're a beast—a beast!"

The man in her arms stirred. His eyes opened.

She gave a little cry. Her lips went down on his forehead.

Somehow Ben Hadley stumbled from the house. The rest of the day and night were a blank. And the next day, when he called again, grim, white-faced, determined that she should hear his apology, she had gone.

The weeping maid had told him that there had been a terrible scene the night before between Turquesa and her father. A terrible, violent scene, with the old gentleman shouting and pounding the table, and afterwards Hilary Jason had called at the house and Turquesa had gone away with him.

THE little train bumped on. The hot, lush breath of the jungle came in through the open windows. The wheels were clattering out a monotonous rhythm. It was as if they said, "Lost Turquoise! Lost Turquoise! Lost Turquoise!"

Benson Hadley had come down to Guatemala to find her. It was two years since that night when she had pressed Hilary Jason's bruised face against her breast and cried out that she would go with him. Two years since she had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened to swallow her! Hadley knew that Old Man Minster had tried to trace her and failed. And it was only by chance that he himself had been put into possession of the clue that he was following, hoping doggedly that it would lead him to the woman he loved and had lost.

An American construction engineer, employed a year ago in survey work on the slopes of Santa Maria, had mentioned a certain coffee finca far back in the "bush."

"A queer place that was," he had said musingly. "The owner was a white man,

but he wasn't the least bit enthusiastic about giving me *posada* for the night, even though my mules had gone over a cliff with all my packs on them. Good looking chap, but queer. Made excuses about the place being under repair, and a lot of rot like that. Urged the loan of mules to take me down to Tecumaya, and under the circumstances, there was nothing I could do but accept his offer.

"There was a native woman there too. I thought that might explain his feeling about having me there for the night. But the queerest thing of all was, that just as I was riding away, I happened to look back and a white woman came out of the house. She was a beauty, and no mistake. Hair the color of gold—the kind you read about in books, but hardly ever see. Blue eyes too I think she had, even though I was pretty far away. It looked as if she were coming after me, but he wouldn't let her. I'm no mind reader, but I'd have bet a million dollars he was telling her that I was in a hurry to get on. The last thing I saw was the woman with a kind of golden blur around her face, standing there staring after me, looking as if she wanted to call—"

"Tecumaya, Señor!"

The courteous little brown conductor announced the name of the station as if it had been put there especially for the benefit of the single first-class passenger.

Hadley thanked him in the same manner. The train moved clattering and puffing away, and became a speck in the distance. The heat of the lowlands enveloped him. Hot, golden sunshine, dense green verdure—already the cicadas were sounding their eternal metallic chant deep in the shadows—jungle country. The country that hid somewhere a lost turquoise!

Hadley bargained with the German owner of a straggling coffee finca nearby for mules and an arriero, a mule driver. And all the rest of the day he rode through hot, lush greenery, where gigantic corosa palms stroked the blue of the sky with stiff, rattling fingers.

The Lucky Curve

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

I REACHED for a lucky instead of a sweet,
And I wished I'd not reached quite so far
For my faith in the ads, that was once so complete,
Is far from that now, very far.

Because I was thinning, my husband eloped
With a blonde full of curves and desserts
And so the results were not all that I hoped
But this is the angle that hurts:

The charmer, though fair, I insist wasn't fair.
I've met disillusion; folks do,
I think for my luncheon I'll have an éclair—
No, on second thoughts, waiter, bring two!

It was on the fourth day that he came to a place where coffee trees grew under the thick shade of banana plants. A tiled roof house of stained adobe that had once been rose color, was set back among the trees. There was no sign above the gate. He dismounted, and strode up the short path to the shaded *portales* that encircled the house. The door was open. He stood there for a moment uncertainly.

Suddenly he heard his name cried out in a voice like a sob of happiness.

"Ben! Oh, Ben. Is it really you?"

Then she was in his arms. So swiftly, so naturally, that neither he nor she knew in what instant their lips met and clung. Only his arms tightened about her, holding her as if they would never release her. And he was saying over and over just the one syllable of her name, "Kay, Kay!"

He looked then at her face, and a barb turned in the open wound that was his soul. For of the vivid beauty that had once been hers, little remained. It was as if the life in her had been sapped out, leaving a shrunken white shell. And even the blueness of her eyes had changed. The dreamy, childlike quality had gone out of them.

He tried to speak naturally.

"It's great to see you, Kay. Tell me, are you—are you well?"

"Yes, oh, yes. I am well. The climate agrees with me perfectly. I must tell Hilary you're here. He'll be so glad to see you."

But Hadley caught her hands.

"Don't Kay!" he said very low. "Don't try to pretend to me! We don't have to pretend with each other. You know I came down here to find you. I had to. If you're happy, Kay, all you have to do is tell me so, and I'll go back. But I've got to know the truth. Your father wants to know—he deserves to know that much."

She opened her lips twice to speak a falsehood. He knew it. But his level gray eyes, compelling hers, forbade the utterance of the words. "Ben—" it was only a whisper at last—"I'm his wife. I made the decision—I'll stick with it."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure." The harsh, rasping voice struck them like a stone. Hilary Jason stood at the corner of the *portales* in dirty riding clothes, gun at hip.

It was with a shock that Hadley realized that this loose-lipped, unshaven man was the immaculate, boyish-faced Hilary Jason of two years ago. The tropics had had their way with him. It was easy to see that he had not cared to resist.

"And damn nice of you—" this to Hadley—"to be so solicitous about another man's wife."

Hadley forced himself to smile, to fight down the rising madness in him.

"Kay and I are old friends," he said. "And her disappearance wasn't exactly pleasant for those of us who are fond of her back home. After all, her father and the friends of the family are entitled to know something about her welfare and happiness. That's why I'm here."

Hilary Jason came closer. His eyes were not nice to contemplate.

"Ah, yes? And now that you're here, and have found out what you want to know, you'll be leaving us immediately, I suppose?"

Turquesa's voice cut in sharply.

"Hilary! Of course he won't be leaving us immediately! He's going to stay for—oh, just as long as ever he can! Oh, Ben, I do so want to know about everything at home."

Hilary Jason only glared and clapped his hands sharply.

A dark-skinned native woman came out of the house at the signal. She wore a beautifully embroidered *huipil*, or blouse, with the homespun full-gathered skirt that the mountain Indians affect. But her hair, instead of hanging down in braids, or being

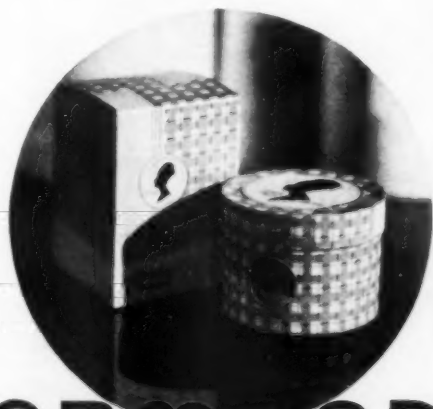
"Sweetheart gown" by Stein & Blaine, Inc. Pendant necklace by Crichton & Co., Ltd. Complexion by Armand!



now—with skins more ravishing
and styles more revealing . . .

ladies, look to your husbands!

Armand Cold Cream Powder, in your choice of becoming tints, \$1. Armand Cleansing Cream, 50c and \$1.25.



ARMAND
CLEANSING CREAM COLD CREAM POWDER

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Who can turn their backs on the new evening fashions?

Your fair self emerging like a flower from the silk of your gown! What vision is so alluring—what charm so compelling to mankind! But Paris has made a very definite pronouncement about this feminine style trend.

With the new clothes, the new complexion!

Today your skin must be more warmly alive—more lusciously soft, more mellow and creamy in tone. The texture must be tempting—"touchable." And the one powder for this perfect finish is Armand's blend with the cold cream base!

The magic is in the consistency—and in the way you use this richer powder. No dabbing it on! You smooth the powder on a clean puff—then blend it, tone it, into the texture of the skin. Take time to do this thoroughly and Armand's will reward you by looking better and staying on hours longer than any powder you've ever known!

This is your all-day and evening beauty. At night, purge and refresh the pores with Armand Cleansing Cream. You'll love its delicacy—the way it wipes away with no heavy film remaining. And it sends you to sleep wrapped in orange-blossom fragrance! Sold at beauty counters everywhere.

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wound around her head with a colorful *cinla* of woven silk, was piled up in a clumsy attempt at a European coiffure. Also she wore shoes and stockings. And her manner, while silent and submissive, had in it a trace of intimacy towards Hilary Jason that did not escape Hadley.

"Whiskey!" commanded Jason.

She disappeared inside the house.

"That is Anna," Turquesa said with an effort. Hadley knew that she was trying to make conversation, to carry off an unbearable situation.

He knew who the woman was, now, and what she was—or had been—to Jason. And Jason knew that he knew. Only Turquesa's unbelievable innocence and faith had kept her ignorant of the shameful truth.

Hilary Jason suddenly went white. His eyes were wild, scared, desperate eyes. He reached out and caught at a post.

"Turquesa," he mumbled. "I feel sick. I've been riding in the heat all day. Come in and put cold packs on my head, will you?"

Instantly she was beside him, all solicitude. Her thin, white hands moved anxiously over his hot, dirty forehead and rumpled hair. They went into the house together.

HADLEY did not see her again until dinner time. The evening meal, eaten by candle light in the long, bare room with its white-washed walls and tiled floor was a strained, melancholy affair. Both Turquesa and Hadley tried to enliven it with bantering, impersonal conversation. But Jason sat glooming, still unshaven, still in his dirty, stained riding clothes, his blood-shot eyes hanging like leeches on every word and expression of the other two. The Indian woman came and went, shuffling awkwardly with the dishes of food.

The night was hot and sultry, with flashes

of lightning and rumblings of sullen, ominous thunder coming nearer and nearer. A mountain storm was hovering above the slopes of the Volcan.

Hadley saw Turquesa's white face grow rigid. Her thin hands on the chair clenched until the knuckles seemed to strain through the flesh. She had always been afraid of storms, he remembered. But when she caught his eyes fixed on her face, she tried to smile.

ASUDDEN blinding flash cut across the darkness of the outer world like a cleaving blade of fire. A horrible, ear-splitting crash followed it. A demoniacal torrent of wind and rain swept out of the night and extinguished the candles. Hadley saw Turquesa's hands go up to her face. She swayed in her chair, and he caught her just as the darkness enveloped them.

He heard Jason cursing and calling for lights. Anna came running with fresh candles. Her black eyes were apathetic, even when she saw Turquesa lying crumpled up in the strange white man's arms.

Then Jason came around the table, his face livid with hatred.

"Take your hands off her, you—you woman stealer!" he mouthed.

The red mist that once before had been Hadley's undoing, was surging up in him like a boiling tide. But he fought it down. The sweat stood out on his forehead as he said with icy calmness, "Don't be a fool, Jason, I kept her from falling, that is all."

"You were keeping her from falling this afternoon, too, I suppose, when she was in your arms?" The man's voice was cracked and shrill, near to breaking.

"That was unintentional. You know I love Kay. I've never made any secret of it. Will you tell Anna to get some water, or shall I?"

Jason spat out an angry order in Ger-

man. The native woman shuffled obediently out. The livid face came closer.

"Look here, Hadley," his voice was almost drowned out by the thunderous roar of the rain on the roof, "you're leaving this place tonight! Do you hear? You knocked me down once when you were the master, didn't you, because I had something you wanted? You took advantage of me because you were stronger? Well this time, I'm the master! This is my place! You'll leave tonight and you won't take my wife with you!"

Hadley gripped the back of the chair. He must not go mad again—he must not! Turquesa's eyes were fluttering weakly open.

"Jason, you're killing her! Can't you see it? You *must* see it! She'll stick to you because she's your wife, because she's a slave to duty and loyalty and pity. She's given you everything a woman can give a man—her youth, her beauty, her life! Do the decent thing by her now before it's too late! Let her go back for awhile, and I swear that neither her father nor I will say one word to keep her away from you."

THE wildness of the storm came howling down the mountain side in a shrieking gale. There were ripping crashes, as of tiles being stripped from the roof. And above the screaming of the wind, the other man's voice rose in a crescendo of madness.

"I'll not let her go back! She's mine, do you hear? Mine! You think you're going to make me lose her! You're going to tell her things! But you won't—you won't—because I'm going to kill you!"

Hadley saw the flash of the heavy gun as it came out of the holster. And he leaped for it! The bullet hurtled upward, grazing his right shoulder! Stunned, he reeled backward against the table. The branched candlestick overturned, spraying yellow flames across the cluttered table.

From Frank Leslie's Weekly, 1872



The giddy girls of the Dorcas Browning Club are leaving Grandma Smith's house after a tea debauch. A 12-cylinder bustle to the bright child who can pick out grandma!



Will you pay half the usual price for *white, lovely* teeth?

WOULDN'T you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

Wouldn't you like to experience that delightful feeling of mouth exhilaration that you associate with the use of Listerine itself?

And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



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Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is \$3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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DOES YOUR NAIL POLISH EVER DECEIVE YOU AT A PARTY?



**GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY
PLANNED TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN ELEC-
TRIC LIGHT. SUNLIGHT OR CANDLELIGHT**

LUMINOUS as a pearl, exactly right in color—and constantly smart. That's Glazo! A polish for the nails that never under any lights changes its beautiful tone and texture.

Many nail polishes, as you probably have found, play tricks in evening light. Beauty flees from fingertips that in the sun were lovely.

The Color of Your Nails Was Never so Important!

Lighting conditions cause many a woman to view her nails with disappointment. Sometimes, electric light drains a polish of color, sometimes it produces a yellow tinge or a strange lavender hue. But Glazo, and Glazo alone, remains immune to lighting effects—its clear, modish color never changes.

Flooding sunlight, candlelight, brilliant electricity find Glazo equally charming.

As a startling proof of Glazo's constancy of color under all lights, do your nails with Glazo exactly as you want them, under daylight.

Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine carefully. Glazo will have the same tone it had in the sun!

And we challenge you to find another polish that will pass this test with flying colors!

Glazo's chic finish lasts a week and often longer. It wears evenly without cracking or peeling and gives, as long as it is on your nails, a delicate and natural sparkle. So thin and smooth is the covering film of Glazo that it seems to be as much a part of the nail as the lights in a pearl or the bloom of an amethyst.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its unchanging color is a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under all conditions of light. And with Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters and the price is 50¢. Glazo Remover in single packages is 25¢.

If you would like to try the Glazo color test, send six cents with the coupon below for a generous sample.

Coupon

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GS30
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☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely, Eloquent Hands."

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Turquesa's voice rose in a cry of agony. "Ben, Ben, are you hurt? Where are you, Ben?"

A jagged lightning flash flung the room into brief, terrible clarity. Turquesa's anguished face—her outstretched hands—Jason swaying with legs wide apart—the gun lifting in his hand to fire again—murder in his eyes—and in the kitchen doorway, Anna, the Indian woman, a bowl of water in her hands, motionless—waiting—

Hadley ducked, as the second bullet spat fire, leaping straight at the swaying body. A quick jerk, and the gun went spinning across the room!

Again the macabre glare of the lightning! Jason was underneath him for the moment, battering up at him with flaying fists. In the wild flickering of the lightning's ray, he saw Turquesa's face as a fantastic blur somewhere above him. The crouched blot of color was the Indian woman, down on her knees, reaching, groping for something on the floor!

Blackness once more. Hadley's fingers relaxed for the briefest instant, but it was enough. He was flung down on the floor, face upward. Jason was upon him, knees crushing into his chest, wild, clawing hands closing down around his throat—

The sharp spitting of a bullet slashed through the roaring of the wind and the rain. Hadley felt the maniacal body above him go suddenly limp. And in the next blinding flash of storm fire he saw through glazed eyes, the face of the Indian woman, contorted with horror—the smoking gun clenched in her hand. She was crying out something, over and over in Cakichel—

"He laughed, the white man laughed! I thought he was killing you, my man, my master—my husband!"

From somewhere a stable boy and the arriero came running with lanterns. There was a swimming blur of confusion and noise. Benson Hadley's brain was reeling.

THERE was sunlight, flickering through cool green spaces. From somewhere the soft murmur of wind among the leaves, and the muted magic of a bird song. He thought he had died. It was heaven, because Turquesa was there, bending over him.

His eyes asked a mute question. He had to know. She understood, and answered it.

"Hilary is—dead. Poor Hilary, who never had the courage to look life in the face—" she hesitated. There was a crimson flush in the pallor of her wan face. "Ben, do you remember how you said that you and I didn't have to pretend with each other? You needn't try to keep me from knowing that—that I was not his wife. Anna told them everything. Her father made him marry her, then gave him this coffee finca. And she—oh, Ben how she must have suffered when—when he brought me here. Yet she endured it, because his word was law to her. I'm doing all I can for her. I've cabled Dad for money, and money goes a long way down here in getting people off. I'm going to take care of her if she'll let me."

Hadley could not speak. He closed his eyes to keep tears from surging upward from the deep wells of adoration in his heart. Not one word of blame for the man who had shamed her, only pity for him, and for the woman who had been his chattel.

"Kay—" weakly he reached out and found her hand. "Kay, I'm always going to need you to teach me goodness and gentleness. My strength has been my weakness. Kay, don't ever go away from me—promise me!"

"Ben, dearest—" her voice was trembling with something he had never heard in it before—"I've always been yours. Only I let myself be carried away by something that was not love."

Her eyes were like jewels set in white and gold. Like turquoise—turquoise that had been lost in the heart of the jungle, and at last had been found again.

Your Own Room

[Continued from page 72]

dresser or dressing table. Just one lamp on one side won't do either, for then your mirror presents only one side of the picture.

If you use the wall brackets either side of your dresser, be sure that the bulbs are strong and use pretty shades that are adjustable or removable.

THE colors for lamp shades that are most effective and beautiful are rather light and neutral in tone. That is, an ecru or beige is better than a brown. Parchment in its natural color is pleasing and any of the tones that run from that to ivory are usable. Yellow, if not so glaring as the pumpkin, is good, and from that to palest cream. Pale flesh pink or peach or apricot will give you a good light, but avoid rose, deep peach that is almost henna, or any tone that runs toward dark red.

You know, of course, that all artificial light is slightly yellow and changes your color scheme accordingly. Yellow and purple tones just destroy each other and give you only mud color. Beware of any gray tones that will look flat and uninteresting when the light shines through them.

When selecting lamp shades or even materials for shades, always try them over a lighted bulb. For while a lamp and shade are just decorative accessories by day, they are the most noticeable points in any room at night.

Odd close-fitting shades on table lamps may give a nice diffusion of light, but no direct light such as you get from a wide-spreading shade.

Eccentric shades are seldom good, for they are not beautiful in themselves and do cut down the light. It seems a safe principle to follow that the simpler the shade the better.

There are three types of lamps shown on page 72 which seemed particularly suited to your own room. The dark brown pottery base is so sturdy and yet so pleasing in form that the patterned shade is excellent contrast. Such a lamp could be used on a table beside an easy chair or on a secretary desk that is modern in design. The colors are soft brown, green and a bit of red, painted on the natural shantung. This type of lamp is particularly well suited to the double-duty room of a business girl.

SOMETIMES two lamps are sufficient for a small room, if they are placed on different sides but no room can be well lighted by one lamp in one corner.

Quite different in type and yet equally modern in spirit is the tall slender lamp at the left. Graduated tubes of nickel form the stem, and the base (deep enough for an ash tray) is of white enamel. The plain parchment shade is quite as severe as the metal tubing and is banded with nickel. This type of shade spreads the light and gives a warm, becoming glow. Such a lamp has many uses, and with a taller stem and smaller shade would provide excellent light for a modernistic dressing table.

The third lamp harks back to another generation for it is an old-fashioned oil lamp presented in a modern guise. The burnished copper base is reminiscent of the old jugs and pots of our great-grandmothers, and the delicately curved handle is decorative as well as useful. The parchment shade is painted with a familiar scene and the soft colors make it practical for almost any room. If you need the dull glow of old copper to complete your color scheme, this is one delightful way to secure it. Lamps of this type are extremely ornamental and serve as supplementary light in a room that has other lamps for more positive light.



Now in Colors—Kleenex comes in dainty tints of pink, green and yellow . . . and white, of course, if you prefer. The box is a marvel of ingenuity which hands out 2 sheets at a time.

try the Kleenex way to remove cold cream

YOU know with what infinite care great beauty specialists preserve the delicate texture of the skin. No hard massage . . . but gentle *patting* . . . when creams are applied. No stretching or rubbing of the skin when creams are removed.

Instead, a gentle blotting up of surplus cream . . . with super-absorbent Kleenex.

Every woman, in her own home, should use this same scrupulous care if she wishes to preserve her skin's firmness and freshness . . . and youth. It is really so easy.

Kleenex is so gentle, so dainty. You just hold it to your face, and *blot* up the oil and cream. All the dirt and cosmetics come, too, leaving the pores really clean.



Thousands of people consider Kleenex far more sensible than handkerchiefs. It's especially fine to use when there's a cold. You use it once, then discard it. The cold germs are discarded, too . . . instead of being stuffed back into a pocket or purse. Kleenex makes it easier to keep from infecting others, and re-infecting yourself.

Once in your home, you'll find countless uses for Kleenex. It comes in dainty colors, or white, if you prefer. The package is a marvel of ingenuity, which hands out two sheets automatically.

Buy Kleenex at any toilet goods counter.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building,
Chicago, Illinois. SS-3

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

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Address.....

City.....

Kleenex
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

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Now~
a marvelously better way



TO REVEAL THE FULL BEAUTY OF YOUR EYES!

Every woman who cares for the charm of shadowed, sweeping lashes, is adopting this marvelous method...

Smart, sophisticated women, who have tried many eyelash beautifiers—seeking the ideal—come eventually to Winx. For two reasons:

Winx keeps eyelashes soft—when you follow directions carefully, Winx never cakes nor clots—just gives a shade of emphasis to the natural loveliness of your lashes. And the lashes never get hard—the effect is always soft, silky.

Winx gives a wholly natural effect. No artificial, "stagey" look—just the deepened expression and irresistible fascination of your own eyes.

Winx comes in liquid form, absolutely water and tear proof, —or cake—to suit your toilette.

Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

WINX

For Lovely Lashes

New! Winx in cake form!

You'll adore the smart new silvery Winx compact! Nothing else like it. And when you open it, press your nail ever so slightly into the cake of Winx. See how soft and yielding it is. It will be just as soft, just as smooth on your eyelashes. A charming, convenient handbag accessory!

Manhattan Nights

[Continued from page 23]

table. To Peter's surprise, Tack didn't pass him, but stopped, saying thickly:

"Hello! I know you! Wait—I got it! Peter Wayne—Sheffield, weren't you? S'long time since I've seen you. How are you, Pete?"

"Fine," said Peter. "I didn't think you'd know me. How're they breaking for you, Tack?"

"Fair to rotten." His voice broke, with the appalling suggestion of coming tears that you hear, sometimes, in the voice of a man who's been drinking hard for days. "Here, come along."

He pulled Peter to his feet.

"Look out—what goes on?" said Peter, trying to pull away. But, though Tack might be going to seed, there was enough of him left to handle Peter, who found himself over at the bar before he knew what was afoot. He saw Martha's angry eyes, and her tight, scornful young lips.

"Out o' the game," said Tack. "Puttin' in sub-substitute. May I—I present Mr. Wayne, Mrs. Thayer? Knew him N' Haven. An'—oh, yes—Mr. Ross, Mr. Wayne." He lowered his voice. "Have to watch Ross, Pete."

"Tack, you beast!" said Martha. "Will you go home, if you're going?"

"Home?" said Tack. "Sure. I got a home. Who says I haven't? American home, bul-bulwark o' nation! Vive la France!"

And then he went, without another word.

"I'M SORRY, Mr. Wayne," said Martha.

"Take Tack's stool and have a drink, won't you?" And, so low that only Peter could hear, "Please!"

Peter stayed, of course. Any one hearing the urgent, pleading note in her voice must have stayed.

"Get me some cigarettes, please, Evan," said Martha.

"Oh, wait!" he said. "The girl'll be around in a minute—"

"But I want some now," said Martha. Ross went off, rather sulkily, and Martha grinned at Peter, like a mischievous small girl. "I wanted to get rid of him," she explained.

She was looking at him. He'd never known anything quite like that queer, swift appraisal. It lasted only a few seconds; then she nodded.

"I think we're going to be friends," she said. "I was looking at you, when you were sitting over there alone, and I was wishing I knew you. You see—I haven't—I can't explain, now, but I need some one, quite terribly, to do something for me, and there just isn't time for us to make friends conventionally first. We can do all that sometime later, can't we?"

"Why—er—yes," said Peter.

"Good," she said. "Then—will you take me home? Now? If Tack really has gone home and I turn up with Evan there'll be a frightful row."

She slipped down from her stool and took his arm, and they started for the door. They met Ross, coming back, as they passed through, and Peter saw that while he did look annoyed, he wasn't at all surprised.

"I'm leaving," said Martha, as she took the cigarettes from his hand. "Go back and stay a while, will you, Evan? I'll call you in the morning. Good night."

"Good night," said Ross. He went on back to the bar. Peter supposed he was used to Martha. There was something thrilling and exciting about her; about her voice, and the way she moved, and her way of issuing commands. He stopped at the check room for his things, and when he

looked around Martha was talking to the fat man who stood guard by the elevator door.

Peter had never liked that man's looks, and he liked them less than ever just then, but the elevator came up at that moment, and they went out and found a taxi.

"This is another thing I want you to do for me," Martha said, in the cab. "Take this, please."

She slipped a bracelet into his hand, a lovely, costly thing of diamond and emerald.

"I want you to go back, after you've taken me home, and give this to that man I was talking to, by the elevator. Will you? He'll be expecting you, and he knows what it's all about." She hesitated. "I couldn't give it to him myself, there were too many people about."

"But—" said Peter.

"Oh, please—please—" There was a note of sheer desperation in her voice that silenced him. "I can't help myself, and I can't explain now. I will, later—and I think you'll understand. But—oh—I promised to give him five hundred dollars tonight, and I couldn't, and I've got to let him keep this till I can—"

"Just a second," said Peter. "I'm not going to argue. You're sure you've got to do this?"

"Yes, I am," she said, very quietly.

"All right, then," said Peter. "Keep your bracelet. I'll get five hundred dollars before Teckla's closes, and give it to him. But I won't give that mutt a bracelet that any number of people would recognize as yours if they saw it!"

He held out the bracelet, and, after a moment, she took it from him.

"But—why?" she said. "Why should you do that for me, Peter Wayne?"

"Because I'm the same sort of fool you are, I expect," he said. "That's reason enough for now, anyway. Take it or leave it. I'll give him the money, and gladly. But not the bracelet."

"Oh, I'll let you—and thanks!" she said.

When the cab stopped, Peter went up to the roof with her. The pent house was lighted up, and Peter heard a piano as they stepped out of the elevator. In the living room, with every window open, and an autumn gale blowing in on him, sat Tack in pajamas, playing Chopin's Revolutionary Etude—and playing it magnificently.

Martha began closing the windows at once, and Peter helped her. Tack paid no attention to them; he played on, until, with the last, crashing chords filling the room, he turned and saw them.

"Hello!" he said. "Have a drink, Pete!"

Peter had passed up Tack's offer of a drink, that first night, and gone along. He stopped off, cashing checks at various places. When he got back to Teckla's the fat man was expecting him, sure enough. He seemed a little surprised at getting cash instead of the bracelet—a little disappointed, too, Peter thought, but he made no comment.

PETER, with his somewhat old-fashioned standards, would have laughed, first, and then grown distinctly angry, if you had suggested to him that he might fall in love with a married woman, and, especially, with the wife of a man he himself knew. That was one of the things a man didn't do. His code forbade it, therefore it couldn't happen to him.

So he didn't have the faintest idea, the night he met Martha Thayer, that he was done for; that he was already in love with her when they rode eastward in that decrepit, rickety taxi and he made her take back her bracelet and promised to give the

oily, unpleasant man at Teckla's five hundred dollars in her behalf.

She called him up, the morning after his meeting with her—the same morning, rather. He was still asleep when she telephoned, about half past ten. She laughed at his sleepy voice when he answered her, and at his confused and unconvincing protests that he'd been up for hours.

"Want to feed me lunch?" she said. "I owe you an explanation—as well as a few other trifles! About one o'clock?"

"I'd love to," he said. "But—you know—about all that—you don't have to explain—and as for the other—there's not the least bit of hurry."

"Oh, I'd rather, thanks!" she said. "Both ways! Where do you want to have lunch? Some quiet place, where we can talk."

But he was no good at all when it came to thinking up quiet places where one could talk; he had no experience of the sort that develops such knowledge in a man. She chuckled at his feeble suggestions; named a place herself, finally—Romi's, in the Fifties.

"Tell them you know Tack, and they'll let you in," she said. "But I won't be late. Being on time is about my only virtue, you'll find."

THEY came very near to meeting outside Romi's. She rang the bell, in fact, as he was getting rid of his hat and coat. They found a secluded table and ordered lunch.

"Here you are," she said, and pushed a check across the table toward him. "I'm ever so grateful. You were perfectly right, of course—giving Benny that bracelet would have been an asinine thing to do. It—it's bad enough as it is—"

He had, just for a moment, and for the first time, a clear realization, then, from the catch in her voice, that she really was in a desperately serious jam of some sort. She must have seen the concern in his eyes; she laughed her deep, throaty laugh.

"It's all right!" she said. "Don't look so tragic, my dear! The creature hasn't got hold of any compromising letters of mine, or anything like that!"

"I never thought—" he began, stiffly. "I wouldn't blame you, whatever you thought!" she said. "I've got into a silly mess, and I'll have to wangle my way out of it. You helped a lot, last night."

Then, abruptly, she changed the subject; seemed, too, quite definitely, to pass from one mood to another.

"Tack's quite mad about you," she said. "I scarcely know him!" he protested. "Well, it seems you got him out of some mess at New Haven, and he's always been grateful—"

Peter laughed. He did vaguely remember. He'd been at a road house, down toward Milford, one night, and a gang of freshmen had been involved in a row. He'd helped to straighten it out, and later, when the college authorities were investigating, he'd been able to help again. Peter had been the sort of undergraduate whose word went a long way with faculty committees.

"You seem to be the sort of man who's always talked about whenever two or three Yale men get together, anyway," said Martha. "I've heard about you, now that I come to think of it." She chuckled. "If I'd remembered, I'd never have dared to ask you to help, last night. They made you sound like a scoutmaster or a settlement worker, or something like that."

"I'm not!" he said, indignantly. "My dear, don't you suppose I know you're not?" said Martha. "Didn't my spirit call to yours, across the vasty deep of Teckla's bar? You're a bad man who's never had a chance in life! New York'll put you wrong in no time. Are you busy tonight?"

"No," said Peter and the swift readiness with which he lied ought to have warned him. He was supposed to be dining at his



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sister's, but, hang it, if a man couldn't upset his own sister's dinner table, what could he do?

"You're dining with us, then—on the roof. About eight. We're going on, later, to the Kendall party, so you'd better wear a white tie."

MARTHA left him, abruptly, half a block from Romi's, at three o'clock, and he dropped in at his sister Carol's to make his excuses. She saw through Peter's transparently inadequate excuses at once, and was amused.

"Darling, of course it's all right!" she said. "I can get any one of a dozen men to fill in for you—and your bridge is abominable. I'm rather glad, really. It's time you began to be interested in girls. There really are some rather nice ones around, you know."

"Don't be silly," said Peter. "It's nothing like that—"

"All right, then, it isn't," said Carol, unmoved. "You can tell me where you are dining, though, if you like."

"With some people called Thayer, if you want to know. I knew the man in college."

"Tack Thayer?" said Carol, and frowned, just for a second. "He's a lot younger than you; I'd no idea you were at New Haven at the same time."

"Well, we were," said Peter.

"You ought to know," said Carol, ap-peasingly. "So they're still keeping up appearances, are they?"

"What do you mean by that?"

Carol opened her eyes wide and laughed. "I'm always forgetting you've been away!" she said. "Every one's expecting to hear that that marriage has crashed any day. Martha's mad about some boy—I forget his name. And Tack—well—what they say about him is nobody's business!"

"Meaning it's everybody's, I suppose," said Peter. "What a beastly town this is getting to be! I didn't know you'd turned gossip, though, Carol."

"I don't think I have, exactly," she said. "You're such a blue eyed innocent I like to let you know what's going on. That's all. Martha's a sweet child, but they've been in with a bad crowd, and—well—I'd just as soon you knew what you were getting into. Take it or leave it."

"Good Lord!" said Peter. "What do you mean, what I'm getting into? I'm dining with these kids, that's all. It hasn't occurred to me that I ought to come around and get you to tell me all the gossip there is about every house I dine at!"

"Quite," said Carol. "Still—you did lead me to think you were dining here tonight, and you're letting me know at tea time that you won't! Go your own gait, my dear. Only, if you want a bit of advice,



"You know, Godfrey, sometimes I wake up in the night feeling I just haven't a soul at all!"

go slow. Then you'll have no regrets."

Peter's reaction to that conversation was to wonder if there wasn't some one who could make Tack realize what he was heading for if he didn't stop drinking so much. As for Martha and Evan Ross—Carol had meant Evan Ross, of course—Peter simply didn't believe there was anything in it.

WHEN he arrived at the Thayers' at that comfortable moment which is neither early nor late, Tack was sober; all his charm was in evidence and Peter decided that the boy hadn't gone off as much as he had thought.

As for Martha, her sheer loveliness made Peter catch his breath. Every trace of sullenness was gone; she was a perfect hostess, gracious, cleverly cordial.

Evan Ross, though, was a link with the night before. He was standing by a window, talking to a tall, handsome girl, with full, red lips, and jet black hair, to whom Martha later introduced Peter as Sunya Zeitsoff. Jimmy Bronson and his wife sat over near the piano.

Kodi, the Thayers' Jap, was moving around with cocktails and rather marvelous canapés; Martha, with an eye on Ross and Sunya Zeitsoff, deliberately withdrawn from the general group, was leading the talk. She chose to make Peter its object, and though he usually hated that, he didn't, this time.

"What are you going to do next?" she said. "I've looked you up since last night, of course. I'd no idea you were so important."

"I'm not," he said, distinctly amused.

"Try and find out what he's going to do!" said Bronson. "The old man's given it up as a bad job, and so have half the tool steel people—eh, Wayne?" He turned to the others. "I ask you! Here's a man who can name his own price for fiddling about with new steel tempering processes and he tells every one to go to the devil so politely that they don't even get sore at him!"

"You keep on doing just that little thing, Pete," said Tack Thayer. "I tell you what—when you get ready to unload the next bag of tricks let me know and we'll get up a syndicate and freeze the soulless corporations out. How about it?"

"What'll you put in, darling?" said Martha. "I suppose you could get some of your creditors to back you, though—they'd be willing to take almost any sort of chance to help you to make enough money to pay them!"

It was trivial, of course, but for Peter it was disturbing; it was another sign of the smoldering hostility between those two. The night before Tack's condition had explained everything; tonight it was different, and somehow, worse. No one else seemed to notice and Peter was glad when a moment later, Betty Rogers came in, cheerfully apologetic for being late.

"So!" Betty said to Peter. "Last night I had to tell you who Martha was—and tonight! Didn't I tell you to stop looking at her? Didn't I? Ware wire, Peter! You have to know this country."

WHY did every one insist on warning him against Martha Thayer? Peter was, in spite of himself, becoming interested in this situation. He found himself watching Tack and Ross. The contemptuous dislike in Tack's eyes made him uneasy. He sensed, also, the existence of some undefined and probably secret, relation between Ross and Sunya. Put to it to make a guess, he would have suggested that the girl was deeply interested in Ross.

He was glad when dinner was over; he wanted to talk to Martha. But he was disappointed; for some reason or other she kept Ross beside her.

Peter danced with Betty and with Marian Bronson; then he joined a group that gathered around Tack, at the piano, singing.



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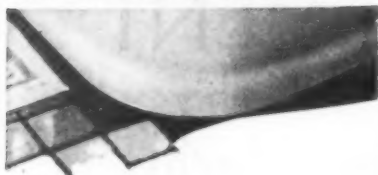
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Martha and Ross were over by the window near the fireplace, moody and remote. She was placing a cigarette in a long holder, when abruptly Tack brought both hands crashing down on the keys in a harsh, jangling discord, and got up.

"Fini!" he said. "I want a drink! Come on, Pete! Got something I want to show you!"

No one seemed surprised; no one paid any attention. Reluctantly, not knowing how to refuse, Peter let Tack lead him from the room. They went out on the roof, and stood by the parapet. Peter was admiring the lovely arch of Hell Gate bridge in the distance when Tack's voice called him back from his reverie.

"Easy enough—what, Pete?" he said. "One jump—and it's all over! Chap'd never know what'd hit him, would he? Settle the whole show for good and all! You'd sleep, anyway, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," said Peter, flatly. "What do you mean, you don't know?" "Just that," said Peter, steadily. "I don't. How can any one know, Tack? Who's ever come back to tell us what goes on—after a jump like that? What's that line in Hamlet—'That undiscovered country, from whose bourne, no traveller returns?' And, anyway—"

"Oh, I know!" said Tack. "Don't you worry, Pete. I'm not going to pop myself off. I'm not much good—but I'm no coward. I'll stick it out."

They were quiet for a while, then Tack's voice broke the silence again.

"You've got the right idea, Pete," he said. "Take it or leave it alone, that's you. Used to be that way myself, once. Long time ago, though. Don't let this town get you, now that you're back. It'll try." His voice was fierce, all at once. "Get to work, Pete! Don't you go slack, like the rest of us. There's nothing to it. I know!"

Peter, not knowing what to say, said nothing.

"Take Pete—" said Tack. "He's no good! He's a worm—he ought to be living under a flat stone, out in the woods, where it's damp and crawly. They'll tell you I'm jealous. I'm not. But he's no good. I know what I'm talking about."

"Me—I'm not much good, either. I've made a mess of things. Might have amounted to something—my own fault I didn't. Had all the chances any chap has coming to him, God knows! Martha—well, she's got it in for me, and I don't blame her. Martha's all right. You stick around, Pete. She likes you. So do I. Keep an eye on her. She'll listen to you, maybe. Me—she thinks I'm the dirt under her feet."

"Maybe I am. But I'm not a fool, the way she thinks. She's smart. But she gets fooled. They all do. The smarter they are, the harder they fall. I could tell you some things—I've a good mind to tell you—"

"Steady, Tack," said Peter. "Better not. Not now."

Tack turned to look at him. He laughed, harshly.

"You mean I'm drunk? Sure I'm drunk. I'll be a lot drunker before morning, too. Don't matter. Know what I'm talking about just as well's if I were sober. Have it your own way, though. I'll shut up. Come on. Let's go back. I want a drink."

PETER saw a good deal of Martha and Tack after that dinner on the roof. He dined with them rather often; he gave dinners and theater parties himself that, no matter how many people he might ask, were really for Martha. And everywhere he picked up stray bits of information about them.

Tack and Martha, if what Peter heard about them had any truth in it at all, must be living in the curiously precarious, hand to mouth fashion that is so amazingly common in New York among young couples of their sort. Their credit was good enough

for them to be constantly burdened with debt.

Tack was downtown, with Thayer, Hibben and Co., but Peter gathered that, in spite of his name, he had only a job, not a partnership. He had his salary, whatever that might be, and the income of a trust fund established for him by his father, who had been dead for some years. The Thayer fortune, which was a large one, hadn't descended to Tack yet. Whether or not it ever would depended wholly upon his mother, in whose strong and capable hands its control was vested.

"She's High Church and absolutely off divorce," said Betty. "That's where Martha's out of luck. Tack couldn't give her anything in the way of alimony if they split up."

As for Martha, while the circumstances of her relation to her family were wholly different, they led up to a strikingly similar result. Henry Cameron, her father, was, ostensibly, a rich man, but he was one of those rich men whose incomes never quite meet their expenditures. He and Martha's mother were divorced, and while they were both normally fond of Martha, they were both selfish and self-centered, and they weren't likely to do much of anything for her.

MEANTIME, it was getting harder and harder for Peter to keep up the illusion that his interest in Martha was centered on her mind.

They had rushed headlong into intimacy, of course. There'd been other luncheons at Romi's and such places. There was nothing clandestine about them. They both referred to them quite casually before Tack, who certainly never showed any resentment.

Over the lunch table they argued, quarreled, debated with one another about life—about abstractions and theories. Occasionally something broke down the wall they were both inclined to build up about realities.

There was one day when she was pale and worn, with deep violet shadows under her eyes. She looked dreadful, and some shocked comment was torn from him.

"Oh, I'm all right!" she said. "I look like the devil, I know. I didn't have any sleep, that's all. Tack—well, Tack was pretty bad last night."

"Isn't there anything to do about Tack?" he said.

"I don't know what!" she said. "He—I suppose he can't help it. We're in a treadmill, both of us, and we can't get out. Tack—well, Tack does get out, for a while, by getting tight. I can't. Liquor doesn't do so well by me."

"Martha—what's the matter?" Peter asked. "What happened to you and Tack? You—when you married him—you must have—"

"I was mad about Tack five years ago," said Martha. She raised her eyes and looked at him steadily. "*Tout casse, tout passe!* I'm fond of Tack—I think he's rather fond of me, in his way. But he never was in love with me. I only got him because another girl turned him down. We—well, we called it a day a long time ago."

Peter was thoughtful and worried after that talk. More than ever, he saw Tack as some one to be pitied; saw in him, too, a quality of strength he had, heretofore, completely missed. Peter was baffled and confused; his rather smug complacency was assailed; he wondered if, perhaps, life didn't hold some problems that had escaped his notice.

Then, one night, he was at Teckla's, and Martha came in with some people he didn't know very well. Tack wasn't with her, nor was Ross. She looked around; saw Peter, and came over.

"Have you got to stay with this crowd?" she whispered. "They seem to be getting ready to move on."

"No," he said, truthfully enough, though, by that time, he'd have committed any

crime in the social decalogue to please her. So, five minutes later, they found themselves, side by side, on two stools at the end of the bar, in a corner of the room—the only place in Teckla's perhaps, where two people could talk by themselves.

Not that they talked much at first. Martha looked as she had the first night he'd seen her. Her eyes were sullen; her beauty was dimmed and shadowed by a harsh and acrid mood. She was nervous and irritable; she snapped up Peter's attempts to make talk until he, too, grew silent.

"I'm sorry, Peter!" she said. "I'm beastly. I know it. I wouldn't blame you if you walked out on me."

"You know I won't," he said. "Anything the matter—specially, I mean?"

"Plenty," she said. "Don't ask me what. I don't want to talk about it."

THEY were still sitting there, still silent, when Evan Ross came in, with Sunya. Peter saw the sudden flame in Martha's eyes; the stiffening of her shoulders. And it was as if anger passed from her into him.

"I want to go home, Peter," she said. "Do you mind?"

He did mind, terribly! He disliked Ross, and he hated Sunya Zeitsoff. He didn't want them to be able to drive Martha from this place by coming into it. But he said nothing of all this.

"All right," was what he did say. He got the check, and paid it, and slid down from his stool. Without another word he and Martha went out. Benny, the fat man by the elevator, stared at them and that stare added fuel to the fire that was raging in Peter. They went down, and found a taxi, and all the way across town they didn't speak.

"Come on up," she said, when he hesitated, in the lobby. "I don't know whether Tack's home. I don't want to go in the house alone, anyway."

So he rode up with her. The pent house was lighted, but that meant nothing. Kodi knew that Martha hated coming into a dark house, and always left lights on when he went home. Tack was in, though; he was in the living room, hunched up in a chair. He got up stiffly as they entered.

"Hello!" he said. "Hello, Pete! 'S you, is it?"

"Yes, it's Peter. What of it," said Martha, dangerously.

"Nothing of it," said Tack. "Guess I'll go to bed. Good night."

"Good night, Tack," said Peter. Tack stared at Martha for a moment; then turned and walked, still unsteadily, from the room.

"Give me a cigarette, will you, please, Peter?" Martha said abruptly.

He found one of hers, in a box, and gave it to her; then, suddenly, all in a moment, as he held a light, something in him broke.

"Martha!" he said. "Oh, my dear, you can't go on this way!"

"What else am I to do?" she asked.

"You can't go on this way—you can't!" he said again. "Anything would be better than this. I—oh, what's the use? It's not as if you and Tack cared—as if either one of you cared! I wouldn't tell you then—but—Martha—don't you know I love you?"

"Peter, don't," she said. "I—yes, I know. I knew it before you did, I think. Peter this is the meanest thing I've ever done! I knew and I let you go on, because I needed you. When I knew, all the time, that I didn't care for you—when all the time I was in love with some one else—"

"But—" he said. "Tack—I thought—"

"Tack!" her voice rang out, almost hysterically. "Tack! Oh, no. No!"

"Martha, don't!" he said sharply. "You sound—it's as if what they said about you were true—about Ross—"

"But, my dear—of course it's true," she said.

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YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . . its gloss and lustre . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.



Leaves Your Hair Lovely and Alluring

remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.

A Real Likeness

[Continued from page 59]

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS NEW CLEAR LIQUID HAND LOTION



Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter and ask to see a bottle of Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. Note that it's a clear, sparkling, amber liquid . . . not creamy or gummy. Once you use it, you'll find that it penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly, is not the least bit sticky. And, you will soon learn too, that it's really marvelous for keeping the hands soft, white and satiny-smooth. Chamberlain's protects the pores like "an invisible glove," safeguarding as well as revealing beauty. At toilet goods counters, in two sizes, fifty cents and a dollar. Or, send coupon and we'll send our ten cent purse size FREE. Chamberlain Laboratories, 283 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

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Please send your ten cent purse size free.

Name

Address

City



have Remson bring us some bouillon. I want to talk to you a little while. You see I'm tremendously interested in helping you find the kiss in Colin's eyes, because you deserve it. And I want to talk with you about truth, in raiment and manner. You are attractive, vital, real, when you are your own honest self. Why do you grow as stilted as you were yesterday at Mrs. Santlee's, when you're with others?"

"I suppose I try to get into step—or follow the step I don't know—"

"Don't try to follow it."

"Be yourself, as you youngsters say?"

"Exactly. And wear your clothes; not one else's; be honest! Browns, tans; soft fabrics always; simple velvet frocks. At night, oranges, coppers, greens or one particular dull blue. It is found with your hair color in Oriental rugs—"

She was smiling at him; he did not know why, nor question. Most women smiled his way, but she was thinking of the tales she had heard of his flattering attention to his subjects; of how they poured out histories of their troubles into his sympathetic ears and of how he went with them to buy frocks. She had not expected him to treat her as he did the rest, and she was very much amused by his doing so.

"I'm going to go with you to a very nice little shop on Fifty-seventh Street," he promised, "and there we'll find, I think, the clothes that can and should be yours."

"That's very kind of you," she said, still smiling. How her father would have characterized this more than six-foot giant who would go with her to appraise gowns!

The next afternoon he went with her to the small shop, where he found that

school girl models suited her best and that she was going to cause a stir. As they waited, in a small room, she dropped to a red lounge. "Never get near that red," he broke out violently. "Why did you do it?"

She laughed. "Must I remember myself every second?"

"Yes. Every second. Perch on old blue or deep green. Choose straight backed, tall chairs that will lift your little feet from the floor. Fold your hands on your knees; look a school girl and you will find the kiss in Colin's eyes."

"Your obedient servant," she answered; but she smiled. She had not known it would be so amusing to have a portrait painted nor that it would involve so much of the master's time. Of course she had heard of his affairs, usually light and silly; but no one, she was certain, would bother to act that way with her.

TWO hours later they went into the street again; she in a tan coat with a beige fox collar and a small tan hat, pulled low.

"You lovely child!" he thought. "Have tea somewhere?" he asked.

"Haven't I taken too much of your time?" she questioned.

"Wrong answer," he stated. "You should have said, languidly, 'Oh, I don't know. What time is it, anyway? Perhaps.' And then I would tease. A man likes to stalk difficult game; and to suggest that he has already wasted time makes him feel that perhaps he has!"

"Oh, I don't know. What time is it anyway?" he heard, and in a delightful travesty, "Perhaps."

He put his hand beneath her arm to lead her, speedily, to his car.



"There you are, Dolly. Hold that pose. I hear him coming!"

When you write to advertisers please mention SMART SET MAGAZINE

He wanted to have tea with her. Going toward the drive he stopped at a florist's to get mignonette with a few forget-me-nots sprinkled in it. "Carry those," he said. "Good little girls carry flowers; their brazen, older sisters pin them to a shoulder."

She looked extremely juvenile as he again settled by her. He laughed suddenly, loudly. She was so refreshingly different. And he liked it! And he liked having tea with her—her revealing awkwardness about pouring it. She was so real. And she must not marry Morgan Santlee. He grew suddenly disturbed, thinking of it.

"Are you going to marry one of the Colins?" he asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"That, to be brutal, is my affair, isn't it?" she questioned in turn. She thought, realizing a new truth with a flash, "Because I am so much a fool as to love a man I can't respect." She looked at him, the man. "Quite true. I hoped—I hope—you won't marry Morgan Santlee."

"Morgan Santlee? That is a quaint idea." The scent of the mignonette she had laid on the table came suddenly to him, wafted by a warming April breeze. He inhaled it slowly and gratefully.

DURING her sixth sitting, Phil Briggs dropped in; an idle young man of the idle set with whom Nick had been playing. Up to this time, Nick had been mildly amused by Phil's dropping in. And the average sitter liked such invasions, especially from Phil, usually well known to them. But this day Nick frowned a trifle. Now he was really painting, and he did not want to stop.

"Phil Briggs," he said shortly, as he laid his brush down. "Know him?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Come in, if you must," Nick called. "but don't linger!"

Phil halted on the threshold, staring at Felicia. "Felicia March!" he said slowly.

Suddenly she smiled at Nicholas. "We have bagged the first one," she said.

"What?" Phil asked, still looking at her.

"Nothing that matters," Nick answered brusquely. But it did matter. He didn't want men staring at her that way. He picked up his brush. "If you don't mind, Phil—" he said, pointedly waiting.

"Certainly not. Charming host you are," Phil answered, still looking at Felicia.

"Erase that smile," Nick ordered a moment later and after Phil had gone.

"I can't!" she answered.

"Do you think you're going to get the satisfaction you expect from the various Colins' amorous eyes?" he asked slowly.

"Don't you think, if you had felt cold for years, you would like to warm your hands at a lovely fire?" she questioned of him.

She moved her head suddenly; a hairpin flew; a curl at her neck lost the spot where he had put it.

"Now look what you've done, you troublesome youngster!" he said. He stooped for the hairpin, pinned the curl back. Suddenly his fingers went a bit unsteady. The mignonette and her nearness were making him dizzy.

"Nicely done, Marie!" she said snippily.

"All right, you little red-headed devil. You think I'm feminine, don't you? But I'm going to show you a picture of a wet city street that will tell you a thing or two."

"How are you going to get that done, between painting calendar covers and going to teas?" she asked.

He glared at her. "Look here, you don't like me much, do you?" he queried.

"I don't admire you. I like you and I'm very grateful to you."

"Thank you so much," he said bitterly. He painted the rest of the time without words. After she had put on her coat and hat, she came back to him.

You can't help but notice how much *softer* and lighter Kotex is



Travel Apparel from Jay-Thorpe

Here is a sanitary pad that really fits . . . really protects. And women have the added assurance of knowing that 85% of America's leading hospitals choose this very same absorbent.

TODAY, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft . . . even after hours of wear!

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If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces the thousands of pounds of surgical cotton in dressings. Last year hospitals bought 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent—Cellucotton. Each

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- 3 **The Kotex filler is far lighter** and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 4 **In hospitals . . .** The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 5 Deodorizes, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

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layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can easily separate these layers, using only what needs demand.

The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline under the most close-fitting of frocks. Kotex deodorizes . . . gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell? Kotex Co., Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

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In a few short weeks, right at home, the Woman's Institute can teach you these fine points of dressmaking needed for the new styles.

You can then make all your own clothes at tremendous savings. Think of having all the pretty dresses you want, in the latest and most becoming styles, for just the cost of materials!

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"I'm sorry if I hurt you," she said, "but you told me to be honest."

"Certainly, Felicia. I know that. I want you to be. I really do!" He turned suddenly from the window where he had been standing to lay his strong, long hands on her shoulders; the gesture was old to him, who had been interested in many women, mildly, cynically and rarely for more than a week. But the feeling was new to him.

"Don't think—I don't appreciate all you've done for me!" she entreated.

"And you've done lots for me, Felicia," he admitted heavily.

She still hesitated, looking up. "I haven't hurt you?" she questioned unhappily.

"You have," he answered, "and it was good for me. I thank you!" He looked down at her, smiling unhappily. She looked up at him, misery in her eyes. She couldn't bear hurting him.

"Shell pink, too," he said suddenly. "You can wear that."

She drew a deep, relieved breath. It had been absurd of her, of course, to think any woman could hurt him for more than an instant. She was glad none could, for if she hurt him, deeply and long, she knew she would show him she loved him.

"Stay here for luncheon with me, Felicia," he begged. Usually, he was confoundedly glad to see the last of a sitter and to relax.

But he wanted her to stay.

"And our hands will touch as we pass domestic little dishes," she murmured. "I've heard of your doing that trick at tea, too. And you didn't with me. I was injured—"

He was staring down at his lean, strong hands; again she saw she had touched him.

"If it's any satisfaction to you to know it—I've been a fool," he admitted harshly. "I've wasted my life, and my words, and my synthetic emotions. I've been afraid of reality and work that wasn't easy and I've thought truth a myth."

Did he do this with the rest of them, she wondered. Probably he did, she decided, and new bitterness crept into her spirit.

"I must get on," she murmured.

She was growing like the rest, he reflected, with a knife twist in his heart. But no matter what she became, from the collective Colins' loving looks, Nicholas West would always love her.

At home she found her aunt murmuring of going somewhere before the heat began. She agreed, listlessly. She would be free soon—at least, ostensibly free, she realized—the portrait finished. And it would be good to go somewhere where she might hide, to think of what a fool she was, and of him.

A WEEK later the portrait was finished. He knew it was good despite the fact that he could not look on it coolly. It was not sweet—it was fine, true, real—the perfect portrait of the model.

She stood looking at it with him.

"You have been too kind again," she said. "Old habit clings!"

He didn't answer that.

"Will you take dinner with me Friday?" he asked. "We can go to a small country inn I know. It's quiet and lovely and I've never taken another woman there."

"Yes, thank you. I'd love it." And how she would, she knew! She would thank him there, or try to, for all he had done for her. So many eyes now held kisses as they rested upon her. And still she was cold!

"Do you mind going early?" he asked next. "The country's so pretty. By the way, I did that wet city street and I want to show it to you. If you like it, I want you to have it."

She did like it. She stood, silent before it, but she would not take it. "That," she said, "is going to be hung in some gallery and it is going to give a prodigal lot of fame. I want it to."

"I painted it," he said slowly, "because

you made me see it. I had grown pretty thick and then you made me feel the hunger that live in others. And I called you by telephone, saying I'd be up at about nine. Remember?"

She smiled, nodding. She had forgotten nothing!

"And going to you, with a little of smug satisfaction stripped from me, I saw the wet city street!"

"I'm glad I have done something for you," she stated. She believed him, this time.

FRIDAY was wet, chill, and Nicholas had a bad cold. But he knew he had to see her or die. Two long days had passed since his seeing her. He called her anxiously, to ask whether it was too bad for her to venture forth. She laughed at the suggestion. "But your cold? Should you?" she questioned.

"Five," he said definitely. "I want to go while it's still light. And it's lovely today, if not comfortable. Wear something warm, Felicia. You mustn't get cold."

The small inn was attractive, warm, snug. They had a table near a fire and they were alone—more sensible souls feeling no pull to the country when the skies dripped and clouds hung low.

Nick's cold had grown worse, much worse. She was worried about him.

"I've never met any one like you!" he said after a sneeze.

"Nick," she said, and it was the first time she had ever used his first name, "have you ever before made love to a woman while you had a cold?"

"I've never before," he said, "felt it—love, I mean. And I want you to know how devilish I look when I have a cold. I have them every spring, and I'll be hanging around you forever, as close as you'll let me, so you may as well grow used to them."

She stared at him, questioningly.

"It's true," he said, "I don't want to brush your hand as I pick up your handkerchief to give it to you. I want your hand frankly in mine, gripping mine. And I want to walk the long path with you side by side. I want to paint again, really paint. I want to go to Spain this summer. But I won't unless you'll go with me. I want to be hurt by misery as I was when a kid. And I always will be, if you'll let me use a little of your sight. I want to think that some day, if I come fairly close to being the man I want to be, that you'll not despise me."

"I don't any more. I couldn't after that 'Wet City Street' and your portrait of me. Those are both real."

He coughed. "Why not?" he asked when he could speak, "you gave them to me."

She put her hand across the table upon his, she saw tears brim in his eyes, and too the kiss that warmed and mattered and that would make her forget all others.

"It is true, Nick?" she whispered.

"Does a man play at loving between sneezes?" he asked. She laughed unsteadily.

"I want you to paint," she said slowly, "as you can, as you will, as you want to. I want you to see the truth and tell it, with color. I want you to love me. I want to go to Spain with you this summer!"

A waitress drew near to see them sitting far back in their chairs, staring at one another across the table. Most people held hands more or less surreptitiously. These two were evidently married. Then he sneezed hard, and he said, unsteadily, "I mustn't let you get this cold."

And she said, "Why fuss? I'll always have one too, every spring."

And then the waitress decided they were not married, for he leaned across to her. They gripped hands hard above the table, and she heard the man say, "I love you," so brokenly that she knew he had never said it before. Which was true.

St. Patrick

[Continued from page 70]

using a diagram of a shamrock—which is like a three-leaf clover—and three dice. The leaves of the shamrock are numbered, one, two, three, from left to right. One player makes all his throws at once, if the party is large. But if the party is small, it can be played by each player taking only one throw in turn and keeping track of his progress on his own diagram.

Let us suppose the party is large and one player will make all his throws in one session. Keep count of the number of throws he makes. He throws the dice until a "one" turns up. This die he places on the number one leaf of the shamrock. He then throws the two remaining dice for two. (He cannot do this until the one is placed.) If, before he throws a two, he throws a doubles, then he must go all the way back to the beginning and start again. That is, unless the doubles happens to be a double two, in which case he is finished. After the two is placed on the leaf number two, he throws the remaining die for a three to put on the three leaf.

The object is to get the three dice on the three leaves in the fewest number of throws possible. The lowest score wins.

This can be used as a game of chance by placing a penalty of some sort on each throw taken, but it is wise always to agree on a limit before beginning the game.

A variation of this game will make the whole thing very personal. Instead of numbering the leaves of the shamrock, name them, giving each the name of some one present. Suppose each leaf is named for one of the girls. Then the boys do the throwing, each taking one throw and passing on the dice to the next. The first to throw a "one," is allotted the girl whose name is on the first leaf to the left of the stem. The other two boys throw for the remaining two as in the game above.

The object of all this hazard and wager may be merely to draw partners for the first dance, or the first kiss, or for the

The words ending in "ick"
which can be substituted for
the list on page 70 are:

1 brick	10 pick	18 chick
2 crick	11 wick	19 kick
3 derrick	12 slick	20 click
4 prick	13 quick	21 nick
5 trick	14 homesick	22 rollick
6 rick	15 lick	23 snick
7 district	16 seasick	24 stick
8 thick	17 wick	25 tick
9 fiddlestick		

privilege of fetching a plate of refreshments. It may also be played vice-versa, with the girls throwing the dice for the boys, but that may make the boys unbearably conceited. It all sounds very silly but it is lots of fun.

The refreshments for this party are easily kept in the color scheme with pistachio ice cream, peppermints, and lemon icing on cakes. Spinach juice may be used for coloring matter, and in that part of the country where the grass grows thickest, the garnishing may be done with a bit of alfalfa.

In addition to these games and things to do, there is also a way to do them. Part of the party is up to the hostess, no matter how good the entertainment is or how lively the guests, the hostess must swing her own propositions and throw her own party.

If you want to get a few straight tips on how to be a popular hostess and have people fight to get bids to your parties, write in to Mr. Longstreth, in care of SMART SET, and enclose a return envelope addressed and stamped.

Will you permit me to guide you for 30 days?



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1. Cleanse and replenish with Valaze Pasteurized Cream (1.00). 2. Clear and animate with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. Gives your skin a soft, translucent glow (1.00). 3. Tone and brace

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1. Cleanse deeply with Valaze Pasteurized Cream SPECIAL (1.00). 2. Film the face with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing cream no woman can afford to be without. (1.00). 3. Tone and brace with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion Special (1.25).

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. . . with her smart powders and rouges; her indelible Cubist lipsticks at 1.00 . . . and Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener as well as Persian Eyeblack (the Mascara which stays on as long as you want it to . . . 1.00).

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Your scalp clean and healthy ... Your hair beautifully groomed



Be well groomed for success. For glorious hair; use cleansing, stimulating "93" Hair Tonic, Klenzo Brushes and Maximum Combs. Sold only at Rexall Stores. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.



The Right Element

[Continued from page 48]

the amount of space they occupied upon the terrestrial globe. Indeed their idiotic behavior so shocked their neighbors that Mrs. Driver of Bellavista was put to the extreme necessity of saying a "timely word" when she met Madeline at the butcher's.

"Do you and your husband often occupy the single arm chair by the window?" she queried.

"On Sundays we do," answered Madeline, enthusiastically. "On Sunday afternoons we always do."

"But what if anybody were to call?"

"They'd have to sit on another one, I suppose." And turning to the butcher Madeline placed her modest order.

Mrs. Driver decided that there was no getting at some people.

She was right in so far as Madeline was concerned, for that plump little person would have proved herself a very redoubtable warrior against any forces which strove to limit the affection she and her husband shared between them.

"Frank," she asked one evening, "would you like me better if I were more restrained in my love for you?"

"Heavens above!" was horrified reply.

"When one's married and one loves a person fearfully, it seems only right to let oneself go, doesn't it?"

Now when a wife says that kind of thing to her husband it gives him a sense of being a devil and that is a state of being most agreeable to the male mind.

For two very rapturous years they dwelt in the little bungalow and the furniture became theirs and the building society received their installments and one boy child became one of the family. Every one was satisfied including the baby and Messrs. Smith, Jones and Smith, which latter gentlemen congratulated themselves that marriage had robbed their chief clerk of ambition and left him to conduct their affairs with all his characteristic industry. To express their satisfaction they raised his salary to fifty dollars a week.

MADeline's illness happened all in a minute with the startling quality of a thunder clap on a clear, still day.

Frank waited in the dining room for the doctor's verdict. He had good control of himself and was well in need of it.

"Well?" he interrogated. "It's serious?"

"It means an operation."

"Well—operate—go on—do something."

"My dear sir, I'm no surgeon, and unless I'm greatly at fault there is only one who—"

"Yes?"

"Who's done it successfully?"

Frank swallowed. Then—"Who is he?"

"Dr. Kellogg, the New York specialist."

"I'll go to him now." He looked at his watch. "There's a train in ten minutes."

The doctor put a restraining hand on Frank's arm.

"Mr. Kemble, Kellogg has rather a hard name."

"I've a train to catch."

"You don't understand. He is exacting on the subject of fees—and very high. There are lesser surgeons who might be disposed to try."

"Try?" Frank's voice sounded like a broken violin string. "Try! D'you think I'd let just any fool experiment with her?"

"If you are determined," said Dr. Martin, "you had better take this."

He scribbled a short statement in a loose leaf diary, tore out the page, and gave it to Frank.

"Dr. Kellogg is at dinner," said the man who opened the door. "He strongly ob-

jects to being disturbed at his meals."

"And I strongly object to my wife dying while he satisfies his appetite," came the reply.

There is a quality of determination which overcomes all resistance and Frank Kemble was shown into the consulting room to wait.

After what seemed an age Dr. Kellogg came in wearing an expression far from genial.

"You should have asked for an appointment," he said.

Frank ignored the remark and handed him the note which Dr. Martin had written so hastily in pencil.

Dr. Kellogg took it to the light and read. Presently he turned and looked the young man up and down.

"How long has your wife been like this?"

"For the last forty-eight hours."

"H'm! Where do you live?"

"Scarborough."

"That's some distance."

"Half an hour in the train."

"What is your profession, Mr. Kemble?"

"I'm chief clerk to a real estate agent."

"My fees in a case like this would be five hundred dollars."

"God! D'you think I wouldn't pay a thousand to save her life?"

"And my fee is payable at the time of the operation."

"And when would that be?"

"Ten-thirty tomorrow morning at my sanitarium."

Frank did not reply immediately, then—"Very well," he said, "you shall have it on the doorstep."

"There is no occasion to be rude, Mr. Kemble."

"No, but it hadn't occurred to me that any one could haggle over the price of saving a life. I shall expect you at ten-thirty tomorrow. Good night."

In Frank's pocket was fifty dollars, due the building society under the terms of the agreement before mentioned. Other than this he had nothing, for their entire savings had been swallowed up in the instalments paid on house and furniture.

For the first time in his married life, money became a serious concern. What good was his bank account of happiness in the present crisis? What right had he to the dearest wife in all the world when he could not afford to save her at the price of five hundred dollars! Short sighted fool he had been!

Suppose now those theoretical investments years had been real. Why today he would have been a man of circumstance—a fellow who could have written his name to a check for a thousand dollars.

"I'm not fit to call myself a man," he raved. "Money is the only thing that makes a man and can keep his happiness."

THERE was a block in the traffic and a low sport car driven by a young man in evening dress turned out of a side street, struck Frank with the running board and threw him over.

The driver, leaning over the car side extended a hand to help him rise. "You hurt?" he asked.

"Yes," said Frank. Then as he realized his ankle was sprained he began to swear volubly. "You've done it. How am I to turn fifty dollars into five hundred when my leg is probably broken?"

"Can I give you a lift anywhere?"

"Take me to Scarborough."

He climbed into the unoccupied seat.

"Scarborough—never heard of the place. Where is it?"

"Westchester."

"Bit awkward! Matter of fact I'd fixed up a game tonight and I'm late as it is."

"Game?" Frank pricked up his ears.

"Just a spin of the old roulette wheel, that's all."

The car was moving by this time and roaring louder than its speed seemed to warrant.

"Tell me about this game," said Frank.

With many superlatives the young man, whose name was Ryan, described the roulette parlor.

"Good," said Frank, "take me there."

"Have you got anything to lose?"

"I'll say I have," came the answer.

At three A. M. Frank Kemble caught the train from Grand Central. In his pocket was the sum of seven hundred dollars in bills.

WITH Frank's five hundred in his pocket Dr. Kellogg performed a successful operation upon Madeline.

Oddly enough, Frank had had no doubt but that it would be so. He sat in the hospital waiting room perfectly confident, perfectly calm.

A fresh thought came to him and picking up the paper he turned to the financial columns. After a while he took out his remaining two hundred dollars, scribbled a note, put it in an envelope, and limped to the post office where he registered the letter.

He got back to the hospital at the moment Dr. Kellogg came down the stairs.

"Satisfactory," said the great surgeon. "You've done a great deal for me," said Frank, but the tone sounded callous.

Dr. Kellogg's reply was unexpected.

"That five hundred must have made a hole in your savings."

"I had no savings."

The black eyebrows arched.

"Borrow it?"

"No. I won it at roulette."

"You're a gambler then?"

"Any man is a gambler who holds such a trump as my wife and hasn't enough cards in the suit to protect it."

"H'm, that's a new theory."

"But it's come to stay. You taught me something, doctor. For the future my happiness will have a fence of dollars round it."

"H'm, don't be too sure you've found the solution, young man."

Dr. Kellogg dismissed the subject with a nod.

"She'll be fit for very little these next six months. Dr. Martin seems reliable; she'll come to no harm in his care."

"I'll send her to the mountains when she can be moved."

"Don't. She likes her own home. Told me so before I began. Let her stay at home—she'll do better there than anywhere else."

"Very well. I'll hobble as far as the station with you if I may."

For a while they walked in silence, then Dr. Kellogg said, "She has a temperament, that wife of yours, which seems strangely at ease in her present element. Ever considered elements?"

"No."

"Interesting subject! I've an idea that most of us at some stage of our lives find ourselves in our right element. The devil is that we rarely know it and so walk out of it of our own volition. Your ideas, young man, have received a bit of a shock and as a result you are contemplating a complete metamorphosis of your accustomed routine. My advice is—don't!"

He had climbed into the train before Frank was able to reply.

IT WAS three weeks before Frank and his wife were able to have a real talk together. "Frank," she whispered, her white, small hand lying in his. "Frank, is it most awfully goosey at home all by yourself?"

He nodded. "Yes," he said, "but I've been



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glad in a way. It has given me a chance to think out our future."

Her brow wrinkled. "Do you have to be by yourself for that?"

He reassured her at once.

"What—what did you feel when you knew how ill I was?"

He began to tell her. It was curious, but he harped most upon the five hundred and how he had had to get it. He had thought the news would prove sensational but it seemed to leave her unstirred. Her disinterestedness, spurred him on to tell of later developments.

"And so while they were operating I thought and thought, then I took a chance and wired for a parcel of shares in a Palm Oil Company. I suppose it was almost an inspiration for I sold them yesterday for three times the price I paid."

"That was while they were operating?" Madeline questioned.

He sensed nothing strange in her tone as he went on, "We can pay off the debt on the house and it will be really ours, and we can have a new hood for Peter's pram and oh! won't it be wonderful?"

DURING the six months of Madeline's convalescence strange things appeared to be happening to Frank. He told her that he had left the firm of Smith, Jones and Smith and she knew that instead he had some occupation in the city which sent him forth earlier in the morning and kept him out later at night.

What his employment actually was he did not explain, chiefly because he himself scarcely knew. He had a kind of unofficial appointment at a stockbrokers, the one to which he had wired on the day of her operation. It was at their solicitation he had accepted the position. They had observed the almost uncanny luck which followed his investments and had made him an offer on a profit sharing basis.

Frank soon began to operate independently but he waited until his tangible assets amounted to a hundred thousand dollars before laying on the table the program of their future plans.

He broached the subject with unusual bluntness. The old formula of "How would it be?" was abandoned.

"Maddy, you're well and strong again, now?"

"Yes, ever so well."

"Good. Listen then—we're moving—I've taken a house in town. Don't look scared, it's all arranged—carpets, pictures, furniture, everything's bought. I wanted this to be a surprise to you, dear, and I have neglected nothing. Peter has a first class nursery, a first class nurse and a cupboard full of toys. You have a maid, my dear, who at this moment is unpacking a dozen or more dresses and whatnots from the best shops in the city. The castle's ready to the smallest detail and nothing remains but for us to walk inside."

Madeline did not speak during this recital but when he had quite finished she began to cry quietly.

She did not bother overmuch about the mystery of Frank's sudden riches. She had accepted him as a wonderful person when she gave her almost inaudible responses at the altar steps. To tell the truth she was bothering herself with far more trivial concerns than that. They were to leave the little home they had built up with such exquisite pains and lived in with such rapturous delight. Every chair and table, vase or picture stood for some happy recollection and careful sacrifice they had made.

"We don't want to cart all this stuff to the city," he said, "besides Waring has furnished the rooms to period and these things would spoil the whole outfit."

The reward of riches, then, was to throw aside all she had held dearest. It was so callous, so horribly ungallant!

While he talked Madeline's mind roamed to the kitchen and concentrated upon a small omelette pan with a chip out of the enamelling. Frank used to say that an omelette which was made in any other pan never tasted the same, and on Tuesday next she would leave it forever, hanging on the nail above the sink. So ran her thoughts while he inflated his chest and held forth.

"You see this new house must be something more than our home. It must stand for the solidarity of my financial position. The address will be a tremendous asset, inspire confidence and so forth. Of course we must entertain pretty largely at first—the right sort of people—useful people. That's where you'll come in—tremendous help to a man, his wife. And you'll always have the last thing in the matter of dress. I'll have to turn my mind to some proper jewelry for



"God, think of him being the author of 'Love is All'"

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you, too. That's exceedingly important."

Madeline looked at her tiny engagement ring—two diamond sparks and a ruby with a gold setting cut starwise to give effect of greater size. Frank had never spoken of this as "a proper jewel," the wearing of which was important. It wasn't a jewel at all, it was part of her life, like the omelette pan with the chipped enamel.

Had he known the train of her thoughts, Frank might have speculated on the curious incapacity of women to grasp essentials.

He attributed her want of concentration to her recent illness, and he was quite astonished when she put forward a really sensible proposal.

"Frank will you make me a present of this house and all that's in it?"

"Yes, by George, that's a good idea," he exclaimed. "I'll see about it tomorrow. It isn't much, but it is a safeguard. I declare, Maddy, you'll make an investor's wife yet."

MADeline did not mind being rich at all. It was rather fun after she had overcome the initial awkwardness of the change. But it ceased to be fun when Frank openly had no time for anything other than the claims of business.

In the old days his business had ended with the turn of the latch key in the door at five o'clock each evening. Thereafter they would talk about whatever they wanted to talk about. Or again, they would talk about nothing at all and behave with the greatest foolishness in a manner that was wholly delightful.

But with his accession to wealth the humor died out of Frank Kemble's composition.

Fearful that this was indeed the case, Madeline subjected him to a severe test. Dabbing her finger on the edge of the chimney she conveyed a small patch of soot to the end of her little tip tilted nose.

In the old days he would have accused her of being a little pig and rubbed off the offending mark with his handkerchief. On this occasion he did nothing of the kind. He was speaking of a man in the city and broke off to say, "Your nose, my dear, just—er—well as I was saying—"

Then there was the tragedy of the Sunday afternoon when Madeline occupied one-half of a big armchair and looked at him appealingly and he took no notice whatsoever.

Meanwhile "Mushroom Kemble's" luck, as people termed it, held good and his bank account swelled greatly. His nerve was steady and tided him over one or two periods of extreme hazard.

It was after one of these he began to buy pearls for Madeline. Modestly at first, and then in greater numbers. Big pearls, graduated and matched with skill—expensive and heavy they were and they became the modest little neck of Madeline Kemble very ill indeed. With the innate good taste which was hers she preferred to keep them under lock and key rather than adorn herself. As a result Frank and she came as near to words as they had ever ventured.

"Why don't you wear the things?"

"You wouldn't look at me if I did."

"Yes, I would."

"Then I won't, if that's the only reason that'll make you."

"Don't let's have any misunderstanding about this. I haven't put ten thousand into that rope to have you keep it in a box."

That night Madeline had an inspiration which sent her rummaging in an old box and next morning she appeared at breakfast wearing one of her old blue house dresses with the ten thousand dollar rope superimposed.

"That's more like," said Frank, looking up from his newspapers and Madeline's heart leaped within her. But the joy was short lived for he added, "But why on earth don't you wear a dress to suit them?"



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Her reply was really pathetic enough! "I thought, Frank, I'd try to wear something to suit myself, and you haven't even recognized it."

He frowned. "Yes, I do, but times have changed, my dear, and there isn't any need for that kind of thing now." He did not wait for her to speak but laying his napkin on the table, rose to light a cigarette. "I want you," he said, "to take a rather more active part in our prosperity. You seem a little inert, dear. Now we ought to entertain far more than we do."

The entertaining had certainly been a failure. Practically no one had troubled to call and the few people Frank had introduced to the house had come more from pressure than inclination. He suggested that Madeline reverse the usual order and call upon the wives of some of the men he did business with.

But she flatly refused and Frank indignantly insisted that he was not securing the help he was justified in expecting.

"People are laughing at us," she wailed. "They won't come here and I know they make fun of us. We just don't belong. I hate it all—I loathe it all. Oh, why can't we go away—y-y." The voice trailed off into a drawn out sob and she hid her face on his shoulder.

"For goodness sake try and take a rational view."

"I w-won't!"

"You don't realize how frightfully hard it is to keep pace. I must keep my mind clear."

"What for?"

"Why do you think I'm doing all this?"

She shook her head.

"I'm doing it for you of course. You might try to remember that."

"Yes," said Madeline, very slowly, "I do try, but it isn't always easy."

He was too preoccupied to comprehend her meaning, and she added plaintively.

"But just one little Sunday as we used to spend it would help me to remember more than all those pearls could do, Frank."

"The pearls? Oh, yes, I'm having those made over to you by deed of gift. There are some diamonds, too, I've ordered."

WHEN the crash came it was comprehensive and conclusive. After an inflation which had lasted twenty-two months, Kemble's luck exploded like a child's balloon.

"A complete rest," diagnosed the doctors, but his creditors thought otherwise.

Frank hitched himself up on his elbow in the spare room bed.

"Thank heavens I made that jewelry over to you. After awhile we can sell it and start fresh—so it won't be so bad. I've learned a thing or two I shan't forget. Next time I won't make the same mistakes. Damn it, I started with two hundred dollars. Next time I shall start with two thousand. Let me be, I'll work it all out."

Madeline rested her cool little hand on his forehead.

"Not now, Frank, just take things easy and rest."

"That's all very well—must work out the future—investments—your name. Yes—yes." And he was sound asleep.

She left him and went out for a long walk to work out events in her own way. Acting on a sudden resolution she directed her steps to Dr. Kellogg's office. It happened to be one of his consulting hours and, there being no patient waiting, she was shown in immediately.

"H'm," said Dr. Kellogg. "I think I know you, but—" His eye travelled to the pearls about her throat.

"Yes, you operated on me over two years ago. Things have happened since then."

She began to explain. He appeared a bit restive and at length broke in with—"But I'm a surgeon."

"Yes, but before you operated you talked

to me. I haven't forgotten the things you said. That's why I came here today. Doctor, is it possible for a man to do things and do them well, even though they are the wrong things for him to be doing?"

"Working advantageously to his own disadvantage in the wrong element?"

She nodded.

"Why, my dear, it's the commonest disease in the world and the most fatal."

"When Frank is better he means to go on," said Madeline. "Will you tell me this—" She told him about the pearls and other jewelry her husband had made over to her and of his intention to go bankrupt and start again on the capital realized from her property. "Can he do that?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, he can do it all right."

"I hate it," said Madeline.

"It's a way of averting ruin."

"Don't want to avert ruin."

"What do you want?"

"Just to be happy again."

"Then," said Dr. Kellogg, "if you want to recover your losses I should lose those as well." And he nodded his head toward the rope of pearls around her neck.

THAT afternoon she sent for Frank's lawyer, who came armed with a list of his creditors and insecurities.

"The estate is in debt to the extent of five hundred thousand dollars," he said. "His realizable assets amount to about half of that."

"And mine?" She shoved her jewel case towards him.

"Your jewelry should bring about two hundred thousand. You have beside a small bungalow, but that is worth very little."

"It's worth a great deal," said Madeline.

She unclasped the pearl necklace, drew three large diamond rings from her fingers, unpinned a brooch or two, and dropped them into the jewel case with the others.

"Have them appraised. Then sell them and pay the creditors with the money they bring."

"My dear Mrs. Kemble, that would be absolute madness. Why, don't you see—"

"They're mine, aren't they?"

"Absolutely, and because of that—"

"Then do as I say."

Fifteen minutes after he had left, Madeline got Smith, Jones & Smith on the wire. She wasted little time in explanation but came straight to the point—"Have you an opening for Mr. Kemble?"

"Have we?" replied Mr. Smith, Junior.

"Just you try us, Mrs. Kemble."

Frank was in a delirium, a nice comfortable delirium when they moved him. He did not properly recover his senses for some days. When at last he opened his eyes to a conscious world it was in the spare room at the bungalow with sunshine pouring through the windows and a little figure in a starched pink house dress sitting at the foot of the bed.

"Am I ill?" he asked.

"You have been."

"What time is it?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"I wonder how old Smith & Jones will get on without me. Still doesn't matter. It's good here! Sweet you look."

"Do I?"

"Why—why am I in the spare room?"

"It was better I thought. I—I didn't want to disturb you."

"Pretty lonely sort of room this," he mused.

Her smile was lovely.

THERE was a new opposite neighbor and one day when she and Madeline met in the post office she said, with a touch of reproach.

"Do you and your husband always occupy the single arm chair in front of the window?"

"On Sundays we do," said Madeline. "On Sundays we always do."

Money! Money! Money!

[Continued from page 53]

closed again, as if her pride turned a key and locked speech within them.

Haagen continued, "I'll wireless, and find out for you just what she's doing, and I will make any arrangements for you that you wish."

"Thank you so much," she said inaudibly. And then the incredible thing struck her. She was entirely without money.

Andy knew—though William Haagen did not—that she was now wholly without means. Why would he not speak?

"Andy, what ought I to do?" she begged. "I do not know," he replied, staring at the floor.

Her tensed hands fell apart. She felt in that moment as if the whole of her body went limp. And there was Haagen speaking at her side, Haagen who did not know the whole dilemma—

SHE interrupted him, not listening to his words, "You see, it seems that I have no money at all."

Haagen answered, "You have your own money, and if you are overdrawn, or want to call to your bankers—"

"No! No! I have no money." Andy lifted his head and said sharply, "That is so. They'll find all the details by now in Mr. Towers' mail. The trustees embezzled the money. One cut and ran, one committed suicide. Miss Towers is one of many victims. That's why—"

His look met Haagen's, and Haagen's return glance was disconcerting. His quiet voice said baldly, "That's why you argued with me last night as to the necessity of getting Towers' will remade."

"That's why," Andy answered fiercely. Flora gave a sharp little cry, half outraged, half comprehending.

"I am a poor man, Flora," said Andy fiercely. He turned out his pockets, pulled a notecase from his inside breast pocket, and held that open. His gestures were young and agonized.

Haagen commented to himself, "He does it well. Will it work?"

Flora said nothing. Her gray eyes seemed enormous in her white face.

Andy came to her, took her hands, regardless of Haagen, and kissed them in turn. He began to say huskily, "I'm here to serve you. I—I shall be able to do something—" but his stammering voice broke when she drew her hands away. She drew them away, and herself moved back, nearer Haagen. To Andy that movement was like a whiplash across the face. He tried to say, "Trust me, just trust me," but failed. He wheeled round and went out grimly, showing little more of his fury and despair than she showed. The fierceness of their pride held each of them.

It seemed to him that there was one thing he could do for her before he disappeared, and that he would do that thing. He must go to this Annette at Naples, and fight for Flora. His thoughts, though he was wild with despair, were heroic. The whole adventure had been conceived on an heroically impossible scale and so it must end. He would achieve safety for Flora, and vanish.

He ran into his room, put a few trifles into his pockets, dashed from the hotel to the steamship agents' and found that he could leave immediately. The last boat of the season was leaving for Naples via Palermo. Two nights would be spent aboard.

Two nights! He was frantic at the idea of the time wasted; but he meant to be first with Annette. Before Haagen could get there; Flora should find that her stepmother was willing to hand back a portion

of the Towers money. He was just in time to board the steamer, with just a few shillings over his second-class fare. He could not even spare the money to telegraph Flora. Besides, she would be angry. He telephoned her, and Haagen answered.

Just as Andy walked out of her sitting room, Flora gave a little stifled cry that he would have heard had he not been deaf, as well as dumb and blind, with his anguish and his fury. The little cry would have called him back; they would have forgotten Haagen.

Haagen knew that. But when the door shut upon the young man, he knew also, that the hour was his.

He struck hard.

"So, Flora, that is over."

She answered almost inaudibly, "Everything seems over. So many things are over, aren't they?"

"Too absurd, isn't it, Flora? Too absurd. We will forget it. I am here and I am not likely to leave you. What is the very first thing I can do for you?"

He knew, naturally, the very first thing. Money would be wanted. He drew her again to the couch and they sat down. "Do you want to go to Naples?" he said. "You might get there just in time. Shall I settle things up here for you?"

Flora began to realize her situation in detail. Her week's hotel bill lay on the writing desk. Bettine's wages were due.

"I've a great many things I can sell, of course. I suppose women sell things when they're hard-up—furs, jewels. I've plenty."

"What they will bring you will be a mere drop in the ocean of life, Flora. Besides, keep your assets. A penniless woman needs all she has."

"But then—"

"Don't look so bewildered, dear girl. I'm here." He got up and walked over to the desk. "This is the bill? Don't worry about it. As for Bettine—shall I pay her off? We will arrange all these little matters when I've cabled your stepmother, and found out exactly what is happening." He shot a keen look at her. "Annette did not send you the news, you notice. Your father's skipper must have let us know on his own."

"Whatever I do, I will never ask her for money."

"Flora. Listen. She wouldn't give it if you did. But she would like you to ask."

"I'd starve first."

He led her very cleverly, very carefully, to a sharp, clear thinking. Confidentially, and with infinite tact, more by direct comments and questions than by direct explanation, he revealed her exact position. It was while they still sat talking that Andy telephoned.

AT THE first sharp sound of the telephone bell Haagen was on his feet. "I'll answer for you, shall I, child?" She did not give or withhold assent, but sat on, in a daze of grief and loss and anger.

She did not listen to Haagen's saying, "No, she doesn't want to speak now. Yes, yes, I'll tell her. I assure you she will quite understand. You've only a minute to catch the boat? Good-by."

She waited abstractedly for him to come and sit beside her again.

His voice was wonderfully soft, his look comprehending. "That was your friend Court."

She woke from her abstractions and he saw the sudden warmth flood her pale face.

Wonderful and pitiful how illusion revived! But he said, "No. No. It was just to tell you—"

"What was it?" she asked.

"That he was called away. I thought

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you might prefer me to take the message for you."

It was quite a while before Flora answered limply, "Thank you. You are very kind to me."

At last Haagen roused her from the abstraction in which she sat; he brought her back from the arid distance he knew her soul to be traveling in. "I'm going to take you up to my house for luncheon, Flora. We'll talk all this right out."

"Why are you so kind?"

Haagen leaned a little nearer her. "Now, Flora, don't suspect me! You must believe in some one—or where are you? Believe in me."

They spoke fragmentarily, irrelevantly it seemed to Flora. But there were no irrelevances in Haagen's mind. It was busy with conjecture which was almost conviction. He believed Court to have been a fortune-hunter. He knew Annette would never come to her step-daughter's rescue.

He knew that presently Flora must feel a little grateful to him. Not having needed to feel gratitude in the past, any more than she had need to feel fear, she would learn that there were causes for it now.

For the next two days, messages flashed to and from Annette, about the funeral. Flora would not be in time. There was the delayed mail arriving with word of Flora's losses. Messages flashed also to and from London confirming all of it. Her bank regretted they could not allow any further checks to be drawn. Bettine was given provisional notice to depart, and money for her wages had to be borrowed from Haagen.

IT WAS on the second day that Flora said to Haagen, "I must find work."

"What work will you do?"

"What work can I do?"

"There are all sorts of things. You have been trained for nothing of course."

"Nothing."

"Flora," began Haagen—but it was too soon. Too soon to say to her, "You would be hopeless in the business world. You are made for love and luxury and you have to depend on some man to give you both. Why shouldn't it be I?" The time for that was when her back was against the wall.

"More chance for women in the new world than in the old, Flora," he said.

"In America, for instance?"

"In America. In New York let us say. You're a wonderful dancer for an amateur. You're up to the professional style of ball-room dancing. Keep your wardrobe. Go over and try your fortune. Try your luck."

"Money," said Flora a little desperately. "I'll get your steamer ticket. Why can't you let me?"

"You've helped too much!"

"A privilege, my dear."

"Even Bettine's wages—"

He paused. "Keep Bettine. Take her with you."

He persuaded her adroitly.

"I'll give you a letter to a restaurant manager I know," said Haagen. "You'll be a new type. That will help you if you get a job dancing."

BETTINE was out that evening. She had an arrangement, she said. And at eight-thirty, leaving Flora dining alone in her suite, the Frenchwoman was climbing to the big white villa.

Haagen received her in his library, and from the first they understood each other perfectly. From her first glimpse she had summarized him as entirely desirable, and during the last two days—Ciel! What would they have done without this worldly gentleman? From him all benefits were received, from him all blessings flowed. And was it faintly possible that mademoiselle would open her eyes and see where salvation lay? The conversation with Haagen assured her, however, that mademoiselle had not yet

seen the light on that particular subject.

He was frankly to the point. "You're staying with Miss Towers, Bettine." Her answer was as frank. "Oui, Monsieur. Je vous remercie."

"You'll go with her to New York?"

"Ah, oui, Monsieur. Cela va sans dire."

Haagen said, "I shan't be so far away as you may imagine, Bettine. I am going to give you an address where you can always reach me, and I shall want an address where I can always reach Miss Towers. I shall require you to keep constantly in touch with me, Bettine."

They understood each other to perfection. The Frenchwoman was all smiles of relief and satisfaction. The young lover, she understood, was away at the first sign of trouble. That was the way with self-seeking young men; but this one, so wise, so experienced, so rich, was different. This one was a man for whom a woman should feel grateful. With a thousand of Haagen's francs in her little vanity bag, she promised all intelligently.

ANNETTE had relaxed. She was herself; or she would be as soon as the polite eyes of her lawyer and the examining eyes of the yacht's skipper lost some of their sharp inquisitorial quality. Stupid how they looked at her, almost as judges, those two men! But alone, she was again herself. She could lie in that lovely stateroom and think, and realize, and gloat and exult.

The sudden death of Cecil had given her a background of sentimental drama, and she had a due appreciation both of drama and of sentiment. She could envision the sad picturesqueness of the tragedy in the imagination of such officials as had interviewed her, and she had felt, as well as played, her rôle of shocked disconsolate young widow.

And now it was all over—the death—the funeral at sea—in accordance with Cecil's will. She had caused the lawyer to order the loveliest wreath. She had wept, and fainted, her capacity for facile emotion being extreme. All the grave men—the lawyer, the doctor, and that seaward-looking skipper, had softened to her.

They had steamed slowly out to sea—now they were back again, anchored in the harbor. She was staying a day or two for the lawyer to explain financial matters to her. A day or two, and then—
"No more grief," Annette thought to herself lying on her satin-covered bed. "No more humbug! I'm me!"

IT WAS on the second day that Flora said to tell Mrs. Towers that a gentleman had been rowed out, and wished to come aboard. His name, Potts understood, was Court.

"Never heard it in my life," said Annette. "Quite a young gentleman, madam," said Mrs. Potts sympathetically.

"Tell Potts to serve tea on deck; and ask the gentleman to wait. Is he a press photographer?"

"He doesn't seem to have a camera, madam."

She arose, and got into white crêpe de Chine with black jet earrings swinging in her ears. It was the nearest she intended to come to mourning garments.

So she stepped on deck to meet Andy Court—a bare-headed young man, fair with a Nordic fairness, light gray eyes burning in the sun like spear-points, a fighting face. Oh! what a fighting face! She had never had any use for the aesthete, for the artist type.

A gentleman named Court. She had him summarized swiftly from habit, before he came forward to greet her. She saw, with her practised eye that his gray flannels were much worn and that his old brown brogues wanted a valet's attention. She sensed, just as Haagen had, a very poor man when she saw one. No longer had she the spur of necessity urging her on towards

the men who were generous givers. She was a very wealthy woman, and in some indefinite way it needed the sight of Andy Court to give her the fullest sense of poignant ecstasy in her new condition.

"Mrs. Towers?"
"You are Mr. Anderson Court? You wish to see me—"

"On business, if you please."
"Shall we talk out here? Let us sit down." She led the way to a group of wicker chairs and little tables. "Tea will be out soon, I think. It's so delightfully warm, isn't it?"

AS SOON as they were seated, the steward brought tea—China tea, perfectly made and dainty sandwiches. Strawberries had arrived from somewhere, and Andy found himself wondering what those perfect red berries had cost. He was sure that he could price them far above the sum total of the very few shillings in his own pocket.

The fierce and irrational partisan anger of the lover swept him, and threatened to engulf him. That would not do. The situation was desperate enough without estranging the beautiful widow who watched him so closely over the tea table.

Filling her guest's cup, she asked, "What is the business?"

"Do you know the name of Dobs & Payhune at all, Mrs. Towers?"

He had asked that merely as a sort of feeler for a beginning, expecting her denial. She looked back at him, and replied, "Yes. They were the solicitors who looked after my stepdaughter's affairs," she said, "old family solicitors, I understand. After my husband's death I had to open his mail, and I gathered that there had been a crash."

"That simplifies things!"
"Simplifies what things, Mr. Court?" Annette inquired.

"Why, I thought I should have to explain it to you, Mrs. Towers—"

"Not necessary at all. I understand that my stepdaughter has lost all her money."

"Yes—all." He stressed it, staring anxiously at Annette. "There won't be anything recoverable, I'm afraid. The—the embezzlement had been going on for a long time—it's an involved case. It wouldn't be any use going into the Dobs & Payhune side of it."

"No. Since we know the net result as far as Miss Towers is concerned. Only, how do you come in, Mr. Court?"

Instinct warned Andy to be careful how he answered. She wouldn't welcome a reply that told her he adored Flora.

"I come in, with hardly any right at all," he said. "It just happened I was with Dobs & Payhune, and was leaving them about the time the thing came out. And—and I decided to take a short holiday in Italy and Algiers. I—I thought that if I could be of any service in telling any details I knew to Mr. Towers or to Miss Towers—"

It was a very lame explanation, and palpably untrue, but with a little lift that was not quite a smile at the corners of her mouth, she let it pass. He went on quickly, to cover his halting half-truths with more half-truths.

"When I was about to call on Mr. Towers at Algiers all this happened."

"No doubt you called on my stepdaughter."

"It happened quite by chance that she stayed at the same hotel—the St. George."

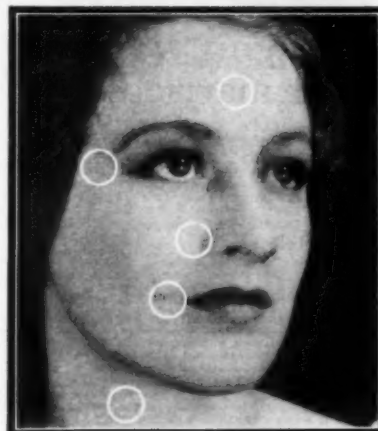
"Ah! Strange coincidence!"

"We had some conversation." Instinct warned him very vehemently to take care. "And being on the spot I was drawn into her affairs when—when she heard of her father's death."

Annette bowed her head very decorously at that. Then she said, keen as a rapier, "You had met Miss Towers before in London?"

He answered truthfully, "Oh, no, Mrs."

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Towers. That would hardly be likely in my capacity. I had seen her in the office once or twice. The trusteeship was to continue until she was twenty-five years of age."

"Ah, yes?"
Now she mocked him faintly, but her suspicions were gone. He felt that. Her eyes, probing still, only probed for his personal motive in these affairs. She suspected him, as Haagen did, of being a fortune hunter—or of intending to ask Cecil Towers to help him to find a job.

"You will think I have no right here, Mrs. Towers."

"Oh, Mr. Court, I am not so ungracious. Did you know my husband?"

He lied then fluently. "Slightly. As a matter of fact, having left Dobs & Payhune, I was intending to ask Mr. Towers to recommend me to a post I knew of out here."

After a meditative silence, she said softly, "Well, Mr. Court, you seem to have been very kind to Miss Towers. Hadn't she any one else to assist her?"

"A—Mr. Haagen."

"I should have thought so," said Annette slowly.

Rage blurred Andy's sight for a moment, but he kept it fairly well out of his voice, "Mrs. Towers, let me get right to my point. She knows about her father's last will. She knows she is absolutely penniless."

"Did she ask you to ask me for money? An allowance?"

"Good God, no! She wouldn't dream—"

"I thought so. Well, Mr. Court, let my stepdaughter come to ask me herself."

"If she did ask you, what would you say?"

"I should say no," said Annette, "and a few other things, no doubt. Chiefly—no. But I should like her to ask."

"Let me ask for her, Mrs. Towers," he pleaded. "And don't say no."

"No," said Annette. "No, even to such a nice ambassador."

"Why?" he muttered.

Annette answered slowly, almost casually.

"You ask me why. Well, my stepdaughter and I are not friends. My stepdaughter, Mr. Court, despises me, and hasn't stopped at telling me so. She hates me and I hate her, Mr. Court. Isn't the motive simple enough? And as for her being penniless, do you think that touches me? I've been broke too often. Let her get out into the world, and fight like I did. Who is Flora Towers to be more immune than other women? Let her work! Let her learn what it is to be afraid and to be hungry. Too proud to ask me for what she wants, is she? Knows what I'd say quite well!" Her little low laugh broke out hoarsely. "All right. All right. She can ask William Haagen."

"Haven't you any pity?" he demanded.

"I have never received any, and I don't give it."

"You devil! You—absolute—devil!"

NOW he saw her face change, wake to excitement, and amusement. Her eyes had strange depths into which his glance seemed to plunge and shiver.

"You don't like my sentiments?" she drawled. "Let us argue them again tomorrow."

"Never! No, never."

"Come and lunch. I shall be here. Alone."

"I see it is of no use talking to you," he said.

"Use?" she murmured. "What use should it be? But it might be a pleasure." He turned and left her abruptly without another word.

When he was once more in the small boat, being pulled towards the quay, he saw, almost without noting, a big ship going out to sea. The sun burned upon her so that she flaunted her name brilliantly—"Pompeii."

Sobered reflection told him that he had, perhaps, given up too soon. It had been a matter for exquisite tact, slow diplomacy, patient reasoning. But he had lost his head and he had not helped Flora.

Almost, he ordered the Neapolitan at the oars to turn about and row back to the yacht. But the impulse subsided. No entreaty would have availed this evening. Annette Towers was too freshly triumphant. Without any decision, he went forward, and began to climb the rough-paved street before him.

HE HAD not walked more than fifty yards when an open car passed him and paused for traffic. For some undefined reason he was impelled to glance at the man who sat alone in the back of this car. It was Haagen.

Andy ran forward, wrenched at the handle of the door, and got in beside him just as the car moved forward.

Haagen was unsurprised. He looked imperturbably at the bareheaded young man.

"Miss Towers here, Haagen?" Andy thrust at him.

Haagen regarded him. "Miss Towers is not here," he answered deliberately.

"Not here," Andy thought. "But he is going to her?" He asked brusquely, "Where are you going then?"

"It's not your business," Haagen replied. "But if it interests you to know, I'm going to my hotel."

"I'm coming with you."

"On the contrary, I'll stop the car, and you can get out."

"If you do I'll follow you, and ask for you at every hotel till I find you."

"I could stop your finding me easily, by instructions to the staff," Haagen said, laughing quietly, "but, it's all right. If you want to come out and have a drink, come on."

They tore along the road to Sorrento.

"If you've come on the same errand I came on—"

"I'm not excited about your errands, Mr. Court."

"To see Mrs. Towers—"

"Oh, quite," said Haagen carelessly.

"Have you come to see her too, on Miss Towers' behalf?"

"I have not, since you want to know. Though I daresay I shall pay my respects if the yacht hasn't left by tomorrow. I must condole with the lady, whom I have known for some two or three years."

"Condolence!" said Andy bitterly.

"I appreciate your point," Haagen replied. The car reached the hotel.

Haagen was leisurely, going to the desk to ask for letters, sauntering out to look at the view over the bay. Andy followed him about. Haagen stood there, hands thrust in pockets, equable and leisurely, admiring the sunset.

"Now, Mr. Court!"

"What's going to happen to her?"

"I am no prophet, Mr. Court. I've given Miss Towers all the assistance in my power, I assure you."

Haagen at his blandest was more than Andy could bear. He cried, "And you've left her in Algiers!"

"You did that."

"I had to," Andy said hoarsely. "You don't understand."

"Oh yes, I understand. You don't quite want to extricate yourself from your—acquaintance—with Miss Towers, till you are really assured that, as far as money goes, hers is a hopeless case. And you've been assured of that this afternoon, I should gather. Why not say 'finis'? Why not pass on?"

"Tell me then—is she in Algiers still?"

"Miss Towers left for the United States this afternoon on the Pompeii. She just managed to catch it with a few minutes to spare. I had two planes for her, maid, and some baggage. Having made up her mind, she was in a hurry."

"But—the States! Has she friends there? Who found the money? Is she alone?" "She has her maid," said Haagen civilly. "But after the way you've behaved neither Flora nor I see how her movements are your concern."

"I'm trying to serve her all I can, and get out decently. Can't you see?" "A pretty explanation. Neat. Your technique's better than I thought."

Haagen stood by the window, back to the night; cool, arrogant and victorious. Andy stood at the other side of the table in the middle of the room. And as he stood there, his hand touched and closed round some hard, cold object at which he did not look. All he felt was that he had something hard and heavy in his grip. It was an old brass curio used as a paperweight.

"When are you going to the States?" said Andy, his hand closing about the brass curio as if his fingers could never uncurl.

Haagen forced the issue with a laugh.

"Soon," he said. "Very soon, I hope. Week after next."

It was the lingering, exulting note of the word "hope", that sent Andy at him, arm upraised, the brass figure ready to smash anything in its way.

It was Haagen's watchfulness, awareness, that saved them both. The complete sanity of Haagen was like ice upon the younger man's rage. The table was overturned; some frail Venetian glass hurled from a mantelpiece, ground to fragments; chairs thrown this way and that. And then separating, they backed against opposite walls, and peered at one another. Haagen switched on light into the growing dusk of the room.

"And now," said Haagen calmly, surveying the debris with a half smile.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Poise!

[Continued from page 49]

desire is only the outward expression of an inward expectation of happiness.

It rejoices my soul to know that so many of them are doing their own thinking, for even now letters are pouring back in answer to my rules for self help in getting that soul spark unlocked from its inhibitions. I wish you could see some of the letters—I wish you could know these fine girls who are learning that to have lovely lives they must be willing to do their share.

"Oh, Mrs. Ward," wrote one, "it works—it works! Your suggestions are bringing results, and I'm the happiest girl you ever saw. I knew my hunch was right when I wrote to you."

Why, it was worth all the long hours I have spent, thinking over personality problems, to get even one such letter—and when they have poured in by the dozens, my heart has warmed many times over.

For as I read these thousands of letters that flutter to my desk each morning, and realize how eager these SMART SET girls are to get and to give the very best in life, it shows me the high standards that they are setting.

They want to excel. "I'll do anything in the world you tell me, if it will improve my manners and make me more popular," they write me.

What do they ask for? Poise—first of all. Self consciousness bothers many girls until they find that it is a universal trait—every girl wants to be liked and every girl is afraid she won't make a good impression on first sight.

They put it in different words, of course;

Andy turned and walked out down the flight of stairs, and away from the hotel.

He walked miles, before he was aware of distance, along the coast road. He did not deceive himself about what had occurred. He had leaped to kill Haagen, and Haagen had saved them both. Haagen could have sent for the hotel manager, for the police. But Haagen had been too contemptuous for that.

At times the Pompeii, as he had seen her steaming out of the harbor, floated before him as he strode along the starlit road; again it was Haagen's victorious face; and yet again it was Flora who came to his arms, and left them empty again.

"I've got to follow her," he thought, turning, to hurry back towards Naples just as if a ship awaited him to carry him immediately in Flora's wake. Then as he hurried along—although there was no specific need, no sense at all in hurrying—he looked out to the Bay, and there picked out the yacht far away, clear and tiny in the moonlight. He remembered Annette.

"Come and lunch," she had said, believing he would. "I shall be here. Alone."

She had been right in her belief. Tomorrow, somehow, he would be there again.

He found a very cheap lodging that night, took nothing but a cup of very poor coffee the next morning, arose very early, and got a fisherman who was going out to take a note to the yacht, informing Mrs. Towers quite humbly that he would accept her kind invitation of yesterday, for luncheon.

He wondered all that morning if he could possibly get rowed out again for the trifling sum he had left, but when he went down to the quay to bargain, the yacht's launch was there, awaiting him.

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A Paris Recipe for Springtime Chic

[Continued from page 69]

additional value of your interest in business which will make this generation advance so far beyond all of the others.

Quite a responsibility they have put on our shoulders, isn't it? And yet one which it is a delight to assume.

And these sketches were her answer. Two lovely ensembles! With these, as the center, she says a girl can be not only charmingly, but practically, dressed for every occasion. Because it is spring, let's look at the good time ensemble first. And here is a real surprise in color for you that I am sure is going to be a thrill. The dress is of pale pink moiré and the wrap of plum colored velvet! Can you imagine a more delectable

cut in one with the body of the coat, offer you the gracefulness of a cape with the practicality of a coat. The soft draped collar with the long end that slips through a loop, keeps your silhouette in the mode. And could anything be more feminine than the double ruffles that end the sleeves?

THE suit for day wear is a delight as well as decidedly practical. Madame Rouff chose black marocain for it, with black astrakhan to give it weight and importance, but it would be quite as lovely in the new brown with blending fur, or dark green with either gray or beige trimmings.

The blouse is white, since nothing is so dear to the heart of the Parisienne as the black and white combination—and may I add, nothing is more practical or smarter for the American? Of course, it is a tuck-in, but Madame Rouff has added the fascinating, exaggerated jabot to give the line and prevent the cut-in-two-effect that might add pounds to your apparent weight.



Hats a girl must always have! These two are darlings! The natural ball-buntl is banded in green satin with a bow under its broad brim. The always necessary black straw is appliquéd with black satin. Worth's scarf is very much on the square in brown, yellow and blue



color combination, or one that will stamp you as spring and summer 1930 more effectively?

The dress, you see, has the princess silhouette with the little softness at the waistline that defines it as the very up-to-date frock without the worry that the normal waist still gives some of us.

The neckline is especially graceful and becoming, with its soft draping instead of the hard line of a straight cut décolletée whose narrow strap is so difficult to wear. The detail of the pointed armhole is another clever way of adding slenderness and grace to the silhouette.

The princess body extends well over the hips, before the skirt sweeps out to its fascinating width, close to the ankles. And there are so many interesting details in the skirt. The huge bow at the right emphasizes the panel that extends from the bodice and keeps the long lovely line of the silhouette, adding inches to your height and subtracting pounds from the general effect. The clever goring of the left side with its two circular godets that extend below the right panel, make it a truly long skirt without being a clumsy one.

The plum colored coat is just the thing for spring evenings. Its color accents the charm of the pale pink moiré. The sleeves,



The skirt length is something you will study carefully. Much longer than we considered possible last year, and yet cut just so that point on your leg which covers the heavy part of the calf and yet is not clumsily awkward.

The deep yoke, with the frill at the sides, keeps the firm line of your hips. The ensemble is dressy enough for any tea that you may be going to after the office and yet is not too fussy for any business girl.

The cunning width of the bottom of the skirt is managed by a circular cut that gives you freedom of movement and is designed to save in pressing bills. The fur pockets, outstanding collar and pointed cuffs are just the right finishing touches.

The ensemble could well be varied with an extra blouse of the new heavy tulle or marquisette or even that fascinating knitted wool lace over a contrasting foundation, which would make it quite a different outfit.

Here is another of those "surprise" combinations that are so smart and so practical for the girl who must plan her budget for clothes carefully. It makes it possible for her to be well dressed for any number of occasions and only a wizard could suspect that she used a single suit as a foundation.

This black and white tweed suit—my

continual recurrence to black and white will show you just how smart it is in Paris—has the new three-quarter coat, edged all around, at the cuffs, pockets and scarf ends with a white and black combination.

The skirt has a cleverly inserted godet over the left knee to give fullness without bulkiness, and the black felt hat has a turned back insert of the same tweed to tie the ensemble together.

The long crepe de chine blouse, which can either be worn under the coat, or in warmer days, without a coat, makes a completely different outfit. Besides the high raglan sleeve, cut in one with the yoke, the buttons and the jabot, I want you to think particularly about the color of the blouse. Black it is! You realize just what a revolution that is of all our old ideas about the blouse being either the shade of the suit, or lighter. Now it should match the accessories!

In this case, that means black blouse, shoes, hat and purse to go with the black and white suit. Jot that down in your memory as one of the brand new fashion rules for 1930.

There is another blouse, in either black or white, which is also designed to go with this suit, and which can be worn either inside the skirt or outside. This is possible because of the normal beltline and the very closely fitted hips of this blouse. The pointed collar and cuffs, and the line of drawn threads, which may be changed for tiny tucks, are worth remembering.

AND the last surprise in the "wardrobe in one" is the printed crepe de chine dress in black and white to be worn under the suit coat—another change which is made possible by the length of the coat.

The normal waistline, with its tiny gathers, made possible by the buttons which adjust to the figure and make it an "over the head dress." The same detail is repeated in the cuffs. The draped neckline, and the plaited-insert at front and sides are all new style notes which make this attractive frock one that you will find great joy in wearing.

Worth is responsible for this lovely new scarf, made of separate squares of brown, yellow and blue, one over the other. Lovely as it is, worn this way, you will find a half dozen other ways of arranging it, due to its new design.

There are two new hats, which are just the last word in fashion. The wide one is of ballbuntl in natural straw color with the band and bow tucked under the brim in green satin ribbon. I know you'll be interested in the shape of the brim, and in the two deep tucks in the straw which make it a real frame for the face as well as giving the long back effect so chic this season.

The other hat is of black straw with applications of black satin and is intended for wear with suits and tailored frocks. It keeps the back line, and tight crown which you must have in your new hats, with a brim wider on one side than on the other.

The third outstanding tendency in hats you found illustrated with the tweed ensemble, still with the crown that hugs the head, but with the brim turned back flat against the hat and the slightly uneven sides that frame the face.

When the romantic tendency first manifested itself in clothes last fall and winter, hats didn't quite follow suit. Maybe it was that the designers were afraid to go all the way. Maybe they felt that with completely new lines in gowns, we couldn't become accustomed, at the same time, to completely new lines in hats. While they elaborated gowns, they simplified the tiresome little "cloche" hat we had been wearing for such ages into the "off-the-face" hat of the winter.

Spring finds the romantic touch distinctly gone to the head. Pick your hat to give you that soft, yielding feminine look and you'll be a very smart young woman, indeed.



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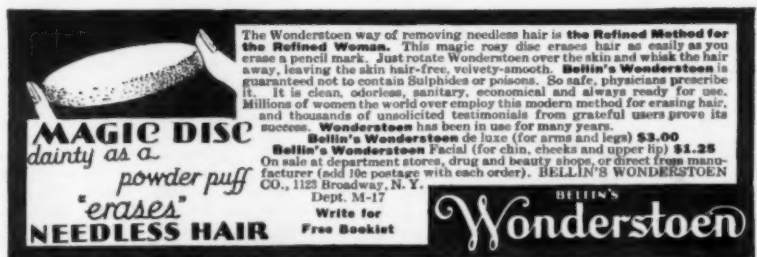
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"You know I had only one drink at Ginny's and none at dinner. I had probably a couple afterward."

"How many did Morgan have?"

"Why, the same number, I suppose."

As she spoke, though, she wondered. She remembered his asking her what she would like when they arrived at the night club and his ordering two highballs. But she could not actually remember his drinking.

"Look here, Penny," Ernest said, "I don't mean to be ugly about Morgan. But I honestly do think you play about too much. I suppose your idea is merely that you have as much right as a man to sow a few wild oats. But—"

"Darling, what do people mean when they talk about 'wild oats'?" All my life I've wanted to know. I assure you I've never sown any. Look at it sensibly, Ernest. If some man wants to take me dancing in some place where the cover charge is five dollars, where drinks cost two dollars apiece and where gold fish swim about in an electric lighted aquarium beneath our glass table-top, why shouldn't he? Presumably he invites me because he enjoys that sort of nonsense and has fun. Of course, he makes love to me afterward—"

"Penny!"

"Oh, don't be redic. I used the phrase in the American and not the European sense. You know perfectly well I don't bring them back to my apartment."

"If you ever once did that—"

"Usually the man just kisses me coming back in the taxicab," she said, tossing her copper hair. "It's merely a sort of friendly gesture like shaking hands, and not necessarily more cordial."

SHE was lying and she knew it, as far as Neal Morgan's kiss was concerned. Moreover, she was being downright mean. But she did not care.

"Well, Penny," said Ernest patiently, "at least you care about your looks. And you've been looking rather peaked recently. I think it would do you a world of good to get to bed by ten o'clock every night. Try setting-up exercises in the morning. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll leave my door open and move my radio over on to this thing so that—"

"What is that thing, Ernest? It's not a stool."

"Why, no," he said, opening it to display the metal foot-rest and the brushes it contained. "That's my shoe box."

"Do you mean you polish your own shoes?"

"Sure. A daily shine costs fifteen cents, including tip. You may think that's not much. But if you figure it up, you'll see that it amounts to nearly as much in a year as the interest on a thousand dollars. This way, a ten cent box of polish lasts me for a month."

Well, there it was again. Like everything else about Ernest that nettled her, it appeared devastatingly reasonable once he explained it. She wished that he took less satisfaction in these little economies and schemes for self improvement. They made her feel that his whole life was just a matter of inching along on schedule. But she knew he was right. Ernest was right about almost everything! She spent the rest of the day in hating herself for having been so mean to him.

When, at seven o'clock, Neal Morgan called up and asked her to have dinner with him, she firmly declined.

Ten minutes later there came a knock at her door. She opened it.

Neal Morgan walked in.

"My car's downstairs," he informed her. "I don't care what dates you've got. You're coming out with me."

She put her hands on his shoulders to hold him off. Then she patted the handkerchief in his breast pocket.

"All right," she said. "But you've got to

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leave the artillery behind. I—I just don't like it."

He gave her a queer look. But without a word he took off his dinner jacket, unfastened a shoulder holster and laid it and the automatic it contained upon her table.

"There you are," he said, shrugging into his coat again. "Let's go."

"I WISH you'd tell me more about yourself," Penny said as they faced each other across a table in "The Thousand and One Nights." "All I really know about you is that you're interested in marine engines. When did you first meet Ginny?" she asked.

"Oh, years ago. When she was up in Boston."

Something clicked in Penny's mind.

"This engine of yours—is it the kind that goes in boats that are used for rum running? Is it so fast that a boat equipped with it couldn't be overtaken by the Coast Guard?"

"The real danger in rum running isn't that of being overtaken by the Coast Guard," he explained. "It's that a light speed boat, tearing through the water at night, may be ripped wide open by any floating object it encounters—a log, a buoy, anything." He looked quizzically at her. "Many a rum runner that the Coast Guard never overhauled has gone to the bottom. I saw a boat torn open and sunk one night in less time than it takes you to drink a cocktail."

The manager of the night club came up then and whispered something to Neal. He merely nodded. But when he and Penny returned from dancing the next time, she noticed that he sat facing the door.

"Why did Ginny ask you to stay away from the big night clubs?" she asked. "I wish you'd tell me the truth."

"She knew there was a man in town whom I didn't want to see. He hangs out around these places. But look here, Penny—I'd much rather talk about you."

He did—very effectively. When they rose to go, at two o'clock, Penny had a feeling of walking to music that could not be entirely explained by the orchestra nor by the

drinks she had had. As Neal Morgan tipped the coat room girl, she started out the way they had come in. But he laid a hand on her arm.

"There's another way out," he said. He led her through the kitchens and out a tradesmen's entrance into a deserted back street. At least Penny thought it was deserted until a man stepped suddenly out of a dark area-way.

"I've got you, Morgan, you—"

She felt an impact that sent her reeling into the street. At the same instant Morgan leaped. Not away from the man with the gun—but straight at him as a police dog leaps at its prey.

They went down together. Over and over they rolled, fighting with short quick jerks and wrenches. To this day Penny insists she can hear the scuffling of their shoes and that horrid ring of steel upon the pavement. Then, suddenly, there was no sound in all that empty street but their panting gasps for breath—no movement but the straining, constrictorlike efforts of their bodies to break each other's grips.

Neal Morgan was underneath, one of his hands locked about the wrist of the outstretched hand in which his assailant clutched the gun. The man was trying vainly to turn the weapon back on Morgan. Suddenly his rolling eyes caught sight of Penny, still standing there too numbed from her first shock even to scream. In a paralysis of fear she saw him slowly force the black muzzle around until it pointed at her.

Neal Morgan saw it too. He gave a lightning, cataclysmic wrench—a wrench that flopped him clear over and brought him sprawling, chest down, on that outstretched hand just as the gun roared. Next instant he had possession of it. Penny heard the sickening thud of its butt brought down upon the man's skull.

"Come on!" Morgan panted, as the gun clattered on the pavement. "We've got to get out of here quick."

In a few minutes they were back in Broadway. Its familiar signs blinked reassuringly down on them.

"But Mr. Morgan!" she stammered as he

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"That's a girl. T'hell with long skirts!"

slowed down at a traffic officer's signal. "Who was that man? And why didn't you—call for the police?"

"Name's Falcone," he muttered between set teeth. "He's been laying for me ever since—well, since I killed his brother four years ago."

Penny went suddenly very cold. In a daze, she noted their progress by familiar landmarks. When Neal Morgan brought the car to a stop before her door he muttered:

"I'll come up for a drink if you don't mind."

"But—" She stopped. "You *do* look as if you needed one. Come on."

UPSTAIRS, she went at once to get it. When she came back, Neal Morgan was lying, gray-faced and unconscious, on her floor. Then, for the first time, she saw the powder burns on his silk muffler. She tore it off. From high up on the right side of his chest, diagonally down across his starched dress shirt, there ran a crimson streak—like the ribbon of some honorable decoration.

She rushed to the telephone. Then she hammered on Ernest's door.

"Ernest, help!"

She had dragged off Morgan's overcoat, dinner jacket and waistcoat by the time Ernest appeared in her doorway.

"What's this?"

"Take hold—get him on to my bed," she sobbed. "Oh, can't you help?"

"You've got yourself into this mess," he declared righteously. "I guess you'll have to get yourself out!"

He slammed the door.

She was still struggling to get Morgan out of that dress shirt when the doctor arrived. The wounded man's eyelids opened as they lifted him on to her bed.

"What happened?" asked the doctor, glancing at the automatic that lay, in its shoulder holster, on her table. "Was it an accident?"

The ghost of a grin flickered over Neal Morgan's wan lips. "Yes, Doc," he whispered. "Just—little accident."

That doctor knew a thing or two. He was a friend of Ginny's.

"The bullet's ploughed his chest," he reported. "I guess I can fix him up. Only, if you don't want me to report the shooting, he'll have to stay right here."

"It's all right," said Penny, and in that moment she seemed to bear her pride above her like a banner. "He can stay."

When the doctor had quite finished he looked down at his patient's broad-shouldered, muscular torso.

"Old Ironsides," he observed, "I should say you'd had a number of these 'little accidents.' But you'd probably insist that this old bullet wound above your biceps is just a dimple." Inquiringly he thrust his little finger into it up to the first joint. "As for that hole in your side, I suppose it was made by some woodpecker that wanted to build a nest there?"

"All accidents," murmured Neal Morgan—and went to sleep.

HE WAS still sleeping when Ernest's alarm clock went off a few hours later. Penny changed her dress and was just starting for Ginny's when Ernest stepped into the hall.

Without a word he stood aside for her to pass.

She found Ginny half undressed, with a towel twisted about her hair, night-creaming her face.

"Neal Morgan got shot last night," she said.

"Really?" Ginny took another pat of cream. "I thought he'd been on the wagon for years."

"I don't mean plastered. He was *shot*."

Ginny lifted a glistening, blanched face.

"Not by Falcone? That rum runner didn't get Neal?"

Penny told her what had happened.

"So it was Falcone," said Ginny. "I heard a rumor three hours ago that he'd been picked up unconscious on the street and taken to Headquarters. There are charges enough against that skunk to send him up for twenty years."

"But Ginny!" cried Penny. "What had Neal Morgan to do with him? He said he'd killed his brother. Killing people—good heavens!"

Ginny looked her straight in the eye.

"Neal's a prince, kid—get that. Not that he means anything in my life, see? But he's the salt of the earth; and you may as well understand it!"

"But—"

"When I first knew that boy, he was installing an aeroplane engine in a speed boat. He wasn't any rum runner. He was just a boy who was crazy about engines—nothing else. But because I was a pretty girl and coaxed him, he used to take his boat out sometimes to rum row and bring in liquor for the gang I worked with. It amused him to play tag with the Coast Guard boats. He did it in the same spirit in which other adventurous youngsters have volunteered in the Foreign Legion."

"But Ginny—murder!"

"It wasn't murder. One night when he and the Falcone brothers had both taken on cargoes from a ship outside the twelve-mile limit, a Coast Guard boat pursued them. The Falcones' motor boat ran into something and went down. Neal stopped, under fire from the Coast Guard boat, to pick them up. He left the Coast Guard boat behind, all right, but when he got to shore he found himself looking into a gun."

"We'll just take this cargo," said the Falcones, 'and we'll take your boat, too, for the one we lost.'

"Neal didn't see it that way. They started shooting. Only—Neal was a better shot."

"He never made another trip," she added. "Any racket that involved shooting people, even in self defense, wasn't Neal's idea of an innocent sport. He was just consistent enough, too, to give up drinking at the same time. Got something like the bootleg blues, I guess. . . . Oh, he's never been a nuisance about it; he'll buy you a drink when you're his guest. But he never does much more than smell one himself. Yes, Neal's about the finest man I've ever known." She gave Penny a quick look in the mirror—"not that he's anything in my life," she said.

Months later, that look and the inflection of Ginny's voice came back to Penny. It was when she learned that Ginny had been hopelessly in love with Neal for years. But Penny was thinking of something else at the moment and all she said was:

"Do you remember telling me once that there are only two things to do when you get those Broadway bootleg blues?" she asked. "Why don't you try snapping out of the whole procession, Ginny?"

"Neal did it. And it's not too late for you. But I guess I'm sort of caught in the traffic." Ginny turned away from the mirror. "The traffic cops don't know it; but when you follow the Gay White Way into the thirties, it gets to be a one-way street. Will you join me in a nightcap?"

Instead, Penny went back to Neal.

YES, Penelope—or Penny, as the old bunch used to call her—is off liquor now. She does not go on any more wild parties. She says that taking care of Neal, Jr. and trying to make something that may fairly be called a home out of a New York apartment keeps her pretty busy. "Besides, as Neal says," she always adds, "this game of drinking as it's played nowadays simply isn't worth the candle. It costs you more in time and health and money and in the kind of people you get mixed up with than it's worth."



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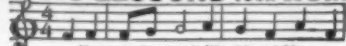
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The Daily Three

[Continued from page 29]

or shall I? There isn't much time."

"Oh, I'll write her. As a matter of fact," striving to assume an air of nonchalance, "I was going to get a note off tonight. Great Scott, Ann, look at the time! I've got to make tracks if I'm going to catch the mail."

A moment later, she was waving him gaily down the stairway with, "Love to Jac," wondering at the same time if her smile could possibly look as stiff at the corners as it felt. She leaned way over the balustrade to watch him clear to the bottom step, though Peter didn't know that.

HEARTACHE was the last thing the most discerning observer would have associated with Ann, however, upon the occasion of the promised supper party ten days later.

Bill had arrived unexpectedly at four o'clock to "bottle," as he put it. "It's really economy to close the office early these days," he protested as Ann's accusing gaze took in the electric fans. And—as she focused upon the container of ice cream tucked under his other arm—"I've been dying to know if this 'dry ice' really works as well as they say it does."

Across Ann's gaily painted dining table sat her cousin Jacqueline, ash blonde, petite; looking as cool in her ruffly green organdie as a dish of pistache ice cream. Around the corner from Jac was Peter, the plainly adoring fiancé. His brown eyes still carried an expression of disbelief each time he looked at her, which proceeding would have passed for an all but continuous performance. To think that the gods had actually persuaded her to accept him. Good old Bill of the cool gray eyes, Ann's faithful squire, parked at her right, completed the foursome.

Peter, about to surround his third helping of green peas, waxed positively lyrical for a rising young professor of economics. "Gosh, Ann, you have restored the faith of my childhood. After all these years of existing at faculty boarding houses, I had come to believe that all vegetables were born in tin cans. Of course, now—" His glance at Jac blithely sounded the knell of any such menu upon his return to the campus in the fall.

"Well, personally," drawled that young lady, "I fail to see why I should spend hours shelling peas for some one else to gobble in five minutes."

Bill was swift to ease the hurt he saw in his hostess' eyes. "Pretty lucky for us Ann didn't feel that way."

"Oh, Ann!" Jacqueline's laugh lightly dismissed the subject and erased the tiny wrinkle of doubt that had hovered between Peter's eyes for a minute. "Ann doesn't mind. She loves to cook."

"Must be because she does it so well."

Bill's comforting murmur pulled Ann's thoughts away from how gaspingly hot the kitchenette had been during those hours of preparation. Jac couldn't have meant to sound so catty! It was silly of her to mind. She leaned across and patted Bill's hand in acknowledgment. He shook his head at her, and the look that leapt to his eyes brought a choke to her throat.

IT WAS the bewildered look that she thought she had seen in Peter's eyes, however, that got Ann's courage up to the point of sallying forth on diplomatic mission into her cousin's territory next morning.

"You look just like my favorite stocking ad, peacocking around in that, if anybody should ask me," drawled her soft voice from Jac's bedroom doorway. "You know,

the yummy one with black georgette frills switched back."

"But 'nobody asked you, sir, she said,'" retorted Jacqueline, flinging the inky wisp across the bed, where it topped, like a knowing Parisian exclamation point the rain-bow heap that fairly shouted, "Bride!"

"That's right. Nobody did ask me. Besides, like all good housewives, I'm really more interested in the aprons."

"Housewife! You? I love that. Everybody knows you're in opera."

"In spite of which, I occasionally manage to fling a wicked flapjack for my hungry friends."

"You certainly do," Jacqueline conceded, adding hurriedly, "That was a wonderful party you gave us last night. Peter talked about it all the way home."

But Ann refused to be drawn from the subject at hand. Crossing the room, she leveled an imaginary lorgnette at the apparel on the bed. Praying that she might carry her point as a piece of foolery, outwardly calm but quaking inside, she demanded, "Woman, produce them there aprons!"

"Aprons? Really, Ann! For sheer idiocy, some of your suggestions almost surpass Peter's. You know I have no aprons. I'm getting my trousseau from Blanche, and she doesn't know that the world even holds a garment by that name."

"A rose by any other name—"

Jacqueline stamped her foot. "I'm getting about fed up on all this simple life stuff, I can tell you that! First, Peter; now, you."

"Peter is rather a dear most of the time. But for a man who's supposed to know more about economics than any other faculty member in captivity, his idea of domestic income and outgo are primitive—positively primitive."

"What do you mean, 'primitive'?" asked Ann.

"Oh, all this to-do about my living on his income. Of course I promised. It was the only way I could get him to let me announce our engagement."

"You're not considering breaking that promise?" Ann was a little white.

"Nobody has any right to attempt to force any one to make any such ridiculous concession."

"Peter has the right," said Ann steadily.

"It seems to me that you're pretty heavily interested all of a sudden in seeing that Peter is cheated of none of his just deserts in this vale of tears!"

"Sorry," said Ann. "But after all, there are only the two of us left, Jac—and even a cousin is entitled to care 'rather special' under these circumstances."

MOUNTAINS of white tissue paper, billows of excelsior, pearls of the door bell, messenger books to sign, scarlet morocco bride's ledger—those were the presents!

Two weeks later, in the highly compact living room of the newest bungalow on Faculty Row, Jacqueline was demanding of an abjectly adoring Peter, "Number 189, who sent us that?"

Her slave obediently leafed the pages of the scarlet leather trifle, all but lost to view in his long capable fingers.

"One—hundred—eighty—nine. Here we are—just a moment now." Triumphant, "It's from Ann."

"Ann! It's sure to be something spiffy. Ann's pretty sweet on you, Peterkins, and she even likes me quite a lot. That ought to rate us a considerable gift all round. Hurry up and cut the string."

Peter dug layer after layer of cotton wool from the large square white box.

marked "Fragile." Upon the topmost fold of spotless tissue wrapping of the gift itself, lay a note.

"Jac, Dearest: There being nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath, which, desiring, you do not already possess—"

"Can it be that the shameless creature is referring to you?"

The impudent mouth was closed with a kiss, reading being resumed some minutes later.

"I am giving you something that I made myself especially for you. It has the added advantage that you both can enjoy it. Here's hoping it brings you the happiness I hope it will. Loads of love, from Ann."

A moment later, three large Victrola discs lay in Jacqueline's lap.

"Records! Is that all?" Jac choked with disappointment. "I wouldn't call that a wedding present. Ann's voice must be going to her head! Just because she has a contract for those two tiny opera parts this fall. 'Morning,' 'Noon,' 'Night'—never heard of them, did you? And it isn't as if she couldn't have afforded almost anything."

Peter silently deposited the rejected gift on the bottom shelf of the music cabinet.

He didn't doubt that Ann ultimately received the regulation thank-you note—Jac was punctilious about such things. But weeks later, upon seeing her name in some metropolitan musical notes copied in the local paper, he thought with a start how completely her name had been banished from even casual domestic conversation.

AT THE start, while they had been heroically trying to set the new home in order, it had seemed only sensible to run across to M.s. Brown's for their meals.

Yet, for one reason and another, mid-January found this program still in force.

Jacqueline, curled snugly up in front of the snapping fire, candy and a new magazine to hand, stirred restlessly at the spat of the flakes on the pane. Rather a bore to have to drag on your hat and coat every time you wanted to eat. If this storm kept up, she'd have to wear arctics to lunch. Still that certainly was better than having to fuss with filthy pots and pans yourself. How she loathed the thought!

To get even a passable cook in this town was impossible, even if Peter's income would have allowed it. Some one to come in and put the house to rights daily, a co-ed working her way through, was all they could afford. She'd just have to put off repaying the entertaining that had been done for them, until she managed to get around Peter's stupid prejudice about using her money to help out with the living expenses. Then she'd get servants from the city. He'd come around eventually. It was all in knowing how to handle a man. Let them think they were having their own way, and you could manage anything.

Stamping of feet, and rapid steps across the porch. Good heavens! Was it as late as that? She'd meant to slip into another dress for lunch.

Peter was so excited, he all but forgot to kiss her. He did forget to take off his overcoat, sitting down in front of the fire with it still on, tugging at the letter in his breast pocket. The words came tumbling over each other. The usually calm Peter!

"It's the chance of a lifetime for my department! The university has moved heaven and earth time and again to get him on here, but he's never had the time to spare to come out this way before. He has to go to a directors' meeting in Chicago and is stopping over. Think of it!"

"Who is stopping over, and why is he so important?"

"Great Scott, Jac! Haven't I just finished telling you that Joseph Black, the one man in the country who could afford to give us the endowment we need and never miss it, is getting off The Flyer this after-

noon to inspect my department. Get that!"

"Prexy's so tickled he's all but incoherent, and I think the Dean is conducting prayer service in the chapel. And, Jac, Honey," Peter's voice was pleading, "they both think we ought to entertain him."

"What!"

"Well, you see, he prides himself on being a very simple citizen. Pulled himself up by his bootstraps, and all that. What attracted his attention to us was the way we have gone ahead, in spite of the fact that the favorite proverb of citizens of this state twenty years ago was that we had spoiled a good cornfield to make a poor university."

THE expression about Jacqueline's mouth did not look encouraging.

Peter took a deep breath and blundered ahead.

"It's really a great honor, our being chosen like this."

"Great honor! If it's such an honor, why doesn't the President entertain him himself?"

"Because he thinks Black's giving the money depends on his liking the head of the department that is to handle the spending of it. Besides, Mrs. Prexy is sick."

"The hotel, then."

"Jac, you can't mean that! You know what a terrible place that is."

"High time that the university built the right kind of Faculty Club to entertain people like this."

Peter tried desperately hard to achieve calmness.

"Grant that, we can't build it before three o'clock this afternoon. What you don't seem to realize is that this is an emergency. If we make Black's stopover pleasant, and he approves of the work the department has done, this university will probably get enough money to lead the field of research in my line. If you don't care enough about the university, at least you care about my future."

"Don't be silly, Peter. Of course I care. Too much, to attempt to entertain this man in the higgledy-piggledy fashion I would have to. In the first place, where in heaven's name could I get a cook between now and dinner time tonight?"

"Don't try to get one. I don't ask you to attempt the impossible. Just put on some simple sort of meal—the kind Ann used to have."

"Ann! I thought it wouldn't be long before you'd be regretting Ann. Too bad you didn't marry her, as long as it seems to be a cook you wanted!"

Peter's jaw sagged helplessly.

"As for simple meals—have you any idea of the hours and hours of work it took for Ann to get that effect?"

"No. And I'm not so certain but that the seeming ease of it didn't make the hospitality all the greater."

The slam of Jacqueline's bedroom door wrote period to that statement. Peter's emphatic closing of the outer front door followed so soon after as to seem an echo.

JACQUELINE wandered over the house restlessly. And he had gone back to class without saying good-by, without his lunch even. She had peeked through the window curtains.

Picking up her favorite among the smart magazines, she leafed it through and tossed it aside. Ridiculous, the stupid stuff that got into print nowadays.

Only two o'clock!

A novel went the way of the magazine. Two-fifteen!

What a ghastly afternoon! And Peter wouldn't be home until nobody knew how late, if he had to go to the train to meet that interfering Mr. Black. Why couldn't a man like that stay where he belonged, instead of going miles out of his way to make trouble?

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Two-twenty-five!
And Ann—funny that men seemed to fall for Ann. Of course Peter hadn't. He just went up there to be fed. Still, it had been a mistake to let Peter see she resented his praising Ann. He made such a point of standing up for people.

Two-thirty!

In desperation, she wound the Victrola and put on a record at random. Anything to shove the clock ahead. The usual preliminary whirring, and then Ann's voice!

Jacqueline jumped up to shut off the mechanism, but stopped before she had taken two steps.

"Jac, my giddy infant, even such a domestic dumb bell as you could get three perfect meals by following the simple advice I am about to pour into your shell-like but stubborn ears, because every darn thing on the menu is either canned or comes all prepared in a box.

"All you have to do is follow to the letter the instructions I give you for their successful disguise. If you don't get it the first time, set the needle back and run 'er round again. I trust it will not be necessary to remind a matron of your experience that it will be best if you do not divulge the tinned origin of your culinary knockout."

"Of course, you may never feel the need of any one of my 'Daily Three,' but somehow I have a hunch they may serve you well in a crisis. Whether or no, at least you have the satisfaction of knowing they are the only set in captivity."

"And now to breakfast—"

On her knees before the music cabinet, Jacqueline feverishly hunted out the record labelled "Night."

TEN minutes later, Sammy Scoville, aged eleven, his services successfully subsidized with a shiny quarter, went whooping down the walk dragging his clipper sled; two highly important communications clutched in his mittened fist. He made his first stop at Peter's office, then on to the grocer's—returning with sled piled high.

A deeply puzzled, and somewhat apprehensive Peter put his latch key in the door at six that evening, and stood aside to usher in his guest.

Jacqueline, charmingly gowned, with only a splash of excitable color across each cheek to denote there was anything unusual about the situation, rose from her seat in front of the fireplace to greet them.

"So glad we could have you with us this evening, Mr. Black. I told Peter no man wanted to fuss with tea after a long train ride, that we'd have an early dinner instead."

"That's right. That's right," boomed Mr. Black. "Don't take to frills, myself."

"A man after my own heart," laughed Jacqueline. "I feel tremendously encouraged immediately, because we're giving you just what we would have ourselves. Somehow, I felt you wouldn't want to be treated as company."

"And now, if you'll excuse me—we have no cook. No, Peter, I won't need any help. You stay and entertain Mr. Black."

An hour later, cheered by the comfort wrought in his inner man, Mr. Black was moved to expansiveness upon the subject of the good old-fashioned dishes that were being rapidly banished from modern tables by a mistaken generation.

"Take corned beef hash, for instance, browned in the pan—" he gazed affectionately at his own polished dinner plate. (Peter, at the head of the table, endeavored to keep his brain from reeling by concentrating on whether his guest had had three servings, or four. He thought it was four.)

The guest rose to even greater flights of rhetoric over the dessert. Generous green crystal goblets of apple sauce liberally sprinkled with cinnamon sugar, flanked by Jac's

largest silver pitcher filled to the brim with thick cream.

After that, Mr. Black, muffled to the chin in a flowery cretonne apron belonging to the co-ed, insisted upon washing the dishes. Peter, to whom nothing would ever be a surprise again, wiped them. The erstwhile cook took base advantage of her trips to the pantry with clean china to have hysterics in an embroidered tea towel. If Peter could only see himself!

It may have been a desire to prolong the mystery that prompted Jacqueline to urge the guest to stay the night. "It really wouldn't be a bit of trouble—"

But Mr. Black didn't need to be urged. He never even wavered.

"And now they would be wanting to really talk, and she had a book she was dying to read. If they didn't mind—" She excused herself prettily.

When Peter came to bed, she was too sound asleep to be disturbed; across her face the expression of a kitten parked in front of a saucer of cream.

NEXT morning at the breakfast table, Mr. Black gazed at the devastated area in front of him, frowned at his watch, and cleared his throat pretentiously.

"My secretary will forward a letter to the faculty upon my return east, confirming this announcement, but I want you young people to be the first to know my decision to endow the economics department of this university heavily enough, so that its head may be free to carry on the valuable line of research he has outlined to me."

Peter swallowed convulsively. Jacqueline's eyes were misty stars.

Mr. Black continued hurriedly. "And I shall make it plain that the deciding factor in my decision to invest in this manner, money I have worked hard for, was the very commendable 'practicing of what they preached' by my host and hostess. With such a spirit evident among the younger members of the faculty, the institution cannot go far wrong. And now, young man—if I'm going to make my train, we've got to run."

THE whirring of the victrola deadened the sound of the stealthy closing of the front door. "To one cup of prepared pancake flour—" A flushed Jacqueline, a becoming dab of white across one cheek, jumped in alarm at the unexpected apparition in the pantry doorway.

"Peter, that isn't fair! You never come home at this time in the morning."

Her protest was smothered in a bear hug. "I know, woman, but if it's a case of 'Have you a little miracle in your home?' who would blame me? Come across, Jac. How come?"

"Well, if you must know," Jacqueline hesitated visibly, "it was those records of Ann's."

Peter wound the victrola anew and played all three records, chuckling with delight at the comments sprinkled liberally among the recipes. He was blissfully unconscious of the growing chill in the kitchen atmosphere.

Shutting off the mechanism as the closing sentence died away, "Darn clever idea, that! Wonder how she came to think of it. One thing certain, she saved our bacon with Black."

"Oh, I don't know," Jac said stiffly. "Besides, I don't imagine it was original with Ann. She probably ran across it somewhere in those household hints she's always reading in the magazines."

Peter stared curiously for a second. It was almost as if he was looking at a stranger. Then he quietly put the records away and picked up his overcoat. "Got to be toddling back to lab. Can't stay home just because we've got a life sized endowment in our pocket this morning." He kissed Jacqueline hurriedly on the ear, without looking directly at her, and was off.

Ann could see the big square envelope sticking under her door as she rounded the final bend in the stairs. She stooped to retrieve it before getting out her keys.

"Dear Thomas Edison, Junior," Peter had written. "I know Jac thanked you months ago for your clever wedding gift, but I know you'll be interested in the latest chapter in their history."

"An old codger in the east has just given the university a new building for my department—and do you know the reason why? Because we fed him corned beef hash. None other! I'm starting east on the heels of this letter to consult architects and engineers, and would be glad to drop by and give you the lurid details if you care to have them."

"Incidentally, into the corner stone of the new 'Joseph Black Economics Hall,' along

with all the things they usually put into corner stones, go three really symbolic things. Can you guess? 'Morning,' 'Noon,' 'Night.' Hope you don't mind. Peter."

Across Ann's dreaming cut the demanding whirr of the telephone bell.

Flinging the door wide, she snatched the receiver with shaking fingers.

"Yes?" she answered eagerly, her face alight with anticipation.

"Oh—Bill."

It seemed impossible for even a carefully trained voice to descend from garret to cellar as rapidly as did Ann's.

"No, I don't think so. I'm simply dead. Rehearsals this week, you know. You're a dear to think of it," she added belatedly. "Perhaps next week."

And replacing the receiver wearily on the hook she closed the outer door.

Use These Diet Menus

[Continued from page 71]

LUNCHEON

One Cup of Clam Boullion
Lettuce, Tomato and Egg Salad
Diet Dressing One Slice of Pineapple
Black Coffee or Tea with Lemon

DINNER

Four Raw Oysters
Broiled Steak (Three by Two Inches)
Carrots with Celery Cooked Cabbage
Two Radishes Two Stuffed Olives
Endive Salad
Orange Compote
Black Coffee

Diet Dressing

Mix two tablespoons of vinegar with one tablespoon of water. Add one-eighth teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of paprika, one tablespoon of capers. Mix well and pour over one sliced tomato, which has been arranged on lettuce leaves. Decorate with one hard boiled egg sliced.

Carrots with Celery

Chop one-half cup of carrots. Chop one-half cup of celery. Cook each in one cup of boiling water for twenty minutes. If the water boils away add more, a little at a time. The water should have cooked into the vegetables when they are finished. Combine the carrots and celery and dress with salt, pepper, the juice of half a lemon and one teaspoon of chopped parsley. Parsley is one of the newest discoveries for the reducing diet.

Orange Compote

Cut one orange into small pieces. Add two teaspoons of honey. Honey has very little food value but it will satisfy your desire for something sweet.

MENU NUMBER THREE

BREAKFAST

One-half Honey Dew Melon
Melba Toast
Black Coffee

LUNCHEON

Cottage Cheese and Spinach Salad,
Russian Dressing
One Bran Muffin Small Pat of Butter
Black Coffee or Tea with Lemon

DINNER

Vegetable Soup
One Slice of Roast Beef East Indian Chutney
Broccoli (One Cup) Asparagus (Six Tips)
Fruit Salad Two Saltines
Black Coffee

Russian Dressing

Beat together three tablespoons of mineral oil, one tablespoon of vinegar, one table-

spoon of tomato catsup, one tablespoon of chopped parsley and one teaspoon of grated onion. Arrange one cup of cooked spinach on a salad plate. Decorate with three tablespoons of cottage cheese made into cheese balls. Dress with Russian dressing.

Vegetable Soup

Chop two tablespoons of carrots, two tablespoons of celery, and one tablespoon of onion. Boil in one cup of boiling water for twenty minutes. Dissolve one bouillon cube in one cup of hot water and add the cooked vegetables. Serve with a slice of lemon dusted with paprika.

Fruit Salad

Arrange two slices of pineapple and one sliced orange on lettuce leaves on a salad plate. Dress with two tablespoons of fruit salad dressing.

Salad Dressing

This salad dressing will keep indefinitely. Make about one and one-half cups, for it is difficult to make a small quantity. Break one egg into a small, deep bowl. Beat for one minute with one-half teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of paprika and one-fourth teaspoon of dry mustard. Stir into this two tablespoons of vinegar. Add mineral oil, one teaspoon at a time beating between each addition. When the dressing begins to thicken add the oil in larger quantities. Beat well. When serving, thin two tablespoons of the dressing with one teaspoon of pineapple juice. Decorate the fruit salad with two maraschino cherries cut into slices.

MENU NUMBER FOUR

BREAKFAST

One Sliced Orange
One Bran Muffin
Black Coffee

LUNCHEON

One-half Broiled Lobster
One-half Grapefruit
Black Coffee or Tea with Lemon

DINNER

Boullion
Poached Filet of Sole, Lemon and Parsley
One Sliced Broiled Tomato Peas
Two Radishes One Stalk of Celery
India Relish
Orange Ice Black Coffee

Poached Filet of Sole

Heat one cup of water. When it is boiling add the sole. Poach for ten minutes. Dress with salt, pepper, lemon juice and minced parsley.

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"Legs like hers," said Dorothy, "ought not to be lost to the world."

Oddly enough Mr. Griffith engaged Mr. Lowell Sherman as the star villain in "Way Down East" and started him on the screen career in which he was to meet Miss Garon. They were afterward married and divorced.

ALL kinds of actors, since famous, used to come to the studio. There was one little girl whose name I have forgotten. She had just joined the Follies and used to tell us about them. She was a Southern girl of distinguished family and breeding. She said the reason the Follies girls never lasted more than a few seasons was that they ate themselves out of jobs. She told us of one Follies star who always went out to a big dinner with some John. Then right after the show she went out to a big supper. To fill the terrible gap of two hours between these meals, she had lunches sent to her dressing room. Her bill for these snacks was about forty dollars a week.

She told us also that while Nickie Arnstein was a fugitive from justice (ostensibly) he used to come to the show every night with his wife, Fannie Brice, and sit in her dressing room. He wore the very obvious disguise of a colored maid. She said every policeman in New York knew perfectly well she was there.

One girl who used to come to see us with her husband, was Florence Vidor. She was always in nervous terror for fear she would disturb Mr. Griffith by standing on the sets.

Another was Louise Fazenda. I invited Louise to have luncheon with Mr. Griffith. That usually witty and brilliant young woman never opened her mouth.

"Well, say," she retorted indignantly, when I taxed her with not having done her stuff, "do you think if a child suddenly found Santa Claus sitting on the hearth rug with him on Christmas morning, he would have much to say?"

THE hardest picture Griffith ever did was "Dream Street." Carol Dempster was inexperienced and had to be made into an actress. Ralph Graves was eager but a green actor. He had to unlearn many crude ways. It was a terrible ordeal for Griffith.

One of the difficulties was in finding an actor to take the part of Graves' younger brother. Nearly every prominent juvenile-lead in New York was tried out—and flopped. While they were waiting for the next one to come out and flop, Griffith used to press into service a good natured prop boy, to rehearse the part. His name was Charles Mack. He would hang his carpenter's hammer in the loop of his overalls and act the part. Then he would go back and move the chairs around into their places. In the end—to the prop boy's utter bewilderment—Griffith told him to play the part.

It was the beginning of a successful screen career—which ended in a fatal automobile accident when Mack was riding out to location in Riverside, California.

Mack's wife was a lovely young Italian girl, whom he had met by chance on a train as he commuted in and out of New York. She was left almost destitute by his death. They got up a benefit for her in Hollywood, and a tender-hearted treasurer stole the money and decamped.

THEY say that words suggest the idea, but "Romance" did not suggest the idea. That picture was one long tale of grief.

Doris Keane had starred in that lovely and appealing play for—three years in New York and five years in London. Naturally it was expected that on the screen it would be a riot. It was far from such.

Miss Keane's director was Chet Withey. They got along with all the sweet dulcet harmony of a black dog and a monkey.



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When Chet would tell her what to do, Miss Keane, who was a woman of great power and dignity, would fix him with a glare and say, "Young man, are you aware that I played this part for three years in New York and five years in London? Kindly do not try to tell me how to act it."

I have seen the same thing happen in at least two other instances. Miss Laurette Taylor resented being told how to act Peg O' My Heart. She told me by the way that the success of this amazing record-breaking play was a complete surprise to her and to her husband Hartley Manners, who wrote it. She said that she was playing in a California stock company and a manuscript failed to arrive from New York. Hartley just threw this play together, never imagining it would more than last the week.

ANOTHER star who ruined herself was Nazimova. When she first went into pictures, she was going great guns. But one day she looked into a camera finder and was lost. After that she tried to tell the director what to do; and that was the finish of a brilliant career. She was so sure of herself that she pushed all the producers away and—with her own money—made an "art" version of "Salome."

Her art director who planned the "new art" sets was Natacha Rambova, who married Valentino. She made another art one while married to Rudy called "What Price Beauty." It wrecked Rudolph's bank account and their marriage.

Ince had made many famous stars; but the only one of particular note in the studio at the time was Madge Bellamy. In some ways she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen then—or have ever seen since. And she was just about as easy to manage as a flock of young turkeys.

She had one of the most horrifying escapes from death I have ever seen.

It was an animal romance in which Miss Bellamy was cast as a circus rider and animal trainer. She had to work with an elephant named Minnie. Minnie was—and is—a perfect love. A child can handle her.

In this scene, Miss Bellamy had to lie down at full length between Minnie's front feet and Minnie was to sit down on her haunches like a big dog. Something went hay wire and a drunken trainer gave the wrong signal. Minnie was ordered to lie down flat, which of course would have crushed Madge Bellamy to death. The old girl trumpeted and weaved from side to side in protest. But the cruel jabber went into her ear as the drunken fool repeated the order for her to lie flat.

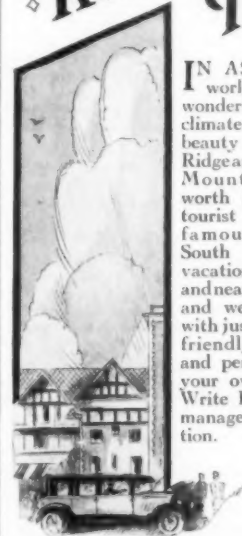
Miss Bellamy told me that she felt the great bulk of several tons settling down on top of her; and gave up her life for lost. Suddenly a long snakey trunk fastened itself about Madge's body and she felt herself thrown out to the front like an old hat. She was badly bruised but Minnie had saved her life.

TWO of the stars who had been with Ince were out on their own—trying to make their own pictures—Bill Hart and Charlie Ray. Both ended in tragedy.

Bill Hart's is a long, complicated story. Charlie Ray was wrecked by overambition. I knew what was going to happen to Charlie when he made "The Courtship of Miles Standish." He was surrounded by "Yes" men. They all sat at a long luncheon table and when Charlie made a joke they cracked their ribs laughing. If some one interrupted him by mistake they all glared at him in horror. Naturally the picture was a flop that broke Charlie Ray hopelessly and irrevocably. Which was a pity. Lubitsch says he was one of the finest actors America ever produced.

In the next installment, Lubitsch finds Pola Negri, and I help to make a great but ill-fated picture—Abraham Lincoln.

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Counter Irritant

[Continued from page 77]

class, Anabelle, if I ever saw it."

Her lids dropped demurely.

"I kinda thought Morrissey was crazy about you," he continued.

Anabelle's heart took a leap but she shook her head.

"I scarcely ever see him. Isn't he very fond of Miss Minturn?"

"Geneva and him toot around some, but her real guy is a big shot in the alky racket. He don't mind her chasing out with the willy boys so long as they're harmless. I told her I was taking you out tonight and she acted sort of surprised."

"Do you think she'll tell Roddy?" she asked casually.

"Geneva thought he was pretty high hat not introducing you at the game." There was a chilling quality about his smile that Anabelle didn't relish. "She'll get a kick out of spilling."

THE dancing commenced. Couple after couple swept by their table and stared. Anabelle saw Helen Chalmers and Botts Stratford come in, evidently from the Kingdon dance. "The Tattler Twins," Roddy had once dubbed them.

Anabelle nodded but Helen was apparently looking through and beyond her. The crimson flush deepened under her freckles but her chin went up. She had decided her course. Let them cut her!

"Don't you dance?" a lilting defiance urged her to ask Aikens.

Halfway around the floor she realized that whatever Dork's shortcomings might include, dancing was not one of them.

"You're a steppin' fool, baby," Aikens was swaggeringly congratulatory. "I gotta little business deal on tonight or we'd dance till the sun come up."

Harry Kingdon was slightly drunk as he stepped between them.

The custom of cutting in, except as a preliminary gage of battle, was not a part of Aikens' social code.

"Say, what's the big idea?" he demanded. Harry, however, was beyond caution.

"Come on, Anabelle," he insisted, taking her arm. "Tell this bounder to run along and we'll dance."

There were two sounds, one when the blow landed, and the other when Harry's head hit the floor.

THE sharp sting of sleet felt good against Anabelle's feverish face. Aikens negotiated a corner on two wheels.

"The crust of that hick dump asking us to leave!" His superior tones indicated that the classic privilege of being put out of better places had been his. "If it wasn't for that deal I got on tonight I'd a busted up the joint."

Anabelle shivered slightly. Her plan was developing beyond her most sanguine anticipations. Her family were spending the week end in Detroit and the story of her expulsion from the roof garden would be safe until their return.

"Listen, baby," Aikens put a confident arm around her, "how'd you like to drive to Chicago tomorrow afternoon? We'll get Geneva Minturn and her gang and I'll show you a real place and not a Sunday school dump!"

She shifted uneasily. She wasn't exactly afraid but the expression of Aikens' face as he struck Harry Kingdon kept coming back. "A born killer." She had read the phrase somewhere and it suddenly flashed across her mind.

Still his handsome face and the foppish cut of his dinner coat made the idea absurd. Harry had deserved what he got. Aikens doubtless fancied himself a Lothario and he

probably was a bootlegger; but bootleggers solicited business at the doors of the best people of Benton and nobody thought of being afraid of them any more than they did of the milkman.

Perhaps she would meet Roddy in Chicago. Like as not he'd be along with the party. She'd go all right.

HER towled red head came out of a tumbled mass of lavender satin coverlet and an arm reached to silence the jangling telephone.

"Anabelle?" the voice was familiar.

Instantly she was alert.

"Gracious, Roddy, haven't you been to bed yet?" she feigned a facetious languor.

"It's nine-thirty," the words came clipped, "and I've something serious to talk to you about."

"I'm too sleepy for intellectual conversation," she yawned. "Save it and write a book about it."

"The story about the fight on the roof has been peddled over the whole town!" The concern in Roddy's anger was music in her ears. "Haven't you sense enough not to get mixed up in that kind of stuff?"

"A good battle while it lasted," she giggled.

"Cut the comedy, Anabelle! Dork Aikens is not in your line," his voice became a trifle more gentle. "Don't be seen out with him again, do you hear?"

"He had a perfect right to hit Harry," she declared righteously. "I think Dork is amusing and I'll see him whenever I please."

"But Anabelle, you're just a crazy kid and don't know what it is all about," he pleaded. "Unless somebody watched you every minute you were always getting into scrapes. Aikens is a well—he's a booze-runner chief."

"Well, you and a lot of others are good customers," she drawled. "I don't see much difference between vendor and purchaser."

"But I'm not wishing my company on you!" His dignity threatened to become overwhelming. "I'm clear out of the picture."

"You needn't be, Roddy." Her voice was unbelievably soft. "Come on over and have breakfast. I'll have Sadie make waffles. Let's be friends again."

"No thanks. I don't want any friends in Benton!"

Her lip trembled as she hung up the receiver. The whole idea was a fizzle.

GENEVA MINTURN occupied the corner suite in a large but out-moded hotel on Michigan Avenue. When Anabelle entered she found Geneva in a yellow georgette negligee, slightly soiled but trimmed lavishly with sable. She was curled on the lap of a rugged blonde giant. In one hand she held a gold mirror and with the other she was industriously plucking her eyebrows.

"You're an eye-fall that way, Gen." Dork's gallantry was his pride. He shook hands with the giant with curiously elaborate ceremony. "Babe, meet my pal, Terry Rivers."

Anabelle tried to control her surprise. Terry Rivers, reputed multi-millionaire racketeer, was known country wide. She had seen pictures of his country estate in the rotogravure section only last Sunday. Fair-haired and splendid of body, he looked like the last of the Vikings and his eyes had the icy clarity of blue waters.

"They hijacked three more of our trucks on the road outside Benton about one o'clock last night." Rivers stared a foot above the head of Aikens. "Gus was out in front and they plugged him."

"Them Detroit hoods are operating too



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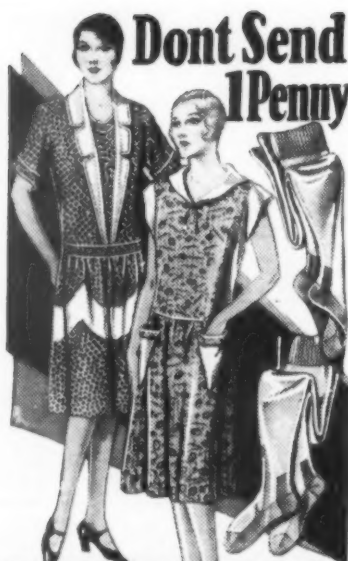
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far out of their own territory!" Dork registered indignant surprise. "Tough about Gus."

Dork lighted a cigarette and Anabelle thought his hand trembled. The atmosphere seemed a trifle strained.

Geneva's mascara-ed eyes drew into slits as she watched the two men.

"Terry's got a table reserved at the Club Royale," she turned to Anabelle. "Want to powder up before we go?"

Anabelle followed her into a disordered bedroom. Furs, evening dresses, lingerie, were tumbled about in regal profusion and the air was a medley of scents from innumerable crystal bottles. A heap of jewelry was tossed carelessly on the seat of a chair.

Geneva closed the door behind them.

"You're stepping out of your part, playing around with Aikens," she said suddenly, her eyes inscrutable. "Roddy says your old man is one of the moguls in his home town. What's the game?"

"There isn't any game," Anabelle insisted nervously. "Mr. Aikens asked me to come to a party."

"Boloney!" said Geneva. "How late did you stay out with Dork last night?"

"I can't see that it concerns you," Anabelle replied with dignity, "but he left me at the house at twelve-thirty."

"You're sure about the time?" the chorus girl rasped and the knuckles of the hand clutching the mirror blanched.

Anabelle nodded, wondering why it was so important to know the exact time of Dork's departure and remembering he had mentioned a business deal.

"Listen," Geneva said abruptly. "Take my advice and go home while the getting is good. I know you are trying to get Morrissey back but there are a lot smarter ways. If what you told me is on the level, things are apt to happen fast tonight."

The telephone sounded. Geneva sat on the edge of the bed to answer it, the gold mirror on her lap.

"Hello.—Oh, it's you?—Yes, I'm doing like I promised.—I don't know yet.—Well, may be you'd better, in case I can't work it.—That's right, the Club Royale.—Sure, I will.—So long until then."

She hung up and turned to Anabelle imperiously. "Shall I order a car for you to go back?"

A sixth sense told her it was Roddy who had telephoned.

"I think I'll stay, Miss Minturn," she said softly. "I like things that happen fast."

"You poor little sap!" Geneva jumped to her feet with an irritated gesture and the mirror fell with a crash at her feet.

Like an exquisite Greek figurine, she stood arrested. Her eyes widened with horror. "Hello, what's the idea?" Rivers opened the door.

She flung herself against him, weeping stormily. "Terry, I broke my mirror! It means bad luck!"

The giant laughed and stroked her quivering shoulders gently.

"Don't take on like that, Gen. Ain't I told you I don't believe in luck?" He lifted her chin in his huge paws. "Kiss me like you meant it and then get on your scenery. We're steppin' out."

Her arms wound around his burly neck and she kissed him with lingering abandon. Anabelle turned away. They loved each other, those two.

THE last stand of wide-open night life in Chicago, the Club Royale remained flagrantly unpadlocked. The protection came high and the prices corresponded. From every side, men with mask-like faces and bedizened girls flung noisy greetings. Anabelle felt hideously conspicuous and had a shuddering regret that she had come.

Their table was in a corner. Rivers sat with his back to the wall where he could see every one who entered. There was a

dignity and feeling of power about the man that made Anabelle think of feudal robber barons.

"Come on, dance, Baby," Aikens cut across her thoughts. "Let's show our stuff!" The light grew dimmer.

"Rivers talked to Gus in the hospital before he croaked," a guttural whisper came out of the void.

"This is a hell of a time to tell me!"

"I only got the tip off five minutes ago," the whisperer was hoarse and excited. "Did Gus recognize you?"

"I ain't sure!"

The cat-like rhythm of his dancing faltered and became uncertain. An inexplicable fear assailed Anabelle.

"Let's stop," she pleaded. "It's too crowded."

THEN her heart gave an upward leap. The familiar and beloved cowl of Roddy's stubborn head was just visible above Geneva's bright hair at their table. She almost ran toward them in her relief. Roddy was talking and she saw the big man nod in vigorous agreement.

"Hello, Morrissey," Aikens, at her heels, said insolently. "I didn't know you'd been invited."

Roddy rose to his feet, his bluntly chiseled nose and chin in striking contrast with the cold perfection of the gangster's features.

"Get your coat, Anabelle. I'm taking you home."

Aikens gave a nasty laugh. "When I take a jane out I take her home—when I get ready. See?"

In sheer terror Anabelle saw the familiar fighting expression come over Aikens' face.

"Oh, please, I think I'd better go with Roddy." Her arms were shaking as she struggled to find the armhole of her coat.

Aikens jerked it from her with a savage gesture.

Roddy struck. It was a powerful swing and the gangster sagged to his knees. His right hand crept to his armpit.

Anabelle gave a horrified gasp as the huge paw of Terry Rivers seized Aikens' wrist.

"No willie boy is going to bust in and grab my woman," he whined. "Lay off me, Rivers."

"Shut up," said Terry briefly and turned to the pop-eyed waiter. "Get the bad news, buddy. The party's over for tonight."

A heavy snow was falling on the icy pavement as they came out. Rivers still held Aikens in a vise-like grip.

"What's the idea of taking this yap's side against me?" snarled Dork.

Rivers spoke quietly. "You're through, Aikens. It was you double-crossed me at Benton last night. If you ain't out of this burg by tomorrow morning, you won't ever leave, except in a box."

"For God's sake, Terry, don't put me on the spot!" Dork cringed, thoroughly intimidated. "I'll pull my freight."

"If I ever hear of your being in town again, I'll turn Gus La Rue's brother loose on you," Rivers replied with detached finality. "Now beat it!"

In the limousine Geneva began to sob.

"Cut it, Gen," he patted her clumsily. "That two-timing yellow rat won't wait to change his socks."

"I don't trust him," she said hysterically.

Roddy spoke up. "Will you drop us some place, Mr. Rivers, so we can pick up a taxi? It's after midnight and the last train has gone."

"You couldn't get one of those birds to leave the loop on a night like this," Rivers demurred. "We'll leave Gen at the hotel and I'll take you to the garage and let you have my car."

"You're awfully kind to us," said Anabelle in a small voice. "I'm afraid I've made a lot of trouble."

"Women are kinda like that," he said philosophically, "but tonight you just happened to horn in on some accidentally."

Rivers dismissed the chauffeur. A smart, high-powered coupé was rolled out. The night employees in the garage eyed Roddy and Anabelle curiously.

"Give me a lift back to Michigan Avenue, son," he said. "I think I'll walk home. I don't get enough exercise and I kinda like snow. It reminds me of when I was a kid."

Roddy swung the car toward the drive. "You've been mighty white, Mr. Rivers," he declared boyishly. "I'll take good care of this boat and bring it back tomorrow morning."

"No rush. You always treated Gen like she was a lady when I was too busy to take her out. Lots of up and up guys would 'a' got fresh," said Rivers and he turned to Anabelle. "You better keep in your own territory after this, little girl. Rats like Aikens ain't safe playmates."

"Rivers is really a darling," sighed Anabelle, "but I'm awfully glad you came for me."

Roddy adjusted the windshield wiper and remained obstinately silent. She watched him anxiously.

"Aren't you glad, too?" she persisted.

"What else could I do when Geneva called and said you were driving to Chicago with Aikens?" he demanded. "You little idiot! Getting yourself mixed up with a gang like that!"

She pulled the robe more snugly around her knees.

"You seemed to enjoy them," she went on softly. "I got fed up with the crowd in Benton and I thought something different would be fun."

Roddy narrowly missed hitting a safety island. It was difficult to see ten feet ahead. He slowed down to a snail's pace.

"What I do and what you should are two different things," he said. "If that pious

gang of pew-warmers had succeeded in putting my father in the penitentiary I'd be more of an outcast than Rivers. At least his father didn't do time and Terry hasn't yet."

"But Roddy, I couldn't help Dad being on that jury. I wanted to be friends no matter what happened."

"Fat chance of your family letting you," he laughed jarringly, "if they had convicted father. I know what I know," he added stubbornly.

"But Roddy," she cried, her voice ringing with sincerity, "nothing—no disgrace could make me feel any different about you. I'd go through anything to prove it." He gave her a glance, half believing, half bewildered—hurt.

"You're a darn good kid, Anabelle," he said huskily, "but whether you'd stick is just one of those things I'll never know."

"But I would! Truly I would!"

"Maybe," he said noncommittally. "Anyway, let's talk about something else."

Anabelle sank back in her corner defeated.

THEY were beyond the outskirts of the city on a narrow highway. Without warning the motor coughed and stopped. He pressed the starter. The engine, chugged and died.

"Out of gas. I'll try the emergency tank."

It was empty!

"Some garage man is going to lose his job when I tell Rivers," he remarked in disgust. "There's nothing to do but hike until we find a filling station open."

"Can't we hail a passing car?" she asked anxiously.

"Nobody would risk a stick-up on a night like this," he retorted pessimistically. "I'd go alone but I'm afraid to leave you by yourself."

Three miles through heavy snow they



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trudged. Two hours were wasted before they were on their way.

"You're lucky your family doesn't get in till the morning train," Roddy remarked before the darkened Farson house. "It's after five now."

Anabelle agreed meekly while Roddy took the keys from her stiff fingers and unlocked the door. He snapped on the lights. At least he hadn't forgotten where the switch was, she thought sadly.

"You're safe now," he said brusquely. "Well—good-by."

"As long as it's good-by, Roddy—" she summoned all her courage—"you might kiss me."

"Anabelle! That's not playing fair!" He searched her face with haunted eyes. Suddenly he bent and touched her lips, hesitatingly at first and then with fierce possession.

"Roddy, you do care!"

He disentangled her arms. "What if I do?" he asked harshly and slammed the door behind him.

LISTLESSLY she watched the cars plough through the snow-filled streets. Her mother would be returning shortly from her week-end trip. She would have the roof garden story and Anabelle would be in for it. It didn't matter now. Nothing had turned out as she planned.

A newsboy came whistling up the street and flung an evening paper on the porch. She opened the door to rescue it and glanced at the screaming headlines. Her eyes were riveted in horror.

TERRY RIVERS SHOT TO DEATH. BENTON BOY HELD. BOOTLEG KING'S BULLET-RIDDLED BODY FOUND IN SNOWBANK.

"Rodman Morrissey, a rival for love of Geneva Minturn, Scandal's Beauty Suspect, refuses to account for his movements since leaving a well known night club. A mysterious phone call informed the police of murder."

"Morrissey, driving car known to be property of Rivers, was picked up at noon today by the Chicago police. He was identified by garage employees as the man with whom Rivers was last seen alive. Garage men state the two men were accompanied by an attractive young woman. Morrissey denies all but refuses to reveal girl's identity."

There were columns more of it but Anabelle had seen enough. Three steps at a time she dashed upstairs and began to fling things frantically into a bag. Jerking her coat from the closet she caught up a beret. Thank heavens there was a car in the garage!

THE sixty miles to Chicago were grim agony. She drove madly, ignoring every rule of safety and leaving a trail of cursing motorists in her wake. At the entrance to Jackson Park on the south side of the city, she shot by a red light.

A policeman jumped on the running board.

"Say! Do you want to land in the station?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," Anabelle agreed with unexpected fervor. "That's just where I'm going. I'm the girl they want in the Terry Rivers' case."

"Well, I'm a dutchman!" he said with obvious untruth.

It took precious moments before she could convince him.

"All right, sister. I'll escort you down," he climbed in beside her, "but remember I got a wife and five kids."

The hangers-on at the detective bureau stared at her set face while she waited. The horrible fear that they might not believe her story assailed her. She clinched her hands. She must make them!

A door opened and she was led inside.

"So you're the frail that was with Terry

and the Morrissey lad?" Griffith, head of the homicide squad, rolled an unlighted cigar in his mouth. "Come to cough, eh?"

"I am Anabelle Farson and my father is the president of the State Bank of Benton," she replied firmly. "I can give an account of everything Rodman Morrissey did until five o'clock this morning."

He removed the cigar and pushed a chair toward her.

"All right, Miss Farson. Let's have it."

From beginning to end she poured forth her story, looking directly at him and sparing no details. He studied her shrewdly.

"You sound straight to me, young lady," he said finally and touched a button. "I figured from the beginning it was some alky war trouble but when your boy friend got stubborn and refused to talk we had to hold him. Bring Morrissey in," he ordered.

The telephone rang.

"What! Sure, send her right in!"

Supported by two uniformed policemen, Geneva Minturn was brought in. The sight of her moved Anabelle to pity. Her radiance had vanished and her face was drained of color. The bright hair hung in dry wisps about her face.

"So you emptied an automatic into Dork Aikens in the lobby of the Kinzie House?" the detective chief made clucking noises of disapproval. "You ladies get more careless with the artillery all the time."

Geneva sank into a chair.

"Yes, I killed him and he had it coming," she said dully.

The attendant appearing with Roddy backed out when he saw the others.

"No, let him stay," said Griffith. "He'll be interested in this."

"Hello, kid," Geneva gave Roddy a wan smile. "It was Aikens that got Terry. When he didn't come back last night I got worried. I was afraid he'd walk back from the garage. He was like a little boy about snow. So I went out to meet him. I saw him coming and a roadster drove along close to the curb. I cried out but he didn't hear me. Then— he buried her face in her hands shudderingly and after a moment went on—'I recognized Aikens when the car went by me.'"

"Terry and him had trouble over Aikens double-crossing him in that hi-jacking Saturday night when Gus La Rue got his, didn't he?" Griffith questioned.

GENEVA broke into uncontrollable sobbing. "Terry knew Dork shot Gus but he was too easy. He was kind—like a big good natured kid. He hated all this killing. He thought Aikens was yellow and would leave town after he warned him."

"Where did you go after the car drove away?"

"I was frightened and I called the police from a booth phone and hung up quickly." She became calmer as she continued. "I went back to the hotel and carried on like a crazy woman all night. I figured even if they did pick up Aikens he'd beat the rap. I knew he hung around the Kinzie House and if he stayed away after the job it would look funny. I got Terry's rod. I felt like it ought to be done with his own gat and went to wait for him. When Dork prances into the lobby, dressed up like a swell and—alive, I just went cuckoo." She began to sob once more and her ringed hands opened and closed spasmodically—"and now you got the low down on everything."

Griffith smiled grimly.

"Never mind the sob stuff. No jury's going to convict a good looking dame like you. Headlining in vaudeville at a grand a week is more like it."

Her eyes were like a suffering animal's. "What do I care what happens to me? Nothing's going to bring Terry back."

"Well, I guess that let's you out," the detective turned to Morrissey. "Only this little girl's story would have cleared you anyway. Better take her home."

Roddy looked haggard as he led Anabelle downstairs and out to the sidewalk.

"Nice mess I let you in for," he said miserably. "This will be plastered all over the newspapers."

Anabelle was pale under her freckles but she managed a gurgling laugh that somehow sounded genuine.

"You let me in for!" she said. "Well, I like that. I did it with my own little hatchet and you want to grab off the glory!"

A dawning comprehension came over him. "Did you go out with Aikens because—"

"Golly, Roddy, you didn't think I fell for his patent leather hair?"

His clean young eyes were bewildered. "Women were supposed to be balmy about him," he confessed. "You always were such a reckless kid—"

"That you had to watch over me," she finished. "I thought you might feel that way when I did it."

"You cared like that?" he asked in wondering amazement. "Enough to snap your fingers in the face of the town so I'd see what a fool I was?"

"You bet!" Thrilling notes replaced the gurgle. "I'd snap my fingers at the whole blooming world, if necessary."

His fingers crushed deeper into her flesh. "But Anabelle, your family aren't going to

forgive me for getting you into this."

BEFORE her car she faced him, her green eyes dancing with eerie lights.

"You big strong dumbbell!" she pointed to a suitcase on the rear seat. "Who said we were going to ask them!"

"You mean—you'd marry me now—right away—tonight?"

She stood on tiptoe and lifted her face, regardless of curious passersby.

"As long—as it is going to be such a brief engagement, you might kiss me."

But Roddy stiffened. Picking her up lightly in his arms, he tossed her into the car. Then with deliberate assurance he took the driver's seat.

"Might I ask where we are going?" said Anabelle in a small voice.

"To Benton," said Roddy, stepping on the gas. "I'll have this out with your father. There's been too much irregularity about the whole business without adding an elopement. We'll have a church wedding with all the trimmings."

"I suppose we can use the presents," sighed Anabelle, sinking back into her corner. A celestial observer might have seen the canary feathers clinging to the corners of her mouth and heard a gentle purring. She had her staunch playmate back.

Of Course You Can Get Rid of That Extra Tire!

(Continued from page 67)

knees firm, relax the upper body, including the neck muscles, and the hands. Breathe deeply and return, just as slowly to upright position. Repeat six times. Do it daily until you attain so limber a waist you can put the hands, palms flat, on the floor. When you've achieved that, you can wear the most Empire-waisted dress and be stunning in it.

No waistline can be right if an overheavy abdomen is beneath it. When you are lying flat, can you raise your legs simply and easily at right angles above your torso—or better yet—bring the feet back so that they can touch the wall in back of your head? I know you can't if you're overweight.

Here's how to master it. Begin by raising one leg at a time, as slowly and as high as possible. Your flabby abdomen muscles will refuse to work. Gradually, however, they will strengthen. Discipline yourself to lower the leg as slowly as you raise it. This is harder than it sounds. It may be months before you can readily lift the legs above and over the body—for girls with heavy thighs it is particularly difficult—but no exercise is more generally beneficial or so generally slenderizing.

So much for your waistline. Just one word of warning. Don't expect to take off weight by exercising in a hurry. Beautiful figures are attained and maintained—but not snatched. The exercises I'm giving you this month are really advanced ones and must be done seriously, but even a week at them will make a difference in your little outlines.

After you've done your leg exercises, turn yourself over and lying prone, face downward, place the hands under the chest, the finger inward, the elbows bent. Now try to raise the chest upward, then the whole body, so that the entire figure is supported on the hands and the tips of the toes.

Another Booklet

So many requests have come from readers for detailed advice on the care of the skin that Miss Lee has written a comprehensive booklet on the subject. How to attain and preserve skin beauty, how to cure blackheads and acne—all this Miss Lee discusses. Would you like a copy? Simply send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Or you may have a booklet on diet and reducing, if you prefer, or personal advice on any beauty problem that's troubling you. Address Miss Mary Lee, in care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th St., New York, N. Y.

I've said it before—but I'll say it again. In every day there is time for beauty—little moments that should be devoted to keeping ourselves lovely.

We wouldn't any of us be girls and young and gay and delightful if we didn't give a lot of thought to pretty clothes and wishing we were the best dressed girl in the world. But let's take a little time from shopping to find the most becoming dress ever created, and give it to creating a beautiful, pliant body. It will pay you interest.

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Why Look Like A Wife?

[Continued from page 55]

as well as house and beach pajamas.

The secret of the popularity of her things was that, though inexpensive, they were made in good taste, in the latest style, fitted well and were of pretty printed materials that you did not see anywhere else.

When the chemise dress passed, Mrs. Donnelly made her things long waisted.

When the fad for nautical things broke out in an epidemic last summer, Mrs. Donnelly had pre-empted part of the field by having already purchased a Viennese ship design which was printed up in many colors.

Several trends gave Mrs. Donnelly the breaks. But she knew how to take them.

When pajamas first stepped into the garden and down to the beach, Nell Donnelly's garments were in the advance guard. Last autumn when discussion waxed hot about the new fitted silhouette, the patent was already pending for the Don-alls and all over America women were buying these chic little one-piece pajama costumes with the princess silhouette, their waistline fitting so well because of a smart surplice back, made in printed cottons for housework and in gay silks for beach and lounging. Each has its matching smock to complete the ensemble.

Now Nelly-Don garments go everywhere. There was even that time that one of them went into court. Another manufacturer had infringed upon Mrs. Donnelly's patents. She sued and wore the apron to court. She won a signal victory.

Today there are nine hundred and fifty men and women in the Donnelly Garment Company's factory which occupies five floors of a huge building in Kansas City.

Paul Donnelly is president of the company and Nell Donnelly, secretary-treasurer. Their 1929 business approached four million dollars.

The Donnellys have just moved into a spacious new home which runs with smooth efficiency guided by well-trained secretary and staff of servants. For hospitality is one of life's greatest pleasures to this couple.

Mrs. Donnelly gardens a bit, rides some, reads a lot, is active in the Women's City Club and has begun to dabble in politics.

LIFE is very full and very interesting to this unusual woman. For just as she has always sensed style changes and the trends that would make them and realized their importance to her business, so she seems to be gifted in grasping the meaning of the moment in which she is living. For instance, of aviation, she said:

"I think flying is one of the most inspiring achievements of this age. By flying, you get in touch with the spirit of the times. The thrills of Marco Polo are not comparable to the romantic achievements of our times and yet so many of us are not a conscious part of such developments. I believe in flying as one of the contemporary movements we should know and feel."

Of her success, she contributes much credit to her having worked a year before going to college and starting housekeeping.

"I think girls who work and dress attractively each day, learn to care much more how they look at all times and to dress accordingly. The difference between the attitude of a girl who has worked and one who hasn't might be likened to the difference in a man who shaves everyday when he goes regularly to the office, but who lets his beard go when he is out hunting.

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The Houseparty Murder

[Continued from page 81]

I shouldn't have been able to identify at any later meeting.

"Turn on more lights!" said Sergeant Wylie suddenly, but not sharply. Then to me he said, "Miss Rockford, I am making the official report on this case. Will you give your version of finding the dead man, please?"

"We had returned from an evening with friends in the neighborhood," I began.

"At what time did you return? Do you know?"

"Yes. I looked at my watch when I got upstairs. It was a quarter to eleven."

"You went directly upstairs?"

"Yes."

"What brought you down again?"

"Bob Fiske had come home with us. He had wanted to go over the house to make sure that everything was locked up."

"Why?"

I explained about the face at the window and our feeling that the house might be watched.

"I hadn't retired," I said. "It was less than five minutes after I'd gone up. I saw Bob Fiske's flashlight moving about over the grounds. I was going to send him home. When I came down, he was at the door."

"Was the house dark when you came home this evening?"

"Yes, except for a coal oil lamp burning on the mantel in here." I explained about our being without gas or lights and our not having thought to try them earlier in the evening. "We used this lamp for dressing. I had had it in my room before we left for the Fordyces. I brought it down with me then because I thought it was the safest lamp to leave burning in case we came home late."

"You left Mr. Croft alone in the house?"

"I thought so."

"Miss Rockford, after you opened the door to the library and saw the dead man, did you enter the room?"

"No!" I shuddered.

THERE was only one thing—the Carnelian necklace—that I should have liked to remove from the scene, but in my first shock the thought hadn't even occurred to me.

"Hm!" said the police officer vaguely. "Miss Rockford, at what time did you last see the dead man alive?"

"I can't give you the exact time, but it must have been between eight and eight-thirty, when we left for the Fordyces. He was in the room here."

"And you discovered him dead at five or ten minutes to eleven, say. It was eleven-fifteen when you called police headquarters at Wynford. How do you explain the delay?"

"We were terribly shocked," I said. "None of us had had any experience with affairs of the kind. And there was some trouble in getting the telephone connection."

"Well, that is about all I can think of," he said presently.

"Just a minute." Richard Burley brought the straight chair from the writing desk and placed it near Sergeant Wylie's table.

"When you say you were at the Fordyces all evening, I take it you were there continuously from say, eight-thirty until ten-thirty. Were you?"

"No," I said.

"Were you, then, during those two hours I mentioned, at any time at this house—or near it?"

"Near it. I came as close as the steps to the promenade."

"Will you tell me as clearly as you can what brought you here?"

"We were playing cards in the Fordyce

dining room for a while. Mary Lou, my sister, became bored and went out for a walk with their dog. When I discovered that she was gone, I went out to look for her. I didn't think it was safe for her to be out alone."

"I see," said Richard Burley gravely. "And you found her here?"

"Yes," said Mary Lou behind me. "Wouldn't you rather I told you about that?"

The interruption came so suddenly that we all of us jumped. How long she had been present, how much she had heard, I couldn't say. Richard Burley rose quickly and put the chair he had been straddling behind him decisively.

"Sergeant Wylie," said Richard, "this is Mrs. Forbes, Miss Rockford's sister. If Miss Rockford met her near here between the hours of eight-thirty and ten-thirty, she was probably the last of the party to see Croft alive. Would you like to question her?"

"Let her tell her story," he piped.

"I LEFT the Fordyces purposely to come up here," said Mary Lou. "I had broken an appointment with Mr. Croft for the evening and I wanted to explain why."

"What kind of appointment?" said that sergeant.

"We were going for a ride and to a dance, but Deedie and I had had a quarrel over that. Deedie didn't like Mr. Croft and she didn't think I ought to go out alone with him. My husband had just left for home and she doesn't approve of such things anyhow. She raised such a fuss that I said I wouldn't go, and I went to the Fordyces with the rest. But at my earliest opportunity—"

"How soon was that?"

"I've no way of knowing exactly. I came down here and found Harry—Mr. Croft in the library."

"Was he reading?"

"No. There was only candle light. I think he had been drinking."

"What made you think so?"

"I smelled liquor, but I'd never seen him actually take anything to drink, so I thought I must be mistaken. I sat down and talked to him a while, and all of a sudden he—tried to make love to me—violently, you know."

"You had a fight with him, then?" said the sergeant.

"No, not a fight. Except that he tried to hold me and I tried to get away."

"Did you have a weapon of any kind in your hand?"

"No. Nothing. I was practically helpless against him until he stumbled."

"He was alive when you left the room?"

"Of course he was. I could hear him swearing."

"And you left the doors open behind you?"

"I don't know. I suppose I did. I wouldn't have taken time to close them."

"And the room was lighted when you left?"

"Yes. There were candles on the mantel."

"Mrs. Forbes," he said, "I think now's the time to tell you that there isn't a jury in the country that wouldn't let you go on a plea of self-defense if you made full confession."

"What do you mean?" said Mary Lou.

"I have confessed—everything that I know."

"Then you didn't kill him? You didn't even strike him?"

"I certainly did not."

The sergeant gave up after that.

"Please sit down, Mrs. Forbes," Richard's



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manner to Mary Lou was gentle. To me he said, "Miss Rockford, you were at the head of the outer steps when you saw your sister leave the house?"

"Yes."
"You're sure about the light in the library?"

"Perfectly."
"Did you hear any sounds of a struggle?"

"Yes. I heard two crashes and then something broke that sounded like glass."
"Any groans or similar noises?"

"I heard Mary Lou cry out once. That was all."
"Did you go forward to meet your sister?"

"There was no time. She was running. I met her right at the steps. She was badly frightened. But she told me everything that had happened just as she has told it here. I advised her to come back to the Fordyce after our wraps and to get her mother. There didn't seem anything to do but sleep here and leave as early as possible tomorrow. Do you think she would have come back here if she had known—about him?"

"We won't go into that now, will we?" said Richard. "Have you any suggestions as to who might have done the murder?"

"I think beyond a doubt," I said, "that it's that person who has been watching the house. The one whose face I saw twice last night. This evening as we were setting out I thought I saw a shadow move on the back porch, but I couldn't be sure about that, so I said nothing to anybody else."

"Will you describe the face that you saw last night?"

"I can only say that it was a broad, full face, with bright eyes. Whoever it was wore a shawl over her head and about her neck, a plaid wool shawl. I think this person came in through the door that Mary Lou left open and killed Mr. Croft before he had time to defend himself."

THERE was only one more of our group to be examined—Jane. She came downstairs complete to her earrings. Of course she started off bravely by declaring that we had all spent the entire evening at the Fordyce cottage.

"Perjury," said Richard gravely, "is a very serious offense, Mrs. Rockford; and it seldom helps any one. We know that both your daughters were on the premises here between nine-thirty and ten o'clock."

"Were they?" said Jane. "Well, I didn't know it. They didn't tell me. Oh, I see—when Mary Lou went out walking with the dog and lost the beads!"

"What beads?"
"Some Italian beads of Edith's. She had lent them to Mary Lou. Mary Lou fell when she was walking and broke the string and lost them."

"I didn't mention the beads," I said, "because they seemed unimportant by comparison to other facts. We didn't tell Mary Lou's mother what had happened down here because there wasn't an opportunity at the time. Of course, we would have explained before we left in the morning."

Jane was a little dazed after that but the rest of her story hung with ours.

"Well, sergeant," said Richard when she had told her tale, "I guess that's about all we can do here tonight. I'll wait here for the medical examiner's complete report and you, Sergeant, had better take your men and locate Hopper and Mrs. Yawley tonight. We'll need them at the inquest tomorrow."

The sergeant shrugged his cushiony shoulders, gathered up some papers from the table and led his men away.

"AND now," said Richard to us, "if I were you folks, I'd go to bed. As soon as the medical examiner and the police are through in the library, it will be locked and the body will be removed. As I said before, there will be a guard around the house. You have nothing to fear. Tell me

how I can reach Mr. Forbes for you?"

Mary Lou gave him Jamie's address. It seemed to me she was aging at the rate of a year every ten minutes. She might well be twenty-seven before this thing was over. I trailed behind her to the foot of the steps and then I heard Richard calling to me.

"Edith!"
He caught both my hands as I turned back into the room. He held them fast, compelling me to look at him. Gone was every mask now, light-hearted or stern.

"Darling," he said, "I would give my life for this not to have happened to you." Something in the agony with which he spoke frightened me. I tried to draw a little away, just so that I could look at him.

"Richard," I said, "you don't mean—oh, you do think she's guilty?"

"The evidence is heavy against her."
I cried a little—weakly. Then I dried my eyes and talked to him of Mary Lou, tried to make him see how dear she was to me—in spite of everything.

"I love you for your loyalty," he said gravely.

He even offered to ask to be excused from the case. But I didn't want that. His convictions chilled me, but it was safer—the world was safer if he stayed on.

AT NINE o'clock we were in the room reserved for witnesses adjacent to the coroner's court at Wynford. Mary Lou was a bit glassy-eyed and colorless, but still bewitching in the soft red coat which she had worn on the train the day we had met and in the same close little hat.

James who had just returned sat beside her. He had not been summoned as a witness, but he stayed as close to Mary Lou as was possible throughout the proceedings. I sat on the other side of Mary Lou and then there was Jane in her gaudy green ensemble and next came Robert Fiske.

In the row ahead of us bulked the heavy body of Sergeant Wylie, flanked by his two slim patrolmen. Behind us, several rows back, sat Jake Hopper, grinding his teeth in his excitement.

As far as she could remove herself from mortal contact, in the extreme last bench, sat Mrs. Yawley, primly hatted and gloved.

Robert Fiske was called first. Ten minutes more and "Miss Edith Rockford!" said the man at the door.

The man who had called me held the door open and I found myself in a room about twice the size of the witness room.

Against the wall to my right loomed a high, boxed-in desk and a little beyond it and below, on a line with the lawyer's table was a railed-in enclosure, where a thin, bald-headed man was writing in a stenographer's notebook. Behind the stenographer sat a row of jurymen. The usher touched my elbow. The man behind the high desk arose, leaned over and motioned me around the railed enclosure to the witness chair.

THE coroner repeated almost in their exact order the questions that I had answered the night before, with here and there a circumlocution designed, it seemed, to trip me. But under the monotonous questioning I calmed.

I began to recognize, on the benches, not only Bob Fiske and the three familiar police officers, but the three Fordyce sisters as well. The room was crowded with morbidly curious spectators.

I also noted several objects on the clerk's table just below me. They were what seemed to be the leg of a mahogany chair, a broken-necked glass carafe, a single brass candlestick, and a brown paper bag such as grocery stores use, concealing what I could only guess. At the moment I was not asked to identify any of these objects. The coroner at last waved his hand to Richard.

He stood before me, leaning against the rail near the clerk's desk.

"Miss Rockford," he said, "how long had

you known the deceased Henry Croft?"

I don't know whether some intuition on his part prompted the question or whether the inquiry was a usual one.

"Seven years," I answered.

I could see he was amazed. I should have told him, I suppose, the night before; but in those awful hours my reminiscences hadn't seemed pertinent. I meant to tell him when there was space for such things.

"Was he residing in Philadelphia when you first knew him?"

"No. He lived in Perugia, Italy, under a different name."

"What was the name?"

"Joseph Leoni."

"Can you give us any facts about his life previous to that time?"

"Yes—as I had them from him. He was born in New Mexico. His father was a range rider, whose name he did not bear. His mother was Italian. She worked, he told me, in a railroad restaurant as a cashier. He himself lived in various parts of the Southwest until he was grown, working at various occupations. Finally, in some way, he obtained lands in Oklahoma. Later oil was discovered on them and he became enormously wealthy. He seems to have had a strong sentiment about his mother's country. He had come there to live while he grew accustomed to his position as a man of wealth. That is the story as he gave it to me. I cannot swear to its truth."

"You were friends?"

I couldn't lie to those steady eyes. I wasn't talking to or for the jury.

"More than friends."

"Were you engaged to him?"

"No; but there was an understanding between us—"

"Miss Rockford, I must ask you to be as clear as possible in your evidence. What do you mean by an understanding?"

"I expected to marry him," I said. "But

there was no formal engagement. Nothing, that is, had actually been said about marriage."

"I see. Who broke this—understanding?"

"I did. I discovered that his intentions were dishonorable and I left Perugia and Italy."

"Had you heard from him after that time?"

"Not directly. He deeded me a piece of property in Perugia, which I tried not to accept; but I could not locate him."

"Had you any idea on coming to Glenhaven that you would meet this man there?"

"No."

"When did you discover his identity?"

"As soon as he arrived."

"Had he expected to see you?"

"I think not. He seemed very much surprised, even shocked. He hadn't heard my name. I had been spoken of only as Mrs. Forbes' sister, Deedie."

"Did you tell your family then what you knew about him?"

"Not right away."

"Can you explain why?"

"The story carried humiliation and grief for me. I hadn't ever told it to any one. I would have told my sister if I had thought he was paying serious attention to her. I had his word that this was not so. It seemed a cruel revenge, so many years after my hurt had healed, to show him up as an impostor."

"Did you tell your sister the story any time later?"

"Yes. I told her last night before we went to the Fordyce's."

"What had happened to make you change your mind?"

"After her husband had left for home I discovered that my sister and Mr. Croft were planning to spend the evening alone together. I thought this very foolish and wrong of my sister. I told her the story to

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prove to her how dangerous a man she was playing with, and to prove to her that he was still dishonorable because he had given me his word of honor that nothing of the sort should take place, that his behavior had been and always would be open and friendly and nothing more."

"Did Mr. Croft know that you had told her his past?"

"Not directly. He must have inferred it, however, for he looked at me reproachfully as we left the house together."

"I see. Have you anything to add to the testimony you have previously given on the case?"

"Only to mention the face I saw twice looking in at us night before last when we were playing cards and that I thought I saw a shadow move at the end of the porch when we left the house yesterday evening."

"That's all."

Bob Fiske made room for me beside him. I had hardly taken the place when the coroner shouted, "Call Mary Louise Forbes."

JAMES came into the room close behind her and slipped down next to Bob and me. His brown eyes looked pretty sick and troubled.

The coroner hunched over and took a good look at Mary Lou and I must say he was gentle enough in his handling.

"Mrs. Forbes," he said, beaming with fatherly kindness, "it is the purpose of a coroner's inquest only to establish the manner in which the deceased came to his death, not to prove any one's guilt or innocence. It is the privilege of a witness to refuse to make any statements which might prove incriminating."

Mary Lou smiled wanly. "I am ready to tell all that I know," she said.

The coroner, instead of bombarding her with confusing questions, asked her to tell her story of the previous evening. She told a perfectly straightforward tale, keeping her eyes on James throughout.

At the close of her story the coroner called for the objects on the clerk's table and asked her to identify them one by one.

Finally he took up a brown paper bag. He thrust a plump hand down into it and pulled forth my chain of carnelian. It looked for the moment intact. The wire on which the round beads had been strung had not broken. The chain was snapped near the pendant where the flatter, carved stones were linked together.

"Can you identify these, Mrs. Forbes?" said the coroner.

"They are beads that I wore last night."

"Are they your property?"

"No. They belong to my sister. I borrowed them."

"Did you borrow those beads for a special purpose?"

"They are beads that Mr. Croft gave my sister once upon a time," she said. "I wanted to show him that I knew all about him and her."

"That's all," said the coroner.

James rose to help her, but I was looking at the carnelian beads as the coroner lifted the string and dropped it back into the paper bag. Something was not right about them. I leaned over and whispered to Bob.

"I want to examine those beads," I said.

Robert got up and whispered something to Richard. He nodded assent and we sat back to hear Jane.

When she was dismissed, Richard went up to the coroner's desk and made a request.

"After all the other testimony is concluded," muttered the coroner and called for Mrs. Yawley.

In a moment she was in the witness chair. "Mrs. Yawley, were you related to the deceased?"

"Have you lost your mind?" said her

expression as plainly as spoken words. "I'm his housekeeper and cook," said her thin lips.

"Where were you last night between the hours of eight and eleven?"

"At my sister's home in Indian Point. Been there since three in the afternoon. I washed the dinner dishes at Glenhaven and baked some apples and set some light rolls in the oven—"

"That's all right. Just answer the questions. Have you witnesses to prove that you were at your sister's home continuously from three to the time when the police notified you of the death of your employer?"

"The police got me up out of bed."

"When did you retire for the night, Mrs. Yawley?"

"About half past nine. Some neighbors come in and set till then."

"Then, after arriving at the home of your sister at three in the afternoon you at no time returned to your employer's residence?"

"Land, no! I come back this morning to do up my work. My wages was paid through September."

The coroner turned the witness over to Richard.

"Mrs. Yawley, to your knowledge was Mr. Croft a drinking man?"

Mrs. Yawley's nose fairly turned blue as she glared at the state's attorney.

"He never touched a drop and you know it," she said. "He was one of the finest men on earth. He had no bad habits and he couldn't do enough good for folks. Why, he give my sister money yesterday to cover every cent of the funeral expenses today."

"Mrs. Yawley," said Richard, "was there any liquor in the house?"

"Yes."

"A great deal or only a little?"

"Only a little. Just a few fancy bottles of some furrin stuff."

"How do you know the liquor was foreign?"

"He told me when he put it in the store closet. He said, 'Lydie, this is brandy from the south of France. One sip and you're apt to lose your character!' He was a great one for making jokes."

"Mrs. Yawley, do you know of any personal enemies of Mr. Croft?"

"No. Everybody that come around was somebody he did things for."

Richard looked at her in silence a moment longer. She stared back at him unblinkingly.

"That's all," he said, releasing her.

"Call Jacob Hopper."

THE kindly, eccentric odd job man sat in the witness chair twiddling his peaked cap in his brown, knotted hands, his head forward and dropped between hunched shoulders, his bright eyes moving restlessly about the room.

"Where do you live?" asked the coroner.

"Stony Creek's the post office."

"Are you married?"

"I'm a widower. My datter keeps house for me."

"What's your occupation?"

"Building and gardening."

"Do you work for any one besides Mr. Croft?"

"Wintertime I take what I can find. Summertime I'm kept busy on his place."

"Is your work confined to the outside of the house?"

"Most generally."

"Do you ever go into the house?"

"I carry in wood. Yesterday I carried in a trunk for the ladies that were visiting there."

"What do you know of the circumstances of the death of your employer?"

"Only what the police said when they come to the house last night."

"About what time was that?"

"I don't know exactly. It was along after midnight."

"How far is your residence from that of the deceased?"

"Matter of two mile."

"At what time yesterday did you last see the deceased, Mr. Croft?"

"Twas late yesterday afternoon. I had just carried in wood for the fireplace in the setting room and was making ready to leave when he drove up into the yard in his car. He'd been out after some lobsters. I carried them into the kitchen."

"Did you see him after that?"

"No, sir."

"What did you do after bidding him good-by?"

"I took the trolley and went home. I had my supper and read a little in the New Haven papers and went to bed."

"Can anybody testify to that fact besides yourself?"

"My datter could tell you."

"Is she present in the courtroom?"

"Yes, sir."

It was Richard's turn.

"Jake, do the French doors to the library at Glenhaven fasten on the inside or on the outside?"

"Inside."

"How do you know?"

"French doors always do."

"Were the fastenings on the doors in this library in good condition yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know?"

"Day before yesterday when the ladies came to the house they were locked out. And I see them try to open the doors and windows all around the house."

"Who let them into the house?"

"I did. I knew them for friends of Mr. Croft."

"Have you a key?"

"No, sir. I clumb in through the kitchen winder on the back stoop."

"Was it unlocked?"

"The catch was broken. I put a wedge in there afterwards against the time I could fix it."

"Jake," resumed Richard, "could any one enter the library from the outside if those French doors were closed?"

"Not without breaking the glass."

"That's all."

"WILL the daughter of Jacob Hopper take the stand?" called the coroner.

A strapping girl arose in the rear of the room and swung forward. It would be hard to say whether the swing was real boldness or the bravado that covered embarrassment. She was cheaply dressed in a spotted blue silk frock and a tight blue felt hat of a brilliant shade. She was pretty in a flashy way, with a large red mouth and brown eyes that had always the effect of looking up at a person addressing her, as if she'd been a child caught in some evil and didn't know whether to be afraid of the teacher or to face the thing out.

"What is your name?"

"Elizabeth Hopper."

"Where do you live?"

"Stony Creek."

"Your occupation?"

"I don't work. I stay home."

"At what time did your father return home yesterday evening?"

"About six o'clock, like he said."

"Tell us briefly his movements between that time and the time of his retiring—when he went to bed."

"He come home, and while I was putting supper on the table he set down by the stove and took off his shoes. He's been troubled with rheumatism a lot lately. But he eat a good supper and then he whittled some on a set of doll furniture he's making for my brother's little girl for Christmas and then about nine o'clock he went to bed."

"Were you present all that time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you acquainted in any way with the deceased, the man who is dead?"

"Yes, sir. I went there a coupla times to help out when there was extra company."

"Have you been there lately?"

"No, sir, not since midsummer. I don't get along with his housekeeper and she said she'd quit if I came any more."

"That's all," said the coroner. And at last, "Will Miss Edith Rockford return to the stand?"

"Mr. Burley," said the coroner, "you asked for the privilege of re-examining the witness. Proceed with your questions."

"I should like Miss Rockford to identify the objects on the clerk's table."

I COULDN'T identify the chair leg positively. It might have been a rear support to any upholstered chair. The carafe I had never seen before, though I had noticed the corner cupboard of which Mrs. Yawley had spoken. The candlestick was one of the pair that stood on the library mantel.

"Now the beads, Miss Rockford. Are they yours?"

"They are part of my string of carnolians," I said.

"What do you mean by a part?"

"They are not all here."

"We are using a great deal of time on this inquest," fumed the coroner. "Beads roll about easily and are lost."

I said, "Not these beads. If the string had been broken where it runs through a succession of round beads, that would be possible. But that held. The carved beads that form the pendant were fastened together with links of gold piercing the stones. There were seven beads in this pendant. Only six are here. The largest and finest stone is missing. It was a large stone carved with the figure of an armed warrior. Apparently the links of gold had worn thin on either side of it and that is where the chain broke—but the head is missing. It would not roll and it ought to have been as easily visible as any other object of those on the table."

The jury was given the chain to examine. They did this perfunctorily. I looked rather wretchedly at Richard. I had thought that the missing bead would make all the difference in the world. It hardly made an impression on the courtroom beyond one of fleeting curiosity.

"That is all, Miss Rockford," said Richard.

I was back in my place beside Bob Fiske, dizzy, sick with apprehension. I thought to myself that I might as well not have spoken. Before I took the stand the second time, perhaps before I took it the first time, an opinion had been formed. Those indifferent jurors, fat and lean, whiskered and shaven, had a dullness of eye that told me so. They left the room now by a door adjacent to their dais. Richard talked in a low tone for a few minutes to the coroner, who then left the room with a sheaf of papers in his hand. Richard sat down at his table. I had only his broad back for comfort.

The coroner came in from the hall and met the jurymen returning from their seclusion. From a sheaf of papers that looked identical with that he had carried away he read rapidly through a formal preamble and then more distinctly:

"We find that the deceased came to his death on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1929, from a blow on the right temple, caused by an unidentified weapon presumably in the hands of one, Mary Louise Forbes, at Glenhaven on the twenty-fifth at or about ten-thirty p.m."

I wasn't sure that I understood.

"Edith! Edith!" whispered James fiercely.

Mary Lou had fainted.



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"I'm sorry, my dear, but I forgot *mine*—don't *carry* one very *often*, in fact."

"What—don't *always* carry a *lipstick*? What on *earth* do you *do*?"

"I use *Kissproof*. It stays on *hours* longer, you know. Doesn't really matter if I *do* forget it."

"And your lips always look *so* natural. I must *try* Kissproof. Is it *terribly* expensive?"

"No, I only paid fifty cents for mine and I've had it for months already."

The modern woman, with her active, energetic life and pressing necessity always to look her best, cannot be *bothered* with lipstick that needs continual retouching. Nor can she be *embarrassed* by lipstick that leaves tell-tale stains on everything her lips touch.

That's why 5,000,000 women daily use Kissproof—waterproof, it stays on hours longer. Just a touch on the lips rubbed in with the finger tip is all that's needed. And you have the peace of mind of knowing that your rich, red, youthful coloring is as *natural* as your very own.

Kissproof lips look as though they were perfect—soft, luscious Cupid's Bows on which true beauty so depends. But unlike so many lipsticks Kissproof heals and soothes the lips amazingly, preventing wind burn and chapping.

Every woman owes it to herself to try this totally *different* beauty aid—so lovely, so natural. Available in a number of attractive cases, including a darling red and gold swivel.

You won't know *your own eyes!*

Give your eyes the same chance for beauty that you give your lips and cheeks. Touch up lashes and brows with Delica-Brow. It instantly frames the eyes in long, sweeping lashes, making them sparkle with new life.

When you look in the mirror after applying Delica-Brow, you'll think you've traded old eyes for new—they will be so much more beautiful—alluring—and *lovely*.

Waterproof—never runs or smears. Will not burn the eyes. Black or Brown. Liquid or Cake.



*Kissproof Make-up Kit

*Send for Complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit

So that you may know the thrill and joy of using these "worryproof" cosmetics, we will send you a Kissproof Make-up Kit as illustrated, containing every essential for the perfect make-up—

1. Kissproof lipstick (brass case).
2. Kissproof compact rouge (with mirror and puff).
3. Kissproof face powder (large box).
4. Kissproof cream rouge.
5. Delica-Brow lash and brow dressing (with camel's hair brush).
6. 16 page Make-Up Booklet ("Clever Make-Up—nine tenths of Beauty").

All for coupon below and only 30 cents (to partly cover mailing cost and postage). Not stingy samples—enough powder for six weeks, for instance. All in artistic case—ideal for week ends or your dressing table. The full size packages would cost over \$3.00.

This is a Special Limited Offer. Please act promptly—send coupon before you forget. Only one Make-up Kit per person.

*SPECIAL OFFER COUPON!

Kissproof, 3-582
538 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago
For 30 cents enclosed (stamps, coins or money order) send me complete Make-Up Kit as described and pictured above. I use Flesh ☐ Brunette ☐ Ivory ☐ White ☐ Face Powder.

Name _____

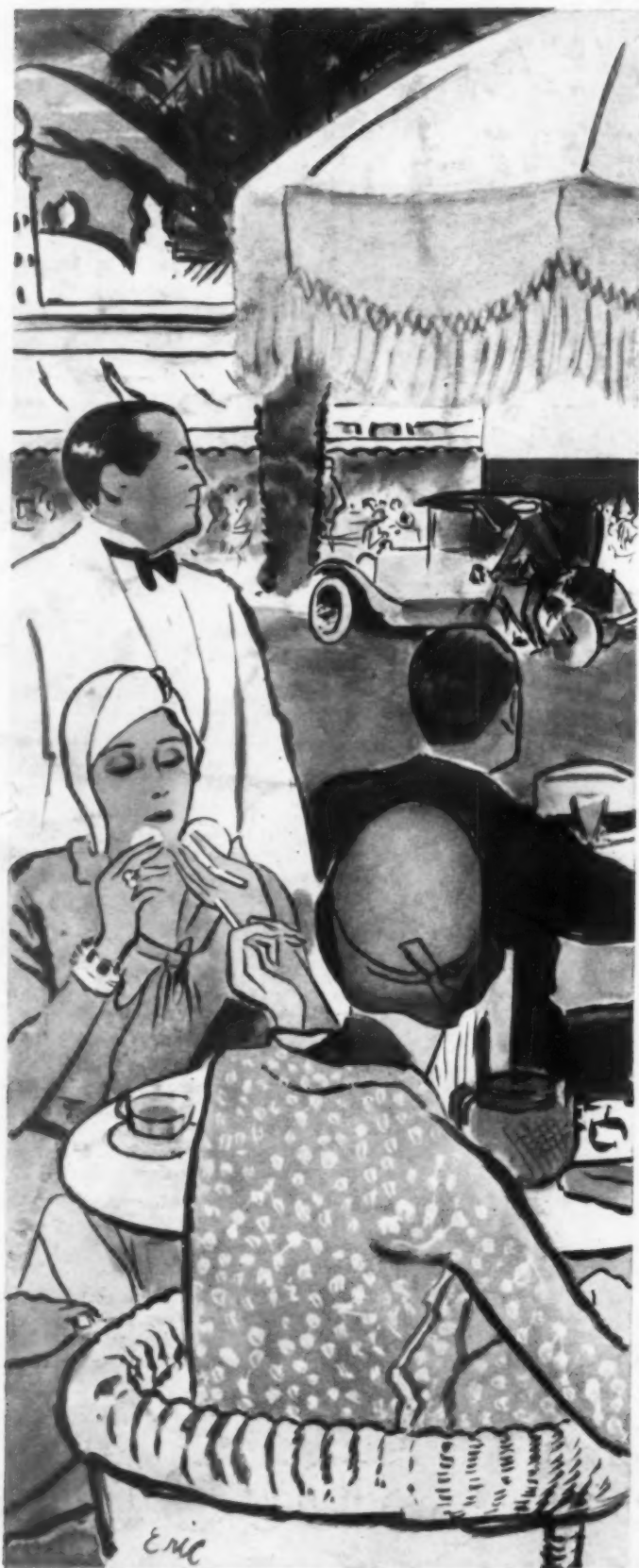
Address _____

City _____ State _____

Kissproof lipstick, face powder, rouge and Delica-Brow are on sale at all toilet counters.

Kissproof

WATERPROOF It stays on!



If winter comes

You go south, Fortunate Lady, when the cold winds blow. You live graciously, in accordance with a high tradition, in a well-appointed world. And it is therefore a matter of particular interest that you, who can afford anything, have chosen to smoke Camels. . . . It is simply one more confirmation of the fact that there is no cigarette anywhere, at any price, so fragrant . . . so delicately and mildly mellow . . . so filled with downright *pleasure*.



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